THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

APRIL 6, 1918

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

Shot With Crimson—By George Barr McCutcheon

Painted by N. C. Wyeth for Cream of Wheat Co.

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WHERE THE MAIL GOES, CREAM OF WHEAT GOES.

Sleep-Meter of Westclox

THE strongest recommendation Sleep-Meter could have is the family name—*Westclox*—on the dial. *Westclox* is the badge of alarm clock quality. Sleep-Meter is proud to wear it.

Sleep-Meter is made by the Western Clock Co.,—makers of Big Ben and other *Westclox* alarms—and is easily the best medium-priced alarm you can buy.

Like all *Westclox*, Sleep-Meter has the patented *Westclox* construction—a better method of clock making: Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. That's why all *Westclox* run on time and ring on time.

Sleep-Meter has taken a front rank place as a business and household timekeeper, and is telling time in several rooms of many homes today.

Sleep-Meter is five inches tall, has a cheerful-toned gong and an easily read dial. You'll want one of these clocks—more likely *two*.

See Sleep-Meter at your dealer's. Look for the family name—*Westclox*—on the dial. If your dealer cannot supply you, Sleep-Meter will be sent direct on receipt of price: $1.75; in Canada, $2.50.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*

Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

A *Westclox* Alarm

Something New for Spring—

Mock Mince Pie

Mock Mince Pie—
Spring Style

The Pastry

1½ cupfuls pastry flour
1 teaspoonful salt
⅓ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with two knives until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with a knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly into dough, roll out on slightly floured board, about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling pin and roll from center outward. Sufficient for one small pie.

The Filling

1 cupful rhubarb
1 cupful raisins
1 lemon grated (rind and juice)
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 cupful sugar
1 egg (well beaten)
¾ cupful cracker crumbs
½ teaspoonful salt

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Chop the rhubarb and raisins together; add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake between two rounds of pastry. Canned rhubarb may be used.

These recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

AFTER being limited to preserved or dried fruits during the winter, there is a natural craving for the earliest fresh fruit desserts. Rhubarb already is here. One of the most tempting ways in which this fresh, wholesome, fruitlike plant can be served is in Mock Mince Pie.

The appended recipe is new. Try it. Raisins offset the tartness of the rhubarb and the combination gives a delicate, pleasing and unusual flavor.

But be sure the rounds of pastry are made with Crisco. Then you have a wasteless, wholly edible pie, with the lower crust as flaky and tender as the upper; a pie with the real fruit flavors, having no taste of shortening.

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For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

Crisco is a tasteless, odorless, all vegetable cooking fat. It is the rich cream of edible oil, so pure and wholesome that it makes foods delicious. You will be delighted with the results of using Crisco in all recipes that call for butter or butter substitute.

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"Balanced Daily Diet," a book by Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School, will help every woman diversify her menu and still prepare economical foods that build for bodily strength and mental vigor. It contains over 150 new recipes in which no butter is required. Also the interesting Story of Crisco. It is illustrated in color. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy for ten cents in stamps. Address Department K-5, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SHOT WITH CRIMSON

By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

FOR thirty seconds no one moved. An odd sort of paralysis seemed to have gripped everyone in the room—paralysis of the mind as well as of the body.

Then puzzled, wondering looks were exchanged. A man sitting near the fireplace glanced sharply, apprehensively at the huge beams in the ceiling, and muttered: "What was it? Sounded as though something had smashed in the roof. There's a tremendous wind. It may have got that big tree at the corner of the locker room."

"It couldn't have been thunder, not at this time of the year," said one of the women, sending a nervous, frightened look at her husband, who sprawled ungracefully in a big morris chair at the end of a table littered with newspapers and magazines.

"Gad, did you feel the house rock?" exclaimed he, sitting up suddenly, his eyes narrowing as with pain. "Like an earthquake or ——"

"It couldn't have been an earthquake," interrupted his wife, starting up from her chair.

"Why couldn't it?" he demanded crossly, and then glanced round at the dozen men and women seated in a semicircle in front of the huge fireplace. "What do you think it was, Zimmie?"

"We'll find part or all of the roof gone," answered the man addressed. As he spoke he rose quickly and started across the room in the direction of the door leading to the steward's pantry. "I'll have a look from the back of the ——"

He stopped short. The dull, ripping crash that had startled them was repeated, this time a little louder and more prolonged than before. The clubhouse shook. Several of the men sprang to their feet in alarm. A look of comprehension shot among them.

"By Gad! An explosion!" cried one of them. "The damned beasts!"

"The Reynolds Works!" cried another, gripping the back of his chair with tense fingers. "Sure as you're alive! It's not far away. Nothing else could have ——"

"Let's go home, Ned. The children—something may have happened—you never can tell ——"

"See the Glow Coming Up Over the Hill? She's Afire! And With This Wind the Reynolds' Munitions Plant Will Go Like Waste Paper!"

"Don't get excited, Betty," cried the man in the morris chair. She was shaking his arm. "The children are in New York, twenty miles away. They're all right, old girl. Lord! What a smash it was!"

The group was silent, waiting with bated breath for the third and perhaps more shocks to come.

The club steward came into the room bearing a tray of bottles and glasses. His face was white; there was a set expression about it, as one who controls his nerves with difficulty.

"Did you hear it, Peter?" was the innocuous inquiry of one of the men, a dapper young fellow in corduroys.

"Yes, Mr. Cribbs. I thought at first it was the roof, sir. The chef said it was the big chimney ——"

"Never mind the drinks, Peter," said a tall, grayish man as the steward placed the glasses on the table. "We've lost what little thirst we had. Where are the Reynolds Works from here?"

Peter looked surprised. "South, sir; beyond the hills. About five miles, I should say, Mr. Carstairs."

"And which way is south?" inquired one of the women. "I am always turned round when I am in the country." She was a singularly pallid, clear-featured woman of perhaps forty-five. One might surmise that at twenty she had been lovely, even exquisite.

"This way, Mrs. Carstairs," said the steward, starting toward the windows at the lower end of the lounge.

The man who had been addressed as Zimmie was already at one of the broad windows peering out into the black, windy night.

"Can't see a thing," he said as the others crowded about him. "The shops are off there in a direct line with the home green, I should say."

"I happen to know that the Allies have a fifteen-million-dollar contract with the Reynolds people," said Carstairs, looking hard into the blackness.

"If they'd string up a few of these infernal —— There! See the glow coming up over the hill? She's afire! And with this wind—gad, she'll go like waste paper! I wish the whole German Army was sitting on top of those buildings right now!" It was little Mr. Cribbs who spoke. He was shaking like a leaf.

"I'd rather see a million or two of these so-called German-Americans sitting there, Cribbs," said Carstairs between his teeth. "There'd be some satisfaction in that."

His wife nudged him sharply. He turned and caught the warning look in her eye and the slight movement of her head in the direction of the man called Zimmie.

"Oh, that's all right," cried Carstairs carelessly. "You needn't punch me, dear. Zimmie's as good an American as any of us. Don't think for a moment, Zimmie, old chap, that I include you in the gang I'd like to see sitting on that pile of shells over there."

The man at the window turned and smiled affably.

"Thanks, old man. Being, as you say, as good an American as any of you, I may be permitted to return the compliment. I shouldn't like to see Mrs. Carstairs sitting on that pile of shells."

Carstairs flushed. An angry light leaped to his eyes, but it was banished almost instantly. Mrs. Carstairs herself replied.

"I can't imagine anything more distasteful," she drawled.

"But Mrs. Carstairs isn't a German," put in little Mr. Cribbs, somewhat tartly for him.

"You're always saying the wrong thing, Cribbs; or the right thing at the wrong time," said Carstairs. "Mrs. Carstairs is not German. Her father and mother were, however. She's in the same fix as Zimmerlein, and she isn't ashamed of it any more than Zimmie is."

"I had—er—no idea that Mrs. Carstairs was ——"

"What were your parents, Mr. Cribbs?" asked Mrs. Carstairs.

"Nebraskans," said Cribbs, stiffening. "My grandfather was a Welshman."

"And so you have absolutely nothing to reproach yourself with," said she. "How fortunate in these days."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Carstairs, if I ——"

"I was born in the United States," she said without a trace of annoyance, "but not in Nebraska. You have the advantage of me there, I fear. And of poor Mr. Zimmerlein too. He was born in Boston—were you not?"

"In Marlborough Street," said Zimmerlein dryly. "My father was Irish, as you can tell by me name; and me poor mither was Irish too. Her name before marriage was Krausshof."

Mr. Cribbs' face was scarlet. To cover his confusion he wedged his way a little closer to the windows and glared at the dull red light that crept slowly out of the darkness off to the south. The crests of the hills were beginning to take shape against a background shot with crimson.

"Just the same," he muttered, "I'd like to see the men who are responsible for that fire over there burning in hell."

"I think we can agree on that point at least, Mr. Cribbs," said Zimmerlein with dignity.

"Who wants to run over there with me in my car?" cried the other excitedly. "It's only a few miles, and it must be a wonderful sight. I can take six or seven ——"

"Stay where you are, Cribbs!" said Carstairs sharply. "When those shells begin to go off —— Why, man alive, there's never been anything on the French Front that could hold a candle to it! Don't forget what happened when Black Tom Pier was blown up. Pray do not be alarmed, ladies. There isn't the slightest danger here. The shells they are making at the Reynolds plant are comparatively small. We're safely out of range."

"What size shells were they making, Carstairs?" inquired one of the men.

"Three inch, I believe; and smaller. A lot of machine-gun ammunition too. Cox, the general manager, dined with us the other night. He talked a little too freely, I thought; didn't you, Frieda?"

"He boasted, if that is what you mean," said Mrs. Carstairs.

"Well," said a big, red-faced man on the outer edge of the group, "it's time some of these blooming fools learned how to keep their mouths shut. The country's full of spies; running over with 'em. You never know when you're talking to one."

Silence followed his remark. For some time they all stood watching the crimson cloud in the distance, an ever-changing, pulsing shadow that throbbed to the temper of the wind.

They represented the reluctant element of a large company that had spent the afternoon and early evening at the Black Downs Country Club—the element that is always reluctant to go home. There had been many intimate little dinner parties during the evening. New York was twenty miles or more away, and there was the Hudson in between. The clock above the huge fireplace had struck eleven a minute or two before the first explosion took place. Chauffeurs in the club garage were sullenly cursing their employers. All but two or three waiters had gone off to the railway station not far away, and the musicians had made the 10:30 up train. Peter, the steward, lived on the premises with the chef and several house employees.

The late-staying guests were clad in sport clothes, rough and warm and smart; for it was one of the smartest clubs in the Metropolitan district.

A fierce October gale was whining, cold and bitter and relentless, across the uplands; storm warnings had gone out from the Weather Bureau; coastwise vessels were scurrying for harbors and farmers all over the land had made snug their livestock against the uncertain elements.

If it turned out to be true that the vast Reynolds munitions plant had been blown up the plotters could not have chosen a more auspicious night for their enterprise. No human force could combat the flames on a night like this; caught on the wings of the wind there would be no stopping them until the ashes of ruin lay wet and sodden where the flight had begun.

Mrs. Carstairs was the first to turn away from the windows. She shuddered a little. A pretty, nervous young wife sidled up to her and laid a trembling hand on her arm.

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if there were a lot of people at work over there when—when it happened?" she cried in a tense, strained voice. "Just think of it!"

"Don't think about it, Alice dear. Think of what they are going through in France and Belgium."

"But we really aren't fighting them yet," went on the other plaintively. "Why should they blow up our factories? Oh, these dreadful, terrible Germans!" Then suddenly, in confusion: "I—I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Carstairs smiled pleasantly. "That's all right, my dear. A good many of us suffer for the sins of the fathers. Besides, we are in the war, and have been for over six months."

"We all hate the Kaiser, don't we?" pleaded the younger woman.

Mrs. Carstairs pressed her arm. "None more so than those of us whose parents left Germany to escape such as he."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

"Beg pardon," said Peter, the steward, at Mrs. Carstairs' elbow. "I think this is yours. You dropped it just now."

"Thank you, Peter," said she, taking the crumpled handkerchief he handed her. "I shan't drop it again," she went on, smiling as she stuffed it securely into the gold-mesh bag she was carrying.

"Peter is such a splendid man, isn't he?" said her young companion, lowering her voice. "So much more willing and agreeable than old Crosby. We're all so glad the change was made."

"He is most efficient," said Mrs. Carstairs.

The admirable Peter approached Mr. Carstairs and Zimmerlein, who were pouring drinks for themselves at the table.

"Preparedness is the word of the hour," Carstairs was saying as he raised his glass. "It's a long cold ride home."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, shall I call up Central at Bushleigh and see if they can give us any news?" asked Peter.

"You might try. I don't believe you can get a connection, however. Everything must be knocked galley-west over on that side of the ridge."

"I think your wife is signaling you, Carstairs," said Zimmerlein, looking over the other's shoulder.

Carstairs tossed off the contents of the glass and reached out his hand for the check. Zimmerlein already had it in his fingers. "I'll sign it, old chap," he said. "Give me your pencil, Peter."

"None of that, Zimmie! I ordered the ——"

"Run along, old man. Your wife —— He's coming, Mrs. Carstairs," called out Zimmerlein.

As Carstairs turned away Zimmerlein scratched his name across the check and handed it back to the steward.

"Under no circumstances are you to call up Bushleigh," fell in low, distinct tones from his lips. "Do you understand?"

Peter's hand shook. His face was livid.

"Yes, sir," he muttered. "What shall I say to Mr. Carstairs?"

"Say that no one answers," said the other, and walked away.

The company had recovered its collective and individual power of speech. Everyone was talking—loudly, excitedly, and in some cases violently. Some were excoriating the Germans, others were bitterly criticizing the Government for its overtenderness, and still others were blaming themselves for not taking the law in their own

(Continued on Page 98)

In a Dingy Apartment in Harlem Three Shifty-Eyed Men and a Frightened Woman Grinned Evilly—in Stealthy Tribute to the Hand That Had Rocked the City of New York!

THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA

By William G. Shepherd

RUSSIA since the revolution and up to this writing has been run by its wage earners. This has made life miserable for employers.

Five worried-looking Russian business men drove up to the Marinsky Palace in Petrograd one midnight last summer and asked to see Kerensky, then the Minister of Justice of Russia and the idol of the Russian people.

They waited for two hours until Kerensky, who worked twenty-two hours a day, received them.

"What can I do for you?" asked Kerensky.

"Please place us under arrest," petitioned the five.

"Why do you wish to be arrested?"

"It's the only way to save our lives and our factory." Their spokesman explained that they were the directors of a large factory; they were furnishing huge supplies for the army, and their workmen had announced that they would strike in the morning and kill anyone who opposed them.

"If they know you have arrested us they will go back to work contented," said the spokesman.

The Laboring People of Russia Begin to Realize That Higher Wages and Shorter Hours and the Control of the Factories are No More Beneficial Than Was the Removal of the Czar

"Well, I've been everything but a jailer, and I might as well try that job too," said Kerensky. "Consider yourselves arrested. Now what do you want me to do with you?"

"Please give us a receipt for our persons," said the five.

Kerensky wrote out a short statement declaring that he had received into custody the actual persons of the five alleged "malefactors of great wealth."

"Now please give us the receipt to send to the factory manager, so that he can show it to the working people and save his own life."

Kerensky complied, and a messenger was sent during the early morning hours to the factory on the outskirts of the city, where the factory manager, an Englishman, was anxiously waiting to receive it.

To keep on the safe side the five directors slept that night on couches and improvised beds in Kerensky's apartments.

Collecting Wages in Wheelbarrows

IT WAS an ugly crowd of more than fourteen thousand workers, including eight thousand women, which the manager had to face the next morning. The strike was typical of the wildness of the demands of Russian wage earners at that stage of the revolution; it was one that may well be used to illustrate the giant strength of the employed and the babelike weakness of the employers during those days before the employed and the employers began to discover that neither could get along without the other. These same work people some weeks before had struck for a raise in wages equal to one hundred and fifty per cent, and had won; but the Bolsheviki rolled into the factory yard one day in a military auto truck, called the workers about them, and in a series of eloquent speeches persuaded them that they ought to strike for increased back wages from the beginning of the war. Just about this time back-wages strikes were highly popular. Many clerks in the men's furnishing-goods shops of Petrograd, for instance, demanded and secured advances in back wages amounting to as much as ten thousand rubles in individual cases, and averaging perhaps two thousand rubles. It was the stage in the revolution when the all-powerful wage earners were following the motto "Let's take while the taking is good." It is a motto since discredited.

The increase in back wages appealed to the imaginations of these fourteen thousand factory workers.

A committee which they appointed looked over the company books and calculated that four million dollars—about $285.75 for each employee—was the sum that should be demanded.

There was a sewing bee among the factory women that night. Such sewing bees occurred during the strike in every great factory in Russia. While the five worried directors were lost in fitful sleep in the Marinsky Palace, scores of factory girls in one of the factory offices were making cotton bags in which to carry off the four million dollars which they expected to collect in the morning.

Sometime during the night, also, a committee of workmen herded together all the wheelbarrows they could find round the factory. Wheelbarrows, like cotton bags, have played their part in all the great Russian factory strikes. It became the custom for the strikers to roll a flock of wheelbarrows up to the factory office and give their employers the choice of filling the cotton sacks thereon with money or of being wheeled themselves to the river and dumped in. When no river was handy the factory furnaces were suggested. Russian employers have been murdered under such conditions.

Daylight found the wheelbarrows and the bags in readiness. Carrying the black flag, the token of the anti-capitalistic parties in Russia, the employees' committee marched up to the office in the factory yard, the wheelbarrow division bringing up the rear.

The sum of four million dollars was demanded.

"And we want it now!" said the speakers.

The English factory manager drew Kerensky's receipt from his pocket.

"You see!" he said. "Kerensky knew what you were going to do and he has arrested the directors of the company. If you go back to work the matter will be adjusted in some way. Kerensky is interested in it."

"And so they all went back to work," said the factory manager as he told me the story some weeks later.

"But how did it turn out?" I asked.

"Oh, like most of the wild strikes. They forgot all about it," he said. "We've never heard from them again on that subject. As soon as the eloquence of the Bolsheviki died away they got interested in something else."

But in spite of their forgetfulness they had given their employers some feverish days and nights.

The working people in the cities of Russia had no sooner settled their score with the Czar than they turned their attention to the Russian business man. The Russians were disappointed after the Czar departed. Through all the centuries of Romanoffs the Russian people had been taught to blame the Czar for all their ills, but when the Czar was dethroned and the ills remained they looked about them to see what other changes could be made to improve their condition. The idea grew up that employers were the oppressors. With giants' strength but with child-like whimsicality they attacked them at every turn. Their combined power was at first unbelievable.

"Why, I won't endure this from my clerks!" said the American representative of a great American firm who returned to his office in Petrograd after a long stay in New York and found his clerks dictating terms to their superiors. But he soon discovered that it would not be safe to defy his employees; he did not even dare to close the office, as he had threatened to do. It was a matter of life and death for him; there were no police in Petrograd and no courts, and public feeling was directed against all employers.

He surrendered.

He figured out in rubles the exact wages paid to clerks in the home office in New York, and he raised the wages of all his employees to those figures. This prevented a strike, but today the clerks in this Petrograd office are working shorter hours than the clerks in any of the numerous branches of this company throughout the world. Even this great American company had to buckle down to its Russian clerks: it had never before lost a strike.

The first obstacle that confronted the Russian business man after the revolution in Russia was the organizing ability of the Russian working people. It is an ability that has come through years of experience; it might almost be called a national trait. Every Russian factory hand or day laborer and almost every Russian peasant seems to have the Russian equivalent of Robert's Rules of Order learned by heart. He probably knows how to conduct a public meeting, or at least how to behave as a member of an organized body. He has had to learn these things for his self-preservation. Just as the American Westerner in the olden days had to learn how to use a gun in order to protect himself, so the average Russian citizen, whether rural or urban, has had to learn how to conduct certain affairs of vital importance to himself and his family by means of motions, resolutions and reports. He gained this experience in the coöperative society to which he belonged. Fifty thousand coöperative societies grew up in Russia after the revolution in 1905; perhaps seventy-five million individuals of the total population of one hundred and eighty million live under the benefits of these societies, and when it is realized that there are nearly twice as many coöperative societies as there are post offices in Russia it may be understood that the society had reached to the uttermost out-of-the-way corners of the great empire.

Universal Coöperative Societies

ALL of the democracy that was denied the Russian citizen in political life was developed in his coöperative society. There every man was equal. His society was not a debating society or a lyceum. It was a real, energetic working institution. Through it he did his buying and his selling. Through it he saved his money in a coöperative bank. His society paid his doctor's bills and stood ready to bury him. He helped to form its committees and he knew the value of committee work in organization. He and his wife, his sons and his daughters talked at home of the work of the coöperative society to which they belonged. Thus organization and the conduct of affairs by means of organization were household topics in Russia for years before the revolution of 1917 overthrew the Czar.

And so the first cry that went up after the power of the Czar had been ended was "Organize!" It was an easy order for the Russian to obey. The act followed on the very heels of the impulse, and before many hours had passed—indeed, while great but fallen leaders like Sturmer and Protopopoff were herded with a throng of royal and courtly prisoners on that Monday evening in the dusk-darkened room of the Tauride Palace—the workingmen, the peasants, the soldiers—all indeed of the people that make up the masses of Russia—were beginning to put into practice the lessons in organizing which they had learned.

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A CANTEENER IN FRANCE

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

The Barracks of an Aviation Camp in "the Muddiest Hole in France"

BOSTON, November 8, 1917.

HOORAY! *Vive la belle France!* I'm going to France! I'm going to be a canteener! Maybe I shall go right up to the Front just behind the first-line trenches and be under shell fire and be bombed by boche avions and hear the *alerte* and have to scurry to *abris* and all that sort of thing. I don't know any of the details yet—nobody over here does—but anyhow I'm going! That's the chief thing.

I'm so excited and thrilled I scarcely know what I'm doing, but outwardly I try to keep poised and calm, for mamma has been disappearing at intervals into her handkerchief ever since she gave her consent; and as for papa, he doesn't say much; in fact the dear old sport is quieter than ever—but I catch him looking at me, when he thinks I don't see, in a way that makes me realize I'm the only girl he's got down here below and that he'd never send me if he had a son to give. Not having a son and being a true-blue American with generations of fighting blood inside of him—for the man who said "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!" was my father's great-grandfather—he's figured it out that the best he can do is to send his girl instead. That's the ground of his consent. And mamma's a Daughter of the American Revolution, so that lets her out.

A Million in the Same Fix

IT WAS pure accident—or fate—which made me run into Edith on the street a week ago to-day and thus start the wheels of destiny.

"Come in and have some tea," she said after congratulating me on my engagement, which had just been announced, "and tell me all about it—and him. You deep little mouse—to pull this off right under everybody's nose and keep as secret as the grave! Who is he, anyhow?"

"He's Major B——, of the Fifty-blank Infantry. He's just received his majority and he's just twenty-nine."

"Major, eh? That's not so bad."

"And oh, Edith, he's leaving for France sometime this month, and I—I don't know what to do!"

"What would you like to do?" asked Edie, laughing a little at my blushes.

"I'd like to go over there too," I replied without hesitation, staring straight into her deep blue eyes. "It doesn't seem as if I could stand it—the long, long separation. Irregular letters. And when they go into action, not knowing, not hearing, maybe never hearing. Never. Just the silence!"

"You're in the same fix as a million other American women right now," replied Edith grimly. "And you've got to stand it. That's our job."

"I know," I said heavily. "But it doesn't make your own toothache any better to know that there's an epidemic of toothache raging over the whole civilized world."

Edith sat looking at me with a smile deep down in her eyes. She has been married three years, the first of our class; and now she looks at the entire outside world with that same air of tender smiling abstraction.

"It's all part of the game," she said finally. "And we women must keep the flag flying. Jack"—Jack's her husband—"is going over next month. He doesn't have to, of course, being over the age limit. But he foresaw this two years ago, and went and prepared himself at Plattsburg. He wouldn't volunteer then on account of me and baby. But now the call has come it finds him ready. He feels the whole situation deeply. I'm glad."

"Oh, Edie, you—brick!" I breathed, squeezing her hand hard. I thought of her left alone with her child—and not any too much money either.

A Bare Chance

"EDIE'S all right," she murmured unsteadily, her blue eyes bright as diamonds. "Don't you fuss about her! But now about you—I have an idea. What can you do? Practically, I mean?"

"I've had a six months' course in the hospital——"

"They don't take anything but graduate nurses now."

"—— and I've had two years of domestic science and food values. Then last summer I operated a cafeteria in the suburbs for the Women's League—did all the buying and accounts myself. It was fun. In college I was head of the basket-ball team and the tramping club, and I've never been sick a day in my life."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"A bit young. However," said Edith briskly, rising, "I'll see what I can do. There's just a bare chance—but I'm not going to tell you beforehand, for fear we burst the bubble. Run home now. Stick round the telephone. There may be a long-distance call. Put a few things into a bag while you're waiting. Do you think you could go on to New York to-night?"

I suppose my eyes must have been as big round as saucers with excitement, for suddenly Edith bent right over and dropped a kiss on my cheek. "You darned little kid!" she whispered. "I know exactly how you feel. Now trot!"

I trotted—walking on air.

For the next two hours I hung round the landing where the telephone is, and finally settled down on the top stair.

"For goodness' sake, child!" cried mamma, stumbling over me as she came out of the sitting room, "what on earth are you doing here, all bunched up in the dark?"

"I—I'm ——"

The Old Canteen Idea Has Expanded Until it Comprises a Whole Welfare Center, a Regular Community Plant for Dispensing Food and Comfort and Good Cheer

Just then the telephone rang. I sprang to the receiver.

"Oh, I see!" said mamma, laughing as she went downstairs.

But she didn't.

Central got the long-distance line cleared and then over the wire there came a woman's clear, crisp, businesslike voice: "I wish to speak to Miss Carlotta Murray."

"This is she."

"Miss Murray, could you sail for France a week from Saturday?"

My heart gave a sort of big thrilly jerk and I had a sudden shock as if my nerves had got short-circuited.

"Ye-yes!" I gulped faintly.

"What? Speak louder."

"Yes!" I shouted into the mouthpiece, holding on to the wall for support. "Dee-lighted!"

"Very well. Be at our office at eleven to-morrow morning. You'd better come prepared to go straight on to Washington to arrange about your passes. Good-b——"

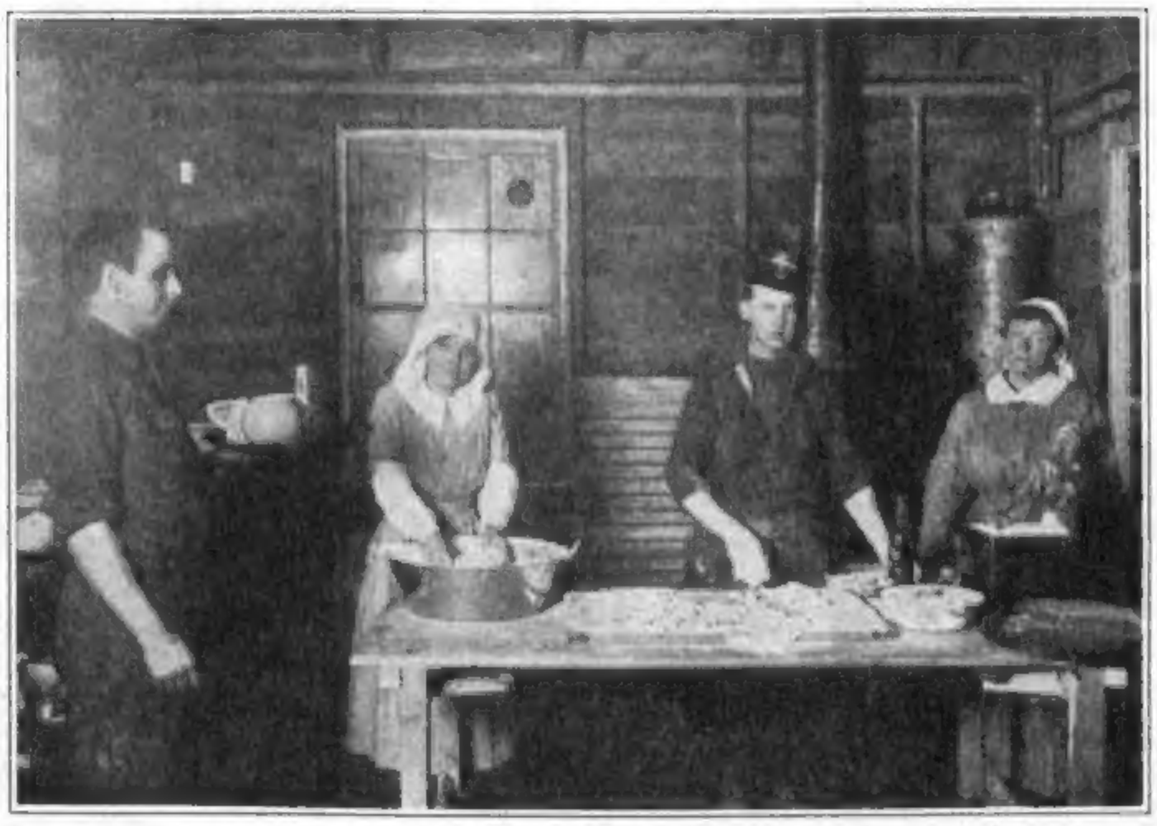
"Wait!" I cried excitedly. "Who is it speaking? I don't know who you are."

"Red Cross Headquarters. New York office. Good-by."

She hung up and left me gasping in the darkness on the stair. Well, I was in deep over my head now; and so I found mamma and put it straight up to her: Would she give her consent if papa did? At first she refused up and down, but by six o'clock I had her coaxed round to the point where she was packing my suitcase and making up lists of the things I'd need in France—woolen underwear and galoshes and sweaters and first-aid outfits and what nots. And all the time we didn't either of us know what I was going to do when I got over there any more than the man in the moon. The call had tumbled right out of a clear sky. But once I'd got mamma to see the situation as it really was, outside her motherhood so to speak, she was as keen as mustard for it.

We had dinner upstairs in my room. Delia served it on a tray. And when she heard I was sailing for France she just said "Oh, my Gawd! Submarines!" and dropped the tray and burst into tears. You'd have thought the submarines were right under my bed. At that mamma broke down altogether and Delia embraced her—Delia's been with us ever since I was born—and there followed a hectic half hour. I was beginning to think Delia had spilled the beans for me with her "Oh, my Gawd!" when all of a sudden mamma glanced at the clock, pulled herself together and exclaimed sharply:

"Good gracious, child, get into your clothes—quick! Do you want to miss that train? Delia, run down and phone for a taxi."



Helping in the Kitchen in an American Canteen

A Jolt for Father

DELIA went, still dribbling tears and tomato bisque. Then mamma rushed off a telegram to Uncle Jim to meet me in New York, rushed me into my things, rushed me down to the station, through the gate, onto the train, gave me a swift breathless hug and departed. That's the way she is, all tears one second and a regular little whiz-bang field marshal the next. But it was some evening!

The next morning in New York Uncle Jim and I breakfasted at the Belmont, after which I walked over to Red Cross Headquarters, had an interview, and took the train to Washington. I had already wired papa, who was down there on business, to meet me, and told him to watch out for a life-size jolt. When I stepped off the train, there he was, leaning against a pillar and looking, as the novelists say, singularly handsome and debonair.

"Hello, Miss Murray!" he said, taking my bag away from the porter. "Now come on with your jolt."

"*Vive la France!*" I said by way of commencement.

"Ha! So that's the bill of fare? With all my heart. May she *vive* forever! But what's that got to do with the price of winter umbrellas?"

"The Rochambeau sails a week from to-morrow."

"Well," said papa, still bluffing away, though I could see from the way he started that I had landed him one right over the heart, "I haven't any stock in her. The submarines may go as far as they like."

"They want me to sail on her—as a canteener."

"As a whatter?" demanded papa.

"A canteener. A person that works in a canteen. You know—serves hot drinks and food and all to the soldiers."

"Who wants you to go?" he growled in his crossest cross-examining-witness manner.

"President Wilson. God. American Red Cross. Mamma. Delia. Me."

"Pretty good references," observed papa dryly. "Especially Delia. But not worth a single red cent in the present instance—unless indorsed by me. Now let's get down to brass tacks. What is this all about?"

That's the way papa always talks with me, straight from the shoulder, just as if I were his law partner and we were threshing out a case. And so I told him. I told him how the high commissioner for Europe of the American Red Cross had cabled to Washington for women to be sent immediately to France to work in canteens; how Washington had telegraphed up to New York to collect a group of workers without delay; how New York had telegraphed to Boston for names of suitable persons with training along that line; how Edith, the president of her Red Cross chapter, had been called into council—and how that led to me.

The Index Finger of Destiny

"IT'S the finger of destiny, papa," I wound up; "and it's pointed straight at me—like the man in the ad. There's just one hitch."

"Only one?" observed papa with his grim little half smile.

"The cable says women over thirty."

"Well," chuckled papa, "I guess that lets you out—for about six years anyhow. And by that time the war will be over. Though Bairnsfeather says that the first seven years will be the worst, and after that every fourteenth year."

"I'm within the draft limit," I protested. "And if they take infants of twenty-one to be soldiers I don't see why a college graduate of twenty-four, captain of the basket-ball team and with a record in Greek, hasn't enough gumption to stand behind a counter and deal out sandwiches and coffee. It makes me sick!"

"Well, all that's a minor matter," said papa. "It's fitness, not age or lack of it, that counts. But let's waive that for the moment and get down to the kernel of this proposition. Why are you interested in this thing? Why do you want to go—or think that you want to go? Now don't hand out any cheap sentimentality. Don't insult the cause by any tawdry emotionalism. Come clean. What are your reasons?"

Followed a conference—or moral examination, rather—which lasted for over four hours, straight through dinner, up to eleven o'clock; and still we sat on at table, papa smoking one

(Continued on Page 113)

There are Restaurants and Writing Rooms, Everything You Can Think Of to Keep Men Happy and Safe and Sound. Above: Opening the Red Cross Christmas Boxes

OLD STUFF

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

Hugo Relaxed So Far That He Forgot All Caution. He Talked. He Talked as He Had Never in His Life Talked to a Woman

I THINK it was Thackeray who said that any woman, barring the possessor of a hump or a squint, could marry any man she chose if she went about it properly. And Mr. Shaw of course goes much further. He has revealed the fact that woman not only can but does actually put the shackles on the matrimonial conscript. In short, *la femme dispose et l'homme propose.*

Some of us may take exception, but there are plenty of orthodox believers—plenty of men who realize the fell powers possessed by woman and believe that if she does not use them it is because she is like the elephant which knoweth not its own strength; plenty of others who think she can put it all over the elephant—who swear by the Shavian doctrine and believe woman's middle name is Stalker.

Of these last was Hugo Saunders.

If you had asked Hugo Saunders, thirty-six, brunette and single, to sum up his life in two words he would have answered: "A pursuit." There was no time since his sixth year, he would have said—when, entering the schoolyard for the first time, apple in hand and the curl of innocence on his shoulder, Minnie Murphy, a black-eyed shrew two years his senior, had led him behind the schoolhouse woodpile and kissed him and addressed him as "my beau"—when the female of the species had not made him unhappy by acts overt and otherwise that threatened his choice of career. For even in his salad days Hugo had decided. He would be a bachelor buccaneer. No woman tagging after him, mortgaging his time, his purse, his freedom! There wasn't one in the whole boiling that was worth such a sacrifice.

But he had not wrested the honors of war easily. There had been times when he had well-nigh dipped his flag.

There was the summer when Flora Sawyer had visited in town, and Hugo, coming suddenly out of Lawyer Maintree's office, where he was "reading," had run squarely into her as she came round the corner with Callie Wilson. He had just taken an unusually ample bite from a pear and what with managing the mouthful decoratively, greeting Callie and bearing a rapid-fire examination from new and pretty eyes, his intentions had been routed for the moment. He had dressed very carefully that evening and, just to efface the memory of the pear, had gone and called on Callie's visitor; and stayed to fall in love—or almost.

At any rate, Flora wore his college pin all the next year and they corresponded furiously, every fortnight; Hugo writing letters that began with "Dear Friend" and ended with equal fervor with "Sincerely your friend, Hugo Saunders." Once or twice Flora had tried to maneuver him away from these stereotyped forms, but he was adamantine, and she had finally forsaken him for more profitable fields of endeavor.

In like manner he had toasted a little at other fires: The pretty Cole girl his last year at college; and returning home, Mrs. Manton, a young widow of dash and charm. These and sundry. Being young and in spite of himself susceptible at times Hugo had mooned on various verandas and leaned over divers gates, young-man fashion; but he must have worn a mailed shirt beneath his civilian's dress, after the style set by the medieval traveler, for the little god's darts never really pinked him, and as he grew older he learned to forsake all bypaths where danger lurked.

At thirty-five he had survived all febrile crises. He was safe! There was no method known to woman—even to aroused competitive woman—that could lay him low. Or so he felt. He was married successfully to himself, and he meant to live happy ever after.

Fate herself had shown him the wisdom of his vision. Had he not run into that dashing widow, Mrs. Manton, for instance, only a year or so ago and perceived what youth and inexperience had not fathomed, namely, that the lady wore artificial teeth? Had he not also met that earliest "dear friend," Flora Sawyer, on a train a while since, surrounded by a quartet of small girls, all five wearing frank traces of having lately eaten chocolate, and Flora a maternally blowzy coiffure and tilted hat besides. He had, on both occasions, savored to the full that shock that befalls most men who meet "that old sweetheart of mine" after a lapse of years. No, he had never renounced the softer passions, but Fate had viséed his decision; and with the years had grown a deep content.

He could lie in bed of a Sunday morning, for instance, and hear through his open window the slavish clump-clump of male boots beating out a dirge on the sidewalk as their wearers were led in matrimonial serfdom to the sacred edifice.

For him, instead, the comfort of his pillow, his silky-haired setter, Fanny, curled up beside him, the Sunday papers spread about, his panetela going comfortably. There wasn't a soul to beshrew him if he burned his pillowcase full of holes or used the long-haired rug at his bedside for an ash receiver. There wasn't a soul to beshrew him for anything; for he lived, monarch of all he surveyed, in his old family home, with no one but an old aunt and a casual negro day woman to look after him.

He was happy as the gods, he would have told you. Yet such are the workings of Destiny—at times one might almost fancy malignant—that at the very moment when Hugo fancied he had touched perihelion in his comfortable life new elements were preparing to unhitch the nice combination he was accustomed to; or, more briefly, you never can tell.

It began on a morning in late spring. Hugo waking early indulged in a little reverie before he rose. Even at the most unbecoming moment in a man's day Hugo was very personable. His arms and shoulders visible above the coverlet, clad in pink-striped pyjama cloth, were gracefully virile and vigorous as he lay with his hands clasped behind his head.

Even his hair, in spite of nocturnal rumpling, dark and luxuriant and touched slightly with gray at the temples, was attractive and set off nicely the well modeled lines of brow, nose and mouth.

But Hugo was not thinking of his looks. He was gazing round his room, as he often did, in dreamy pleasure—a pleasure few perhaps would have shared. It was a comfortable room, papered during his early boyhood with Victorian scrolls of magenta, green and tan. Hugo had never changed the paper because he had long since ceased to see it. It was an appropriate background for the furnishings he had gathered.

To his oak set he had added a morris chair of cherry with vermilion brocade cushions; a couch with a navy-blue near-Navajo blanket—for Fanny—a set of mission bookcases; a mahoganized rocker; and an ash desk, loaded now indistinguishably with books, papers, tobacco boxes, a pair of slippers, a reading lamp with a cracked shade, some collars, a pair of Indian clubs, a dozen pasteboard boxes and the case containing his Sabbath derby. His dresser was a match for it, and upon the complaisant arm of his gas jet his neckwear dangled its multicolored pennons. Clothes trees draped with his garments stood about lending a pleasantly informal men's-wear-and-gents'-furnishings atmosphere to the room.

Nor was this all. The walls, like the paper, had been invisible to Hugo for many years and still wore a motley collection of souvenirs, ranging in variety from a handbill likeness of Hiram Meeker—a friend of Hugo's who had run for president of the village back in '06; a most undecorative person, Hiram—down to a faded print out

of his mother's youth in which a creature in pantalets rolled a hoop above the words: Family Pet.

The carpet was a miscellany rivaling that old-time titbit, Centennial Pie; and in odd corners Hugo's guns, foils, fishing rods and odd boxing gloves stood about. It was truly a man's paradise; and as though to verify this fact or perhaps in an attempt to unify its disharmonies, as a veil of snow sifted upon a landscape will soften discrepancies, a film of dust, soft, thick and feather-light, lent its undisturbed countenance. But Hugo looked upon it all and called it good. It was his own demesne, that none dared touch. He sneered mentally as he fancied how it would look under feminine care. Then his clock warning he dressed and went to breakfast, and his aunt, a little old lady in a black lace headdress, looked up from the coffee urn and smote him a blow full in the face.

"Hugo," she said, "we've got to have a housekeeper. I can't go on this way any more. I had another night of neuralgia and I can't keep up any longer." And she began to cry softly.

Hugo stared.

He was in the habit of noticing his aunt as little as he noticed the paper in his room, for she had been there even before the paper—since his fourth year. He had a half-comic realization now that he expected old Aunt Abby to live forever. She looked up and wiped her eyes and Hugo went round and patted her shoulder.

"Not that I wouldn't stay on and keep an eye on things, Hugo; but I'm getting too old. Managing Blanche and the house is too much; and a nice neat housekeeper ——"

Hugo sat down in his place heavily. A housekeeper, just—just—when things were really comfortable.

"Well, if you say so—I suppose we must," he said grudgingly; "though I don't see who we'd get," he added ungrammatically. "I suppose you mean old Ann Leeds or that Wilson woman who must be screamed at before she understands."

"Oh, no, Hugo not somebody local. We want someone who'd fit in better. I thought we could advertise and get somebody ladylike."

Ladylike! Hugo scowled into his egg cup.

"Now, aunt, there must be some other way. I won't have a woman—a strange, unknown woman coming in here and upsetting my house."

"Well, I never heard of a good man housekeeper." The old aunt sighed.

Hugo's breakfast was spoiled.

"They come in and they talk," he said bitterly; "they tell you about themselves and about their uncle's inflammatory rheumatism and how Mr. Barlow at their last place liked his potatoes fried and how deep the snow was in '88 and how dandelion greens affect the liver—they do if they're old. And if they're young well, then they have other notions."

Vague forebodings lifted their heads in Hugo's breast A strange woman in his home just when peace brooded! It might portend anything

"We'll not have a young one!" he announced firmly "Even an eternal gabble would be better than that."

"Well, Hugo, fix it any way you like. You can tell in the ad just what kind you want."

Hugo thought he could. He inserted a notice that morning—brief and to the point:

"Housekeeper wanted. Elderly, experienced, for small family"

He gave his aunt's name and address, leaving details to her; and three days later she reported success. A lady a middle-aged widow named Mrs. Annette Fairlie, living in the near-by town of Franklin—had applied for the position. Her letters had been so genteel that she had been engaged, sight unseen; and since the need was urgent she had promised to arrive on the coming Wednesday.

But Wednesday came and began to wane and there was no sign of the threatened addition to Hugo's family. At suppertime the old aunt had despaired of the housekeeper's arrival, and Hugo himself composed several caustic aphorisms on female honor and that of the housekeeping guild particularly

Normally on a Wednesday night he went and played chess with Buck Harley or poker with the Robert Addison crowd; but it had begun to rain heavily, the eaves and vines running off like sluices, so Hugo settled himself in the living room with a brief. It was very desolate. The room felt damp, and when a mouse in the wall began a heart-rending gnawing, Hugo yawned suddenly, closed his brief book and began to wind his watch for the night. Then he stopped as the front doorbell rang violently

The gas in the front hall was out of order, so Hugo picked up his student lamp and answered the door. It flew back against him, almost felling him, as a behemoth figure, a village Atlas, staggered in, detached a burden from its back, stopped for a minute's colloquy with a smaller figure that followed, and was swallowed in the abyss of night. It was Hank Parlow, the stage driver, who had brought a trunk into the hall, and when Hugo turned his startled eyes upon it he saw that a woman—a young woman! was standing beside it.

She was small and girlish looking and quite the wettest person he had ever seen, from her soaked hat to her dripping raincoat. He was aware of all this before she spoke; also that she had very large blue eyes, of the type Hugo defined as troublesome.

"An umbrella is of no use at all," she said a little breathlessly; then as Hugo still gaped: "I'm sorry I had to be so late. They took off Number Eighteen, so I missed connections at Riverdale and only just got in." Then as his face continued blank: "I'm the new housekeeper, you know Mrs. Fairlie."

Hugo's wits wheeled into line. He held up the student lamp sternly and a sense of outrage filled him

"Why, it's impossible," he said; "you can't be Mrs. Fairlie"

"Oh, yes, I am. My wedding certificate is in my trunk." Absurd!

"But my advertisement—and your letter made the same claim—called for a middle-aged woman. 'A middle-aged widow' I think you described yourself. I remember especially about that part, for I put it in myself."

"Well," she said, "it is quite true. I am a widow My husband died six years ago—of appendicitis."

She was really the most absurd person he had ever met.

"That is irrelevant," said Hugo in his best legal manner "What about the rest? You look to be about twenty-five"

"I'm thirty," she corrected. Then an effect of coolness: "It's all in the point of view, isn't it—the age part? In the Bible man's allotted age is seventy, and half of that would be middle age, wouldn't it? If you look at it that way I'm not so awfully far off."

This from a woman! To what would not the sex resort to achieve its end even to the defying of its oldest convention

"Well," said Hugo, "if you look at it that way How about experience? I suppose that matches your age"

She had kept her own house in Franklin ten years, she had written all about that to his aunt; she was sure she would be satisfactory.

"When I read your aunt's letter I felt right away — Oh, I wanted the place so much that perhaps I- perhaps I wasn't ——"

"I should say you weren't—and you aren't," Hugo registered mentally. There was nothing about her that would fill the bill. Nothing, from the tips of her long eyelashes to the toes of her shoes as she stood there by the trunk, looking so young and so dangerous and so wet. Wet! Good heavens, what a barbarian he was. Besides, leaving out all humanitarian reasons, suppose she came down with grippe or pneumonia; there might be the very deuce getting rid of her

"If you'll come into the sitting room," suggested Hugo, "you can dry your things by the fire. My aunt has gone to bed but I'll find our day woman to show you the room prepared for you. To-morrow I think my aunt will show you the impossibility of a young woman's assuming the heavy duties here."

He indicated the sitting-room door with a flourish like a rubberneck guide's, and Mrs. Fairlie moved to it. She took

He Was Aware That Mention Was Made of Persons by the Name of Annie Laurie, Robin Ruff and Old Dog Tray

off her hat and coat here and sat down on a low willow chair and began tugging at her rubbers.

And the more Hugo saw of her the more he realized she would not do—never in this world! The same lamplight that had measured the length of her outrageous eyelashes against her wet cheeks played upon her hair now, calling attention to the fact that it was a mass of fluffy red-gold stuff full of curling ends pearled over with beads of mist—not at all housekeeperish hair. Suddenly Mrs. Fairlie ceased tugging and looked up helplessly.

"My rubbers are so wet I can't get them off."

It was true. Both overshoes partially withdrawn had folded like accordions under the arches of her feet and Hugo realized his obligation.

"If you will allow me," he said coldly, and kneeling he took one of her feet in his hands. It took several seconds to dislodge the rubbers, and Hugo had ample opportunity to indorse his first opinion. She was one of the most impossible women he had ever seen. Hair, face, eyes—all cried it aloud, but to make it measure full and running over, there was about her an emotional quality—a species of appeal that a warmer-blooded man than he would, he realized, have called sweet. Not that he himself was to be moved by any kind of appeal on earth!

Nevertheless, he scowled into his dresser glass later.

"She shall pack and go to-morrow!" he declared. "I won't have her on the place. There's nothing in it for her anyway, but I won't put up with the annoyance of teaching her that."

But in the morning it did not seem she would leave immediately. His aunt called him into her room as he passed her door. "She's been in to see me this morning, Hugo, and she's so nice; so handy too. She likes things done the way I do. Marjoram in the chicken dressing and the sheets ironed on both sides. Poor dear, she's had dreadful reverses. They sold her little house in Franklin for the mortgage and she has nowhere to go for a home. She comes from the best people over there—the Forrests. I think she'll do fine."

Hugo didn't. He started several objections, one or two quite specific, but his aunt, being dull of hearing misunderstood.

"Yes, she is pretty; and we're lucky for that, too, Hugo. The McCabes got a woman from Freeport who had only one eye. I like a tasty-looking woman—ladylike and pretty."

"Too darn pretty," gloomed Hugo as he went downstairs.

He relaxed a little on the way. A heavenly odor was filling the air. The breakfast table wore an unusually furbished look, the silver shining as though busy hands had wrought upon it even thus early. Blanche was in a fresh pinafore and there were flowers on the table. Then Hugo saw that places were laid for two and realized that as "lady housekeeper" Mrs. Fairlie would probably take breakfast with him. She came in a moment later and bade him good morning.

She was not at all hard to look at in a neat gray dress and small lace apron, but Hugo disciplined his eyes and returned her greeting coolly.

"Your aunt thinks I might do for a time, Mr. Saunders—so I've gone ahead and taken charge."

"My aunt is the court of last resort," said Hugo with a slight bow. He sat down, immediately unfurling his newspaper. Not for presumptuous newcomers would he give over his pleasant habit of mingling fact and food. But he found to his surprise that he could not treat his victuals with abstraction this morning. Blanche's coffee, eggs and oatmeal were of the kind one takes for sustenance. It was quite different this morning.

There were strawberries in thick cream, muffins light as powder puffs, ham broiled in thin, brown-pink rashers, eggs like setting suns in silver mist—coffee—but my hand is holden. It was coffee! In spite of himself Hugo laid by his paper and ate; fed might perhaps be better. He quite forgot the unwelcome one across the table until as he presently began to fold his napkin it occurred to him to utter some word of praise. But Mrs. Fairlie anticipated him.

"You like your eggs fixed that way, don't you, Mr. Saunders? I'm so anxious to find out just how you like your things prepared—your favorite dishes and all that. It means so much to a man."

Hugo was holding up his napkin by two corners. Instinctively he thrust it before him as a warrior of old thrust his shield. "Means so much to a man!" Yes, and what to a woman? Was not Axiom Number One in the eternal female campaign: "The way to a man's heart lies through his stomach?"

Hugo crushed his generous impulse. Now was as good a time as any to destroy budding hopes. He folded his napkin and spoke as coldly as possible:

"The breakfast was excellent, thank you. I am not at all hard to please and our servants have never found me troublesome." There! Let her have that.

Hugo went to his office and did not return until evening. His aunt had come down by then, and it was plain she had fallen a victim to a besotted infatuation for Mrs. Fairlie. She praised the supper volubly—which was an excellent match for the breakfast. Hugo preserved a strict but not unemployed silence.

It was just as they were leaving the table that his aunt said: "Mrs. Fairlie is going to sing for us this evening, Hugo. She has a book full of old airs—the kind they sang when I was a girl. I made her promise to wait till you came home. I knew you'd want to hear them too."

"I have no wish in the world to hear Mrs. Fairlie sing," rose to Hugo's lips, but remained unuttered.

"I haven't much of a voice," said Mrs. Fairlie, "but a great many people enjoy the old-fashioned songs. I brought my book of airs downstairs this afternoon and your aunt was looking through it. I promised to sing some of her favorites. Perhaps I can sing some of yours—if you care to turn the pages for me."

Hugo smiled in his sleeve. What sort of metal did she fancy he was? Was not one of the oldest devices in the great strategic: "Let him turn your music for you?" Forewarned is forearmed, however; and merely remarking, "I am a very bad judge of music," Hugo went along to assist with the pages.

He closed his auditory centers firmly, however, looking with keen interest at a steel engraving over the piano—a Biblical scene surrounded by the symbols and insignia of a fraternal order, a property of his father's. He was aware that a smallish, sweetish confusion of noises was going on near by, that Mrs. Fairlie's hands skipped about over the piano keys, and that mention was made of persons by the name of Annie Laurie, Robin Ruff and Old Dog Tray—with some hand-clapping thrown in by his aunt. At the first opportunity he excused himself with a polite murmur, and went downtown. But when he returned, after the ladies had retired, he perceived that the "book of airs" was still upon the piano. Plainly the fraternal order engraving was scheduled to receive some careful study in the coming days.

For a lady incapable of taking off her wet rubbers or of turning her own music Mrs. Fairlie was none the less an amazingly good housekeeper; even Hugo had to admit that. Grudgingly he confessed in his secret soul that he had never tasted finer cookery or seen his home ordered so spotlessly. She was efficient, there was no question of that. There was no phase of her profession she did not understand. Just how embracing these phases were Hugo was to learn after a few days; in short, he came to the outrageous episode of Hiram Meeker.

Coming home one evening and entering his bedroom Hugo paused with that peculiar sensation that comes at intervals to everyone of us—of entering a place perfectly familiar yet obviously new and strange. It took a full minute to rally his faculties. His room was different—entirely so! His room had been molested! His room had been cleaned! And everything was different—and wrong! Gone were the fishing poles and the foils from their informal corners; gone was the miscellaneous men's-wear display from the clothes trees; gone were the derby-hat case and the pile of collars from his desk. The top of this was arranged perfectly, his sacred papers and personal properties mixed together in neat geometrical piles. Only that morning he could have "put a hand, blindfold," on anything he wanted; and now—chaos. The tops of his dresser and chiffonier matched the desk. Even the books in the cases had been straightened, the morris-chair cushions had been beaten, the Navajo blanket refolded, the last trace of ash shaken from the hair rug. There was no sign anywhere of that softening veil of dust to which he was accustomed. All this in the face of established precedent—that his things were to be let alone!

The blow staggered him. Any male who has suffered similar outrage at the hands of vandal woman will appreciate the rising storm, the confusion in Hugo's brain. Then he glanced toward his chiffonier, and the thing came to a head. There was a patch of wall paper here faintly darker than the rest. Something was gone! What was it? It took him some minutes, but he solved it. The handbill likeness of Hiram Meeker was missing. Hiram, his staunch friend—friend of his youth and his manhood—wrenched from his place by this female brigand!

Hugo rushed downstairs. He found Mrs. Fairlie at some domestic task and confronted her emotionally.

"Why, Mr. Saunders, what is the matter?"

"My room!" said Hugo bitterly. "Somebody has been in my room to-day and everything has been displaced."

"I had your room cleaned to-day. I never saw such a shocking place."

(Continued on Page 104)

"You Can't be Mrs. Fairlie. My Advertisement Called for a Middle-Aged Woman"

THE MOTOR TRUCK ENLISTED

It "Carries On" for the Army and Helps Relieve Our Railroad Congestion

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Army War Trucks, Headed for France, Travel From Michigan to the Sea in the Dead of Winter—Thereby Training the Men and Relieving the Railroads

A MAN stood beside a highroad, outside the French city of Bar-le-Duc, on a spring morning two years ago, and watched the motor trucks go rolling up to Verdun. The road was an old one, and a famous one as well: the Sacred Way, the folk of the neighborhood had named it long years before, yet it never had really earned that appellation until the spring of 1916. For the Crown Prince was hammering at the defenses of Verdun, feverishly but impotently, while the motor trucks that an observer saw rolling out of Bar-le-Duc day after day on those spring mornings were bringing succor and supplies to the blue-coated men of the garrison, which will go down into history as the modern pass of Thermopylæ.

It is thirty-four miles from Bar-le-Duc up to Verdun by the national highway; in time of peace a little more than forty by rail. The best train on the Meuse Valley Railroad—freely translated from the official guide of the French *chemins de fer*—does the run in two hours to the minute. But the poor little Meuse Valley Railroad long since has been cast into oblivion. A network of defense and enemy trenches crosses and recrosses its right-of-way, and it has ceased to exist. And France's main pathway—almost the sole pathway—up to her great fortress was a highroad; her dependence, the motor-truck transport upon that highroad.

The man—he was an American—who stood by the Sacred Way saw that the trucks came in even companies, ten deep and in single file. He had noticed on other roads the tendency of the French military authorities to run their rams, or sections of trucks, ten deep—a practice which, as I shall show before you are done with this, has now been adopted by our own authorities for the United States military transport service over there. On some of these roads and on occasion the French motor trucks had run four abreast as well. The entire road had been set aside for one-way traffic, and upon its paved surface—thirty-two feet from curb to curb—four trucks had proceeded side by side—a neat trick of driving when one considers that each of the trucks had a width over all of exactly seven feet.

Motor Traffic to Verdun

ON THE road to Verdun nothing of that complicated sort was attempted. For one thing it was considerably narrower—a *chemin de grande communication*, yet classed as but a third-class road upon the military maps of the French—and not wide enough for even three vehicles abreast. Moreover, it was compelled to take care of the returning traffic. What goes up must come down. And though it is better that it should go up one road and come down the other, at Verdun, standing like a headland out among the angry breakers of the enemy, that was quite out of the question. The Sacred Way was forced to bear the burden of the traffic in both directions.

It was given every possible assistance for the bearing of this burden. During the days of its great task horse-drawn traffic and passenger motors of every sort were rigidly barred from it. A system of traffic police as inflexible as the statuesque figures on Fifth Avenue, New York, enforced the strict rules of the road. And the entire traffic movement was in control of a competent military officer, who, with a telephone affixed to his ear, ruled the situation like the train dispatcher of a busy railroad.

The rams went forward at an even rate of nine and a half miles an hour. The ten trucks of a single ram were spaced at a regular distance of ten to fifteen yards. The last of the ten carried at its rear a huge red disk. This, interpreted, meant that the first truck of the succeeding ram must not approach within fifty yards. This longer space gave opportunity for the swift cars or motorcycles of the officers in charge of the steady flow of men and munitions to slip ahead of the slow, steadily moving column whenever it was necessary. They never broke between the units of the single ram. And when the traffic police along the road found it necessary to hold up or split the column they did it between the rams. The red disks were their aid.

Slow work but sure. And not always so very slow at that. A single army corps was moved up from back of Bar-le-Duc to Verdun in less than ten hours. It was an impressive sight—truck upon truck—every twenty-fifth one a kitchen, and every fiftieth a workshop. And almost all the others filled with soldiers—soldiers who after five months of heavy fighting compelled the young whelp of the Hohenzollerns to give a new respect to Verdun and the things for which Verdun stands. And while these were going up the road most of those returning were also filled—with worn and wounded soldiers, with the retiring civilian population of Verdun and such of its furniture and personal effects as could be packed and moved in small space. The double procession was continuous. Nothing was permitted to delay or hinder it seriously. If a truck broke down and could not be repaired and sent forward at normal speed within sixty seconds it was crowded into the ditch and for the time being abandoned. Then, at intervals of a few days and whenever the military situation so permitted, the road was entirely closed to ordinary traffic and salvage corps went forward to clean up the wreckage.

In this way the motor truck played its part in the salvation of Verdun—and no small part it was.

Suppose that we of America had had our 200,000 motor-trucks east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio properly organized and correlated as recently as three months ago! Do you think that Doctor Garfield would have been compelled to inflict four heatless and workless Mondays upon the nation? Suppose that one-half of those trucks are of three tons' capacity or over; then further suppose that one-half or even one-third of these—from 30,000 to 50,000 trucks—had been intelligently and systematically applied to the problems of filling the coal bins of the shivering cities of the northeast. In Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia—many other localities as well—the coal famine was due no more to railroad congestion than to archaic and worn-out systems of city distribution—of glutted terminals. Of which more, before we are done. It was a situation which, in any city and under almost any weather conditions, in the hands of traffic men equipped with a few hundred—or in a few particularly aggravated cases a few thousand—motor trucks would speedily have become no situation whatsoever.

Only our Government has had no control—in fact, until recently very little knowledge—of its motor-truck resources. In that it is consistent with the fact that of its three great avenues of national communication—the railroad, the highroad and the inland waterway—it has chosen to concentrate its attention upon but one and practically to ignore the two others. That has not been the case in the older lands of Europe. They long ago saw both the advantage and the necessity of apportioning their traffic between all of these methods of transportation; giving to each the traffic to which it was the best suited. In the particular case of the motor truck both France and Germany long before the war recognized its possibilities by an ingenious system of subsidies. A merchant or a manufacturer purchasing a truck could have a slight government rebate on its cost by the simple process of having the military authorities register and label it and by agreeing that in case of necessity it could be commandeered by them at a certain set figure. And the fact that France had perfected such an arrangement well in advance was one of the prime reasons why the Kaiser did not march into Paris in September, 1914.

Weak Links in the Chain

WE HAVE in this country to-day some 400,000 motor trucks, with that number rapidly increasing each day and each hour of the day. And there has been very little attempt to make any sort of national use of them. Nor has the lesson of the care and forethought which the French and German national authorities expended upon their highroads as military aids been heeded at all in this country. A manufacturer in Cleveland who late last fall began to send his trucks over the highroads into Pittsburgh, 150 miles distant, in order to avoid the terrific railroad congestion, found that it took from eight to ten days for them to make the trip; and this with concrete-paved roads for the greater part of the distance. But, unfortunately, the greater part of the distance is not the determining factor. A highroad, like a chain, is as strong as its weakest link. And fifteen miles of road near the Ohio-Pennsylvania state line, almost impossible and highly impassable, was the single powerful factor that made the main highroad between two cities as industrially important as Cleveland and Pittsburgh practically no road at all. A similar short weak link in a Virginia swamp has for a number of years past rendered the highroad from Washington to Richmond practically

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Coal—Now and Next Winter

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

EDITOR OF THE COAL AGE

A GOOD critic, like a good judge, should be governed purely by the law and the evidence. When criticism is based on anything other than a desire to discover truth and an earnest care to be consistent in thought and fact the process is destructive, and the present, of all times, is rather a moment for constructive effort.

Until recently coal was looked upon as a necessary substance, useful but uninteresting. "Wait until we harness the winds and the tides and effectively utilize the heat of the sun's rays, and then this black curse will be taken from upon us," says Mister Citizen. But coal, like the human appendix, which the doctors so love to amputate, is one of Nature's good gifts, with a definite function, and not a purposeless folly of divine Providence. One of the comedies of life is the proneness of humans to insist on understanding the intricate science of the rare elements that touch our existence once in a decade, and then willfully ignore the essential facts bearing on our everyday associations.

A Stock Pile Like This Permits the Mine to Work When There are No Railroad Cars, But Makes it Necessary for the Company to Handle the Coal Twice

Sooner shall we discover a divining rod that will lay bare the secret values hidden by Nature than find an economical substitute for coal. Place a coal mine and a waterfall side by side and a substantial power market close by, and you may invest in the mine with the better chance of success. Coal can be hauled hundreds of miles and easily displace wood gathered near by and used as fuel. All this is true even though the average consumer of coal secures less than one-half the values that are stored in the product delivered to him. Let us not, therefore, blame Nature for our own shortcomings.

Invisible Treasures of the Coal Bin

FEW people are aware that coal is the ancestor of more useful products than any other element of Nature available to man. From the time we rise until the day is done we maintain an intimate association with some by-product of coal. The leavening agent in our bread and the gas we bake it with are from coal; so are the agents that tan our shoes and that vulcanize the rubber in our automobile tires. We also have to thank our black benefactor for the various forms of ammonia that go into fertilizing, refrigerating, electric batteries, high explosives and household uses; for aspirin, salicylic acid and many cures for common colds; for elements used in manufacturing insulating coatings, phonograph records and pipe stems; for benzol, the best available fuel for automobiles and internal-combustion engines; for food preservatives, moth balls and disinfectants; for Prussian blue and aniline black—the fundamental colors in the dye industry. Not everyone knows that though the coal in our cellar bins contains picric acid and trinitrotoluol—the highest explosives known and the basic products that at present go into shell manufacture—it also carries locked in itself oil of wintergreen and the most delicate flavorings and perfumes.

The most barbaric practice in our industrial life is our custom of burning raw coal. Let me briefly show the loss we at present sustain: Of our annual bituminous coal production 40 per cent is used for steam or industrial purposes, 27 per cent is burned by the railroads, 15 per cent is domestic coal, and the remaining 18 per cent goes for coking, exports, smithing, gas houses and bunkering. Assuming that it is possible to obtain the by-products from only 25 per cent of the industrial coal and 50 per cent of the railroad fuel through establishing central stations and electrifying; also that all of the domestic coal can be coked first—we then find that 195,000,000 tons of bituminous that is now burned raw should be coked. If but two-thirds of this total tonnage can be successfully subjected to by-product practice the saving, based on pre-war prices, would be $238,000,000 annually. In other words, more than $200,000,000 worth of values goes up in smoke each year.

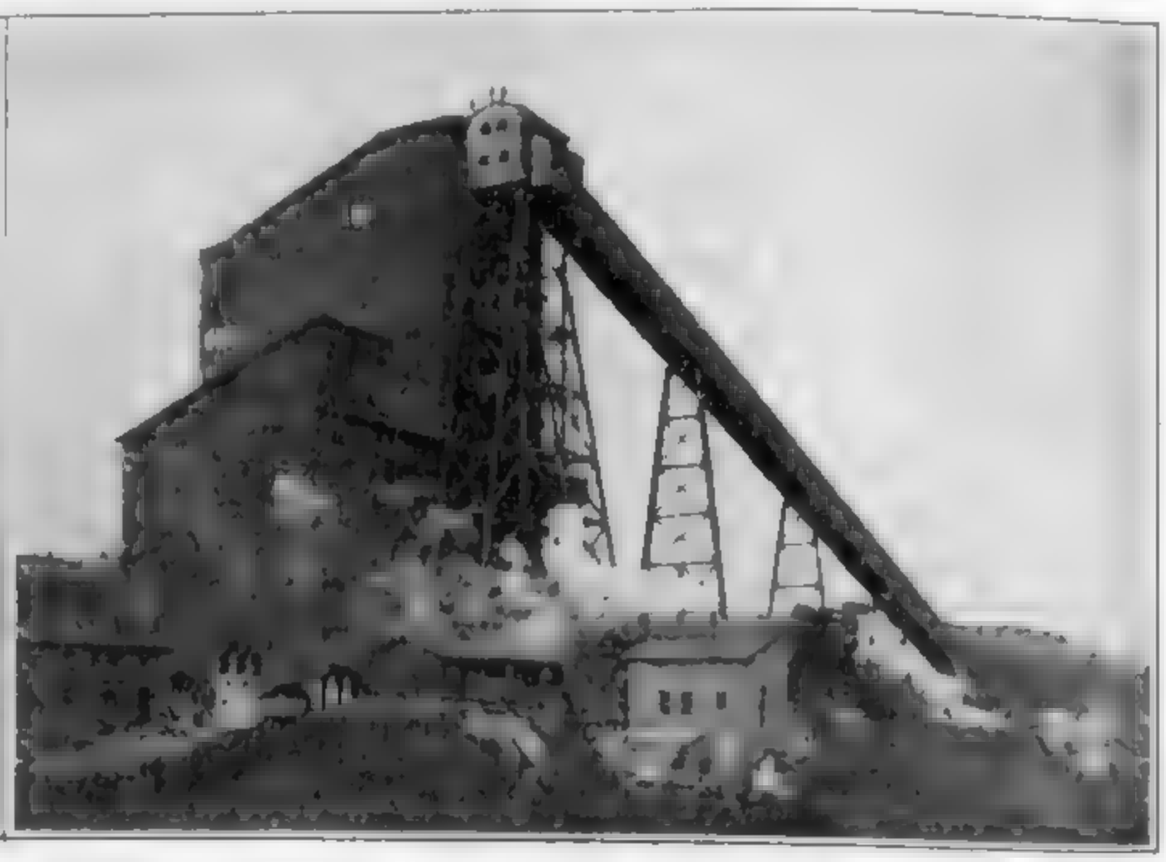
A Needless Loss

A FURTHER shameful loss results from the use of beehive ovens in producing coke. The accompanying diagram, showing quantity and value of coal burned in by-product ovens in 1916, and value of the products obtained, clearly indicates the enormous possibilities that attend by-product coke manufacture. In 1915, in the United States, 19,000,000 tons of coal, valued at $45,000,000, was converted into coke and by-products having a value of $78,000,000. In 1916, 26,000,000 tons of coal, valued at $68,000,000, produced coke and by-products worth $138,000,000.

The by-product industry started in America in 1892, when a small plant of 12 ovens with a capacity for coking only 50 tons of coal per day was erected by the original Semet-Solvay Company. The rapid growth of this interesting industry is one of the real romances of American business. Its future is assured, for it is not reasonable to suppose that intelligent people will continue for long to burn a ton of coal to secure a fraction of its heat value when that same ton carbonized will yield nearly as much heat, and in addition give up 10 gallons of tar, 20 pounds of ammonia and 2 gallons of benzol, all of which are now lost beyond recovery.

In building up a truthful conception of the coal situation it is necessary first to understand that there is no parallel between the recent lack of coal and the scarcity of certain foodstuffs. We have supplied our Allies with a vastly increased quantity of grain, meat, sugar and other necessities. Therefore we have been obliged to curtail our own

The Taylor Breaker, the First and Only All-Concrete Coal Breaker in the World



A Typical Anthracite Breaker of the Older Type, Near Scranton, Pennsylvania

demands by adopting wheatless and meatless days. But coal exports were very little more in 1917 than the year before, and our shipments abroad never have been worth considering.

The total amount of coal sent out of the country last year was 26,763,179 tons, or only 4 per cent of what we mined; and of these trifling exports 62 per cent went to Canada.

One further point should be clear at the start: Our coal output is not subject to blight or drought. Unlike our corn harvest or our wheat crop, we can get whatever tonnage of coal we want if we will only do something a little more effective than just want it. Cane in Cuba may experience an off season, corn in Kansas may fail, wheat in Minnesota may be destroyed—it is all a gamble. But coal is not evasive or uncertain; it is quite abundant. No patents control its production, no delicate and secret processes govern its exploitation, no individual or group of men can monopolize the supply, thousands of acres containing millions of tons are available at moderate prices to anyone who wishes to go into the business. The present bituminous mines, without any additional plants, if supplied with cars six days a week can easily produce millions of tons this year more than they did in 1917. The anthracite collieries have about reached their maximum output. If they better their 1917 effort, when production increased 14 per cent in the face of a 16 per cent labor shortage, the hard-coal operators will have performed a notable feat.

Since the world-wide fuel shortage is directly due to the war it is interesting to summarize briefly the important place fuel occupies in the struggle.

It must be recorded that German efficiency early grasped the fuel problem in the most thorough manner; in fact, there is now no doubt that Germany's first drive in the war was aimed to secure for herself the celebrated Pas-de-Calais coal field in France and the coal mines of Belgium. At the same time, on their Eastern Front the Teutons carried forward the campaign into Poland that was planned to capture the Dembrowa coal basin, which supplied Russia with about one-fifth her yearly production. These initial drives netted the Germans about 53,000,000 tons of annual productive coal capacity.

Natural Distribution

SINCE the consumption of coal is an accurate measure of industrial strength it is interesting to compare the fuel resources of the belligerents engaged in the war. The world's total coal resources amount to 7,397,553 million tons. One-fifteenth of this coal is anthracite; the remainder is bituminous. Four-sevenths of all the probable coal in the world lies in the United States; Canada has one-seventh, China nearly one-seventh, Germany one-seventeenth and Great Britain one-fortieth of the total. It is evident, therefore, that the coal areas of the Allies are far more extensive than those of the enemy.

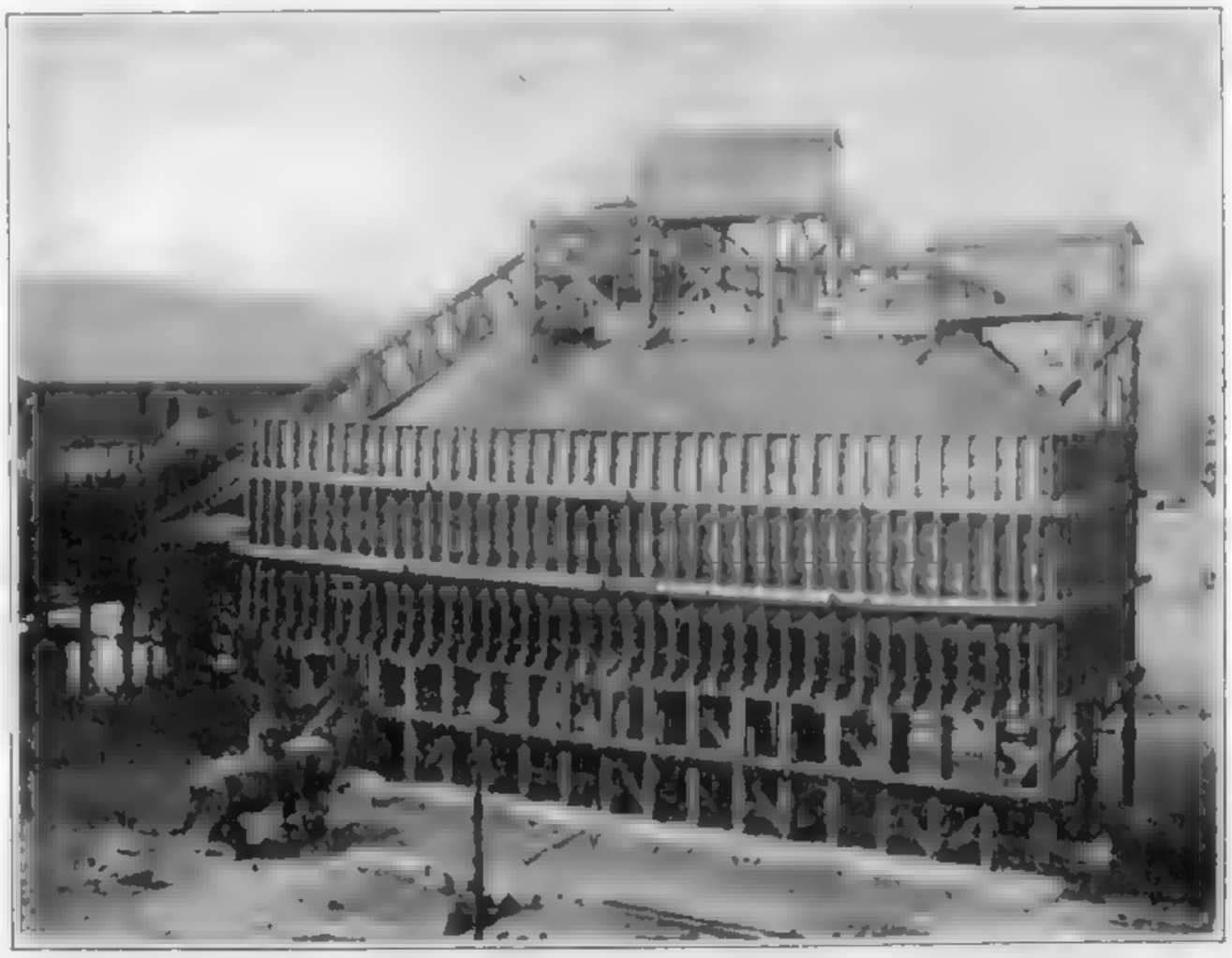
In the matter of coal production the Entente is again vastly superior. The world's total yearly output is now approximately 1,346,000,000 short tons. Of this total the United States last year furnished 642,978,587 tons; Great Britain, 287,000,000; Germany, 260,000,000; and Austria-Hungary, 65,000,000. France, Russia and Belgium come next, in the order named. While the output of the European nations has materially decreased since war was declared the coal production of the United States has increased 129,000,000 tons. The falling off in England and Germany was the natural outcome of the drain on mine workers for military service. It is a lesson we should study.

The United States, however, with its immense coal industry never has been a factor in the foreign markets. Great Britain has been the premier coal-exporting country, with Germany following next. The British exports in 1913—the year prior to the war—were 77,000,000 tons; the German exports were 44,000,000; while the United States, exclusive of shipments to Canada, marketed less than 10,000,000 tons in foreign countries.

Here the Coal Has Been Undercut and the Miners are Drilling the Shotholes Preparatory to Blasting Down the Face of the Coal

Gauging the industrial development of the different nations by the per capita coal consumption of the people it is interesting to note that here in the United States the consumption of coal per person is 6 tons annually; in the United Kingdom it is 5.1 tons per capita; in Germany, 3.4; France, 1.2; Austria-Hungary, 1.1; Italy, .34; and Russia, .18. Previous to the war Belgium consumed about 4 tons per capita, which fact indicates the intense development of that small nation's industrial life; in fact, the 8,000,000 people in Belgium used annually nearly as much coal as the 170,000,000 people in Russia, exclusive of Poland.

Let us briefly set forth the important facts bearing on the fuel problem here in America: We have in this country about 8000 commercial or shipping mines. In addition to these more important operations there are approximately 12,000 so-called wagon mines, or country banks, that supply purely local trade. Kentucky, West Virginia and Ohio have the greater number of these small openings. Though the total production of these country banks is less than one per cent of the nation's total output, the effect of dumping this unprepared and inferior product on the general market is not desirable. It is further true that a miner can produce from two to four times as much coal in a properly developed colliery as he can in the average wagon mine, so that the effect of these country openings on the labor situation is adverse.



The Car Shortage at This Bituminous Mine in West Virginia Made it Necessary for the Company to Construct a 1700-Ton Coal Bin

The American coal industry employs 750,000 men in and about the mines. In 1916 these men worked 230 days; in 1917 they worked 245 days. It is possible for the mines to work 300 days in a year; so it is evident that last year, with the same number of men but working full time, the coal output might have been more than 786,000,000 tons instead of the 642,978,587 that were produced.

The principal cause of idleness at the mines is inadequate car supply. The accompanying diagram tells the story in conclusive fashion. Next to transportation as a restricting factor come labor disturbances; and ranking third we have mine disability. It should be noted that the diagram covers only bituminous coal, for in the anthracite field the car supply was not such a factor, and the mines produced close to 100 per cent of their possible output.

Labor Conditions

THE labor union that largely controls the actions of the majority of mine workers, prior to the war encouraged certain local restrictions on individual output. A miner who was formerly unable to get more than four cars, now can get all he can load; and it is not unusual today for a miner and his helper to load eight cars during one shift, or double what was considered the maximum before America entered the war. The fight for an eight-hour day was the chief cause back of the labor stint, and it is to the credit of the miners' union that since war was declared all rules tending to curtail production have been removed. The American miner always has been the leader in per capita coal production, his output being nearly double that of most European miners; and with his unlimited opportunity to-day it is certain that he will establish a new record for individual efficiency.

The general labor situation at the coal mines at present is the best ever, and the outlook for continued peace and effective cooperation between employers and employees is most satisfactory. Wages are higher than ever before, and it is not uncommon for a miner to earn from seven to ten dollars a day. Approximately 36,000 coal miners have entered some branch of the army or navy service, and so far it has been impossible to recover this loss by drawing men from other less essential industries. The total number of miners subject to draft will be 112,831. All efforts of Fuel Administrator Garfield to have these men placed on a preferential list have been unavailing. Plans are being made, therefore, for a much greater dilution of mine labor, and it may be necessary to follow the example of Europe and use women at the mines, not only in all clerical capacities but for heavier work on the surface in and about breakers, tipples and ovens; for 2,000,000 men at the Front means 12,000,000 workers withdrawn from productive industry. This is practically one-third of the total number of wage-earners in America. Who can say, therefore, that the time has not arrived when we must draw liberally from the ranks of the 26,000,000 unemployed women available for service in one form or another?

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At This Anthracite Mine the First Thing That Greets the Miner After Reaching the Bottom of the Shaft is a Sign Urging Him to be Careful

NEVER AGAIN

EXACTLY a year ago to-day, somewhere between four o'clock and five in the afternoon, a quartet of us were sitting round a table in the Waldorf grill drinking Scotch highballs and talking animatedly on rather immaterial subjects. We were all fairly prosperous; we were all aggressive and self-confident; we were all young and active and independent. Our responsibilities were primarily to ourselves; and we fancied that without injury either to our social or to our business reputations we could sit in the Waldorf interminably and drink as many Scotch highballs as we liked. As a matter of fact we generally exceeded that implied limit by a wide margin, not because there was any inherent devilishness in us but because the etiquette of alcohol is the most illogical and the most ridiculous code of procedure known to the civilized world. Each day for many months we had come together, either at the hotel or at a club, and together we had managed to dispose of sixty minutes and six or eight dollars before we went home. It was when we were preparing to order the third round that I had an unexpected intuition. Ordinarily I don't believe in intuitions; my experience has been that they are too often boomerangs. Nor do I believe in foreordination. Of course if I were financially irresponsible or otherwise in need of a permanent and handy alibi I might be on the lookout for a theory to use for an excuse; as it is I don't take it seriously. But at this particular moment I had an uncomfortable intuition—uncomfortable because it was destructive to pleasure. It was a concept entirely unrelated to anything we had been talking about or to the atmosphere of the meeting. It didn't come with the flash and fire of a spiritual revelation; it came with quiet effectiveness, like a restraining injunction. And when, somewhat bewildered at an idea so far removed from the atmosphere of the meeting, I began to formulate an argument in defense, I realized that the occult plaintiff was Socratic—if I admitted the very first premise I had nothing left to rely on. Unfortunately for my case the major premise against me was that alcohol wasn't doing me any good.

Looking back on the scene I marvel that I should have received such an impression at such a time. The three other men were cheerful, congenial, and not boisterous. The tone of the room was plutocratic, enthusiastic, stimulating. We were inspired and not degraded by what we were drinking. Someone had just said that it was mighty pleasant for us to forgather thus regularly, to keep our friendship pulsing; and the vote had been unanimous. I knew these men well and liked them. I considered them as true friends of mine. And then without notice I had become spontaneously possessed of a dogma that was in absolute antagonism to the whole purport of the assembly. It was no harbinger of a revolt against the individuals, it was no moral revolt against the highballs; it was a detached and an inexplicable hunch, and it staggered me.

I Realized That I Was Spending at Least Two Hours of Every Weekday in Taking Pattern From a Sponge

Only Two Limits to Choose From

BRIEFLY these were the questions that tumbled into my brain: What is this costing you? What is it costing you in time, in money, in efficiency, in health, in repute? What did it ever get you? Did it ever help you to close a contract or to make a dollar's profit? Honestly, do you enjoy it? Does it make you any better fitted for your work or for your diversions? How many people would you want to know how much time you waste on this sort of thing? What would it cost you if they did know it? In other words, where's the slightest advantage in it?

And without much further inward debate I drew a long breath and said to the man next me: "I'm thinking of taking a little trip on the wagon after to-night."

And he burst out laughing and responded: "That's what they all say! . . . It's on me. The same for you?"

So I had the same and bought the final round; and while three others were busily turning commonplaces into epigrams and vice versa I sat puzzling over the itinerary that had suggested itself to me, and over the vehicle of transportation that had always sounded to me like a joke.

For the previous five years I had been a very loyal patron of several institutions of forgetfulness; some of them could plausibly have set me down as a fixed asset. During this period I had absorbed, I suppose, an average of a quart a day—a quart analyzing in the neighborhood of fifteen per cent alcohol. I drank a couple of cocktails before lunch, something with the meal, a varying number of highballs in the afternoon, and wine for dinner. I was always technically sober, but I was always conscious that recently I had had something to drink.

Yet I really didn't want to stop drinking. In my own opinion I was in good condition. No doctor had ever threatened me with a gloomy future; indeed, two life-insurance companies had very recently increased my policies up to their statutory maximum. To be sure I had been told by one or two of my older and more sedate counselors that I was drinking too much; but a warning of this type generally operates either as an oblique compliment or as a mild insult, and if all men bristle to preachment as I did I imagine that the net ratio of reformations due to kindly advice is about one to ten thousand.

But all at once I was swept with a revulsion which was no less powerful because it was founded on nothing tangible. It concerned not ethics but economics. I was dimly mindful of the Stoic maxim that all vices are alike, inasmuch as they are all vices; but that was a side issue. The point was that I had risked losing the knowledge and government of myself; which contingency, according to Montaigne, is the most hopeless and worthless estate of man. I had allowed my sense of proportion to become distorted. I had, for example, slighted a semi-important piece of business in order to keep a prompt appointment in this very grill—an appointment made for the sole purpose of squandering daylight, and drinking toxins, and paying for the privilege. Already I had discounted everything I had read or seen or heard on the subject of drinking, but all the demonstrations had been based upon stern morality. It wasn't my morals that were bothering me; it was my common sense. It was the realization that the prospect of two or three highballs had magnetized me away from real work, that I was spending at least two hours of every weekday in taking pattern from a sponge; that in five years I had invested fully three thousand dollars in the liquor trade, and that all I had to show for it was a line of credit here and there, and a secret conviction that I was neglecting my duty toward me.

I knew very accurately my own tendencies. I knew that I was an extremist; that I couldn't taper off. I had to play with no boundary but the sky or stay out of the game altogether. To be moderate would be practically impossible; at best it would be a nagging annoyance. I had only the extremes to choose from. And while I was thinking about it one of the other men said something about an engagement and got himself persuaded to delay it by telephone—and that was what settled me. Delaying an engagement made in good faith, so as to furnish latitude for another round! The man who telephoned reported to us that he had pleaded a weighty conference and got an extension of half an hour.

"Good Lord!" I said to myself. "How many times have I lied about it!"

A Case of Pure Stubbornness

I DIDN'T care to spoil the party, so that it wasn't until we rose from the table that I reiterated my intention of going on the wagon. They all laughed; they all offered to bet me; but I refused to make it a sporting proposition. One man said to me: "Don't be a damned fool!" And when I went home I didn't know whether I was a fool or a martyr, but I thought I'd go ahead and test the novelty of prohibition anyway.

I have now tested it for three hundred and sixty-five days.

I was so deeply interested in the result of my trial that on the first morning of my blue-ribboning I simply couldn't think of anything but the certainty that I wasn't going to drink anything at lunch or beforehand. In the past there had been plenty of mornings when I knew that I wasn't going to drink at noon, but to-day was different. The former barriers had been general policy or ill health—I had never jarred the sensibilities of a luncheon guest who was a prohibitionist, and I never drank if I didn't feel well. But on this epochal morning I was oppressed by my own voluntary firmness. I had delivered myself so tremendous a command that it had a mental monopoly over me. I hadn't by any means condemned myself to eternal renunciation; I had deliberately ascribed vague terminals to my desert of introspection; and yet I was harassed by a sense of finality. My throat went dry by inverse suggestion. I vacillated a hundred times; I didn't know whether my determination would endure for twenty-four hours or not. When I eventually went out to lunch I had to exert every ounce of will resistance to get past the bar; I hadn't a nerve or a brain cell that wasn't yelling to me not to be an idiot and to go and have my cocktail. Nobody had any autocratic right to prevent me; I hadn't been converted or saved by grace; I could do exactly as I pleased, and I wanted that drink. My ego clamored for it, howled for it, and battered me with extenuations and justifications. Never in my life have I wanted a drink so badly.

When I sat down at table I couldn't eat. I couldn't expel from my vision the image of a tinted mixture in a swelling glass; I couldn't taste solid food without choking. Of course it was merely a psychological reflex, but it had momentum behind it, and I don't understand now why I didn't capitulate then and there and go on in the old way. But I got through somehow—and to my huge satisfaction I got through without explaining myself.

I went back to my office, and as soon as I was in harness again I was concentrating on the witching hour of five o'clock, and on dinner time. There were to be to-day no highballs, and no wine for dinner. I couldn't work; I couldn't focus on anything but the facts. By the middle of the afternoon I was dead tired; at nine o'clock I was utterly exhausted by the struggle to refrain from thinking about a voluntary decision. At daybreak I knew that I hadn't slept for a single minute. And I was positive and adamant in my conclusion that I was indeed a martyr, but that I was also a ghastly fool for adopting martyrdom, and that I wouldn't stand it another day.

Frankly, I don't know why I didn't recant. It surely wasn't because of my innate rectitude, since, as I have said, I wasn't proceeding on moral grounds. It must have been pure stubbornness or the fear of ridicule from my three friends that carried me safely until dusk; and after

that it was indubitably the bartender. This bartender gave me, on that terrible second day, the only genuine praise I have had during a calendar year. I had stopped at one of my familiar haunts to get a glass of mineral water, and the bartender, who was young and conversational, thought that because I hadn't taken a drink for two days I must be ill. So I told him that I was temporarily an ascetic, and the barkeeper, who earned his living by shoving drinks across a mahogany counter, leaned over to me and smiled the best substitute for a benediction I ever expect to see outside of a church, and said: "That's foine! . . . Oi'm glad to hear it. . . . That's foine!"

From a bartender! And so far only two of my higher-caste associates had commented upon my course at all! One of them had asked if I had anything wrong with my liver, and the other had guffawed and accused me of hearing Billy Sunday. During subsequent weeks dozens of people showed evidence of faint curiosity, and a few were perspicacious enough to opine that I must be sacrificing a great deal of joy for a very little complacency. Sixteen different men—I counted them—verified the statements that I was a fool to quit, and that I'd soon have enough of solitude and come back to earth. But to date, not one other man, woman or child has backed up the bartender!

On this same second day I crystallized my horror of what is popularly known as swearing off. This formal and public method of advertising a private resolution never appealed to me. Besides, I never happened to know personally more than three men who stuck to any claim they had virtuously shouted from the forum. Men who are serious don't make advance statements, and they don't want publicity for campaigns that have hardly started. And it has always seemed to me rather childish to talk about perpetuities that depend upon a guaranty no more stable than the human will. More than that, I had a disquieting apprehension, arising out of articles I had read, that if I admitted what I sincerely hoped to perform I might automatically exclude myself from certain groups of men who were essentially clubable.

Personal Rules

I UNDERSTOOD that any man who arbitrarily stops drinking endangers his friendships to a great extent, and that was a crisis which I especially wanted to avoid, so that I made up a set of regulations something like this:

1. I hope I shall never take another drink.
2. *Deo volente*, I never shall.
3. I won't, however, be a fanatic. I won't shy away from desserts or fancy foods that happen to contain ten drops of brandy. I'm ingenuous, but I mean drinks!
4. I won't take alcohol, even as medicine—unless in a bona-fide prescription. It's too easy to whipsaw yourself by subterfuges.
5. I won't brag or assume any credit for conduct that is really disciplinary. I will think of the factors which made it advisable for me to quit. In another year they might have made it imperative. I don't know that they would have, but they might have. Hence—no glory!
6. I won't explain my resolution unless I have to. There's no use parading it gratuitously. Unless I'm asked point-blank I won't mention it at all.
7. But if in order to forestall any conceivable unpleasantness I have to make a speech I'll make it in Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, so far as possible. I quit because I thought it would pay me to quit.
8. I won't dodge men who are drinking. Why should I?
9. I won't be a spoil-sport.
10. I deny that I am "on the wagon for good." What's the use of posing as a prophet? All I know is that I'm not drinking at present.
11. No sermons; no hypocrisy; no testimony unless by request.

At the outset, since I was extremely impatient to discover how soon this new career was to pay dividends, and in what manner, I consulted the encyclopedia to learn what blessings I could reasonably anticipate. My cerebral lobes, I found—and consequently my whole cerebro-spinal system—were presumably affected by my protracted slavery to drink; and my stomach was suffering from the interference with nutrition and from malassimilation of the ingested substances. Disregarding the other items I was equipped with a warranty that I could plan to sleep and eat better, to think more clearly and to work harder. I would gain strength and elasticity, endurance and poise. I would be calmer, more self-reliant, more optimistic, more keen in analysis and judgment. It sounded superlative.

When I got this far, however, I began to think of Mark Twain's flea. Here I had been running along smoothly and pleasantly, earning a large income, working twenty hours at a stretch whenever necessary and finding no harsh reactions from the strain—and the encyclopedia promised me an increment! It promised me all sorts of increments. It was almost too good to be true; there must be a flaw in the set-up somewhere. Granting that the encyclopedia was halfway right, my dismissal of alcohol from my diet ought to make me a strenuous and superdeveloped multimillionaire in about six months.

Instead, within sixty days I had indigestion; I had chronic insomnia; I had a higher blood pressure than ever before in my life; I had recurrent headaches; I had trouble with my eyes; and I had lost fifteen pounds! It was enough to drive a man back to drink!

But I waited and watched, and presently I was able to discern that I had fallen into the fallacy which the rhetoricians call *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and that these ailments had little or nothing to do with my diagnosis. The insomnia was the tail end of my conflict with my own reflections; and I slaughtered it in a week by the judicious use of opiates, under medical advice. The blood pressure came from overwork, coffee and tobacco; and a fortnight's rest brought it down to normal. The eye trouble was remedied by an oculist, and hasn't returned. The loss of weight, the headaches and the indigestion were traceable to the same source, and they marked one of the most astounding phases of my abnegation. Incidentally the indigestion vanished after about four months, but not until I had accidentally stumbled upon and removed its origin. I had used alcohol as a condiment.

I had used alcohol as a condiment and it had made me overeat. To illustrate, I realize now that I don't really care for Welsh rabbit. It doesn't even agree with me. But I used to eat quantities of it, and often. With it I drank ale, and the combination was attractive. Without the ale I don't want the rabbit. And both ale and cheese are fattening.

The absence of alcohol has demonstrated to me that I don't like a score of dishes I thought I did; they were made endurable only by the condiment. I require less meat; I require less starch and less sugar. This last statement, I know, is amazing; indeed I had prepared to assimilate a greater quantity of edible sugar to make up for the alcohol. It hasn't been demanded of me.

The Profit-and-Loss Account

IN GENERAL I want plainer foods. The glamour of wine doesn't longer spread its illusions over cookery. And having eliminated the condiment of alcohol I have less relish for the conventional sauces and palate ticklers; it is only within the last year that I have discovered the charm of simplicity in foods. My weight has come back and my digestion is irreproachable. But, to be perfectly candid, I can't say that I feel much better physically than I did a year ago. I should like to say this, but it isn't true. I don't feel any better; I certainly don't feel any worse; and I am quite content. The encyclopedia misled me shamefully, and yet I'm satisfied. It seems inconsistent.

It may seem still more inconsistent when I relate that my efficiency hasn't been improved by so much as one foot-pound of energy. On the contrary, I have been affected by a phenomenon which appears at the first glance to be a detriment. I am unable to work at speed for so many hours at a stretch as I used to work; and I can't keep up the pace for so many days in succession. I am hounded by a vastly increased desire for sleep and for fresh air. My evenings are ruthlessly chopped off at ten o'clock; frequently I am compelled to stop earlier and to go out-of-doors. I am compelled to exercise more; my nerves punish me if I don't. In fine, the advantage of efficiency has gone over to the negative side; I am forced to a more healthful life, and there the matter rests. Nature hasn't declared a dividend yet; she's still exacting interest for all I borrowed from her during those five years of stress.

Am I calmer? No. Am I more optimistic? No; but slightly more conservative. Am I more self-reliant? Not a bit. Have I more poise? No. Is my judgment better? Decidedly not. Have I greater endurance? Imperceptibly. Have I greater strength? Very little.

What's the answer? One more question will bring it out. Have I more self-respect? Ten thousand times a thousand times more self-respect!

And yet—what wouldn't I give for a Scotch highball?

Someone said to me: "Anyway, it must save you money." And I replied: "It's saved me—or made me—fifteen thousand dollars the first year." This is the province in which I squared accounts with the encyclopedia; and conceding that statistics are deceptive I can, nevertheless, maintain my assertion and prove it to those who have access to the records of the Treasury Department. The findings are set down

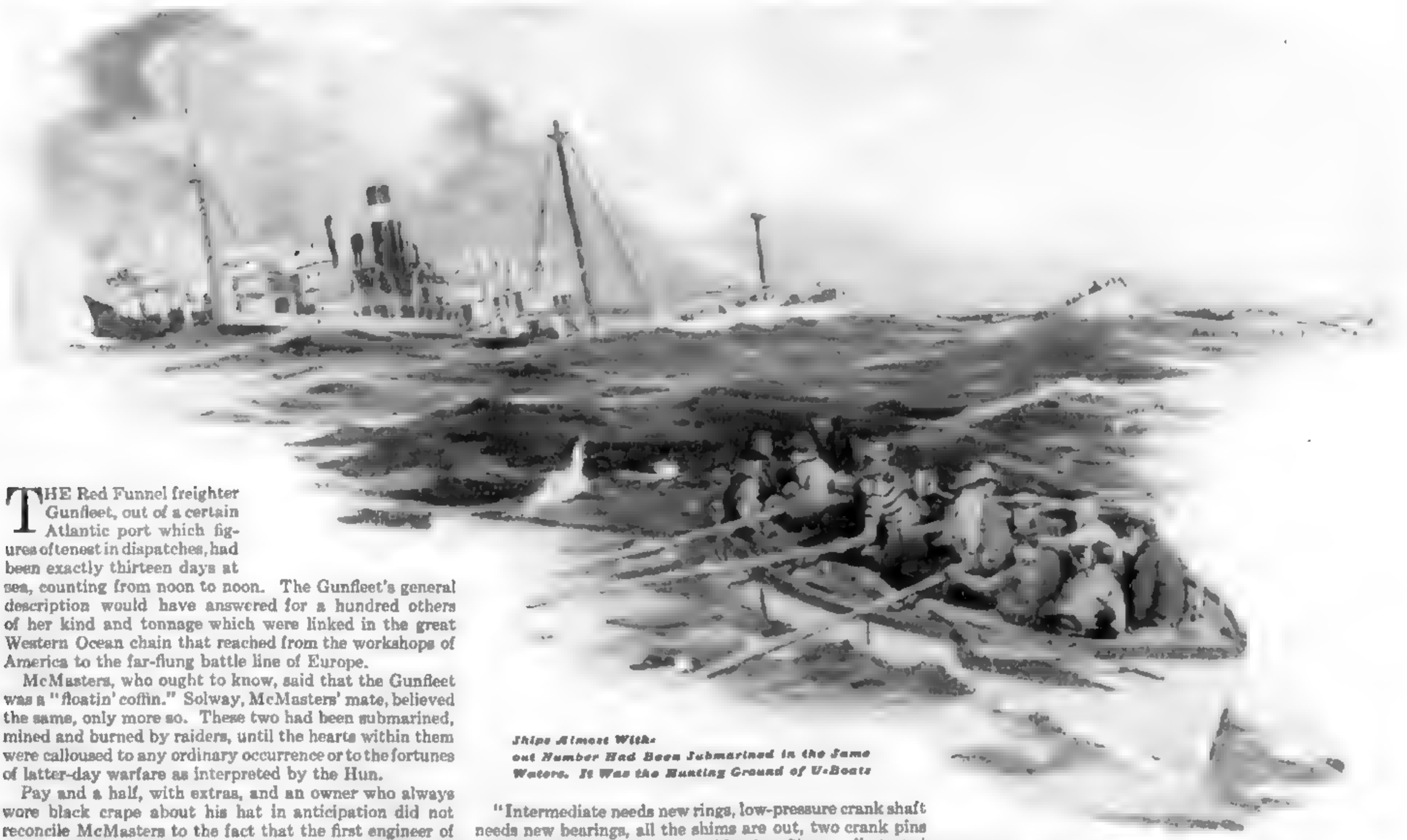
(Continued on Page 70)

Socially I am More Critical, and This New Viewpoint of Mine Has Caused Me to Forgo About Two-thirds of the Functions Which Formerly I Attended

KELLY

By HENRY LEVERAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



Ships Almost Without Number Had Been Submarined in the Same Waters. It Was the Hunting Ground of U-Boats

THE Red Funnel freighter Gunfleet, out of a certain Atlantic port which figures oftenest in dispatches, had been exactly thirteen days at sea, counting from noon to noon. The Gunfleet's general description would have answered for a hundred others of her kind and tonnage which were linked in the great Western Ocean chain that reached from the workshops of America to the far-flung battle line of Europe.

McMasters, who ought to know, said that the Gunfleet was a "floatin' coffin." Solway, McMasters' mate, believed the same, only more so. These two had been submarined, mined and burned by raiders, until the hearts within them were calloused to any ordinary occurrence or to the fortunes of latter-day warfare as interpreted by the Hun.

Pay and a half, with extras, and an owner who always wore black crape about his hat in anticipation did not reconcile McMasters to the fact that the first engineer of the Gunfleet was getting two thousand pounds a year and a bonus for doing nothing more scientific than chasing the steam through the crazy pipes and leaking cylinders of the tramp, while he had to content himself with considerable less than one-third that amount.

This engineer, who lived like a cinder rat aboard and strutted like a nabob ashore, was christened Mike Monkey by all the engine-room force. He was Scotch on his mother's side and Irish on his father's. He it was who climbed to the bridge on the fourteenth noon, borrowed a chew of tobacco, drew his greasy cap down over his eyes and said: "About time for our old friend Kelly."

Had the first engineer dropped a bomb to the deck of the bridge or had the four-inch naval rifle which fanged the bow of the Gunfleet been discharged McMasters and Solway would not have acted differently. They both registered surprise, then strode to opposite rails and peered out at a sea which was mostly cross-running waves that merged into the slate gray of a horizon where the ship's funnel smoke extended as a telltale line to submarines.

McMasters spat savagely over the canvas, wheeled, crammed his broken fists into the pockets of his pea-jacket and thrust an aggressive chin under Mike Monkey's long jaw as he stepped up to the engineer.

"I'll Kelly you!" he blurted. "Kelly, eh? Wot? You wishin' 'im on us? Your old friend, eh?"

"Like as not he'll be about," smiled Mike Monkey, shifting the tobacco from one unshaven cheek to the other.

Solway eyed the engineer with a homicidal expression. He swung out a pair of glasses from an inner pocket, bent his elbow, then paused before sweeping the sea, and suggested bitterly:

"It's your damn West Virginia slag an' your dirty bonus an' the few miserable pounds you're savin' that'll bring Kelly; nothin' else!"

McMasters leaped forward at this confirmation of his own thoughts.

"That's it!" he shouted for all the ship to hear. "That's talkin' straight—like a man to a man! Nine knots is all we're doin'. She'll do ten-point-three at a pinch. 'Ere we're in the zone an' you a-savin' your slag! For wot? So Kelly can get us? Kelly or another Hun snake like him? I minds the time—it was in the Sea Queen—when old Kelly pops up serenely, shows us the snoot of 'is tin lizard, then lets go with both tubes. 'E's a cagy one. 'E only goes after the slow cargo boats. That's why they ain't caught 'im."

"Intermediate needs new rings, low-pressure crank shaft needs new bearings, all the shims are out, two crank pins knocking, grate bars gone on Number Six ——" started Mike Monkey.

"'Vast that!" snapped Micky McMasters. "Is this the best you can do with the hooker?"

"The very best, an' keep th' engines on their holding bolts. I don't like Kelly any more than you do, skipper."

"You met him once or twice?" queried McMasters, unclenching his fists.

"I have! First time was in th' old Robertson Castle just off Kinsale. Next time was on the new Harrison liner Manchu. Last time was—well, we never knew what hit us. Three bells in the mornin'— fog, rain an' sleet. That was the smash before I took this berth. Yes; I think Kelly was the party. It looked like Kelly's work. It was here or hereabouts, skipper."

"Hereabouts is definite," said McMasters.

"I never know where we are. Wot with my engines an' my coal an' the breed of cinder muckers we get now'days, my hands are full, an' I earn my two thousand pun, an' more too."

Mike Monkey shot the figure straight at the little skipper. He had a belief that science and mathematics were as far ahead of navigation and dead reckoning as two things could be. He held McMasters and Solway down to the figures in the owner's checkbook. He believed that a man was worth what other men paid him. Skippers and mates might rant and shout from the taffrail to the fo'castle deck, but they could never prove the case that they were superior to first-class engineers who said little but who brought home the ships from across the seven blood-stained seas.

McMasters did not answer the thrust directed at him by the first engineer. There was little to be said in that connection, and what he could have said would have been interpolated with choice Western Ocean oaths. He held his tongue, wisely, and waited for Mike Monkey to get off the bridge and down to the wheezing engines.

Mike had no such intention. He continued to roll the borrowed chew of tobacco within his mouth and study the face of the little skipper.

"As I was sayin'," he injected, "I earns two thousand quid, an' I'm holdin' on to it. Kelly or no Kelly, you an' me an' the rest of the deep-sea tribe who slave for th' owners are picked for ability. I can tell a man when I see one—I can tell a two-hundred-pun man, an' I can spot a two-thousand. There's somethin' about 'em."

"In the face?" queried McMasters with high scorn.

"Yes; there's somethin' in the face of the successful man—the man of ability."

Solway slowly turned from the bridge canvas and stared at Mike Monkey. McMasters grinned as he stepped to leeward, shot a yellow stream of tobacco juice overside then rolled up the bridge with widespread legs and a vinegar smile.

"If that's the case," he said, "I see why there ain't no lookin' glasses in your cabin."

Mike Monkey gulped at this. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down like a ball on a cord. He almost choked as he tried to find words to answer the grinning skipper. He repeated "Two thousand pun" by way of a parting shot as he swung from the bridge and dropped below the engine-room grating. To McMasters the Gunfleet picked up an added half knot within the time of minutes. Mike Monkey had vented his spite upon the coal passers and the water tenders, who sprang to the fires as never before.

Dusk fell upon the ocean as the Gunfleet changed her course six degrees in the arching circle which would bring her well under the first landfall of the troubled islands.

After dusk the yellow light points powdered the rocking skies and brought out the details of the sea beneath, even to the linelike horizon, which showed clear and uncut by hull or sail.

It was midnight when McMasters started from the bridge. He had hesitated about leaving the freighter in Solway's hands upon such a night and in that zone. Ships almost without number had been submarined in the same waters. It was the hunting ground of U-boats. The chief of these sea terrors had been one called Kelly, for no reason at all save that the fleet had fastened upon him that name. Kelly was known best by his work. His sub was of the old type that had sunk the Lusitania. There was a hump on the bow of Kelly's sub which once seen could never be forgotten. It had been caused by hurried repairs after a collision.

The new commanders of the undersea boats had much to learn from Kelly. They mixed with the nets, ran on the mines, rose at the best range of three-inch guns or allowed sea wasps to swoop down on them and drop the deadly depth charge where a swirling wake showed the presence of fair game. It was not on record that Kelly did any of these things. He had taken his lesson from Nobby Dick, of whaling days. He stalked his prey, followed it, took his time and avoided any mishaps in the shape of hidden

guns or lurking torpedo boats. His record was known only at Wilhelmshaven, but it was said, and not in jest, that Kelly and Kelly's submarine had filled fully three close-written pages of ships' names in Von Tirpitz's black book of blacker jobs.

It stood to reason that one bandit out of the pirate crew would last long beyond his time was due. Kelly had been the one thorn in the side of the Grand Fleet which grew sharper and more difficult to draw out as the months rolled into years of a festering sore fastened upon the sea backbone of the Allied cause.

It was the thought of Kelly that caused McMasters an uneasy sleep within the four walls of his bare cabin. He woke times without number and consulted the telltale compass over his head. He listened with one ear cocked sideways to the swishing and run of the waves along the Gunfleet's skin and clamp-clamp of her ancient engines as they drove the tail shafts in the critical speed of loose bearings and clattering couplings. Times it seemed to McMasters that the steam would die out altogether. Times the plunging nose of the freighter would lift the screws high out of water and allow them to race in a smother of foam and sea air. More times, however, the Gunfleet plodded on like some old woman returning from market, her breath checking and repeating—wheezy and asthmatic.

A clank of bells in the engine room, a churning astern, a list to starboard and the running of men upon the deck over his head brought McMasters out of his doze, over the edge of the bunk and into his few clothes with the celerity of a fireman who had been expecting a three-alarm fire and was ready for it.

He reached the bridge as the Gunfleet slowed to a bare knot of speed, lost headway, and sheered from some object ahead like a frightened sow from a pitfall.

The object came out of the night haze as a yellow light was thrown upon it from the Gunfleet's chart house. It was a small boat with a man holding to its gunwales and peering up at the freighter's bow with a "Thank God, I'm saved" expression.

McMasters' first thought was of a snare. He jerked the engine-room telegraph for reverse, snatched the night glasses from Solway's hand and eyed the sea about the tossing small boat, expecting the conning tower or the fine eye of a sub to break the surface.

He thought better of the action as nothing appeared. He rang for quarter speed ahead, shouted through his cupped hands to the crew on the boat deck who had swung out a longboat, then whispered terse close-bitten orders to the wheelman as the Gunfleet bore down upon the lone figure in the tossing shell.

The longboat went overside, the crew leaped to the oars, they dipped across the sea within the halo of the yellow projector light till they rounded with the skill of whalers and gathered in their reaching arms a man who had leaped the sea between longboat and small boat like one who had been providentially snatched from the cradle of a gory deep.

He came over the Gunfleet's rail at the waist, dripping and weak to the point of falling to the deck as the crew hooked the davit falls to eyebolts and hoisted aboard the longboat.

McMasters and Solway both reached downward and assisted the waif to the bridge. He stood swaying dizzily, passed his hand over a youthful face, then clenched his fists and shook them out over the ocean.

The face turned toward the two seamen. They both studied it as the mouth opened and closed without speaking. Aristocratic it was and finely chiseled. A bloom, as upon a peach or a ruddy apple, painted the stranger's cheeks. The expression, as it softened, struck the two as youth and inexperience tempered slightly by the exposure in the open boat. The eyes were blue and as deep with sullen light as the pit out of which he had just been dragged.

"I'll bet a penny bloater," whispered McMasters, "that when he finds his voice he'll tell us it was Kelly who did it."

Solway nodded at this and swept the sea with a swift start of duty. He saw no wreckage or sign of the ship.

"Sure it was," he answered. "It looks like the damn serpent's work. 'Sunk without trace'—almost."

"Without trace," repeated the waif vaguely. "Yes; without trace—save me. I'm the sole survivor of their devilish work. We were submarined one, two nights ago. I'm the Right Honorable Arthur Millbrooke. The ship was the Baltimore. She went down in three minutes. I found this small craft at dawn and climbed in. Then, then—my word, then you came. That's all I know."

McMasters clenched his fist as he turned, spat into the sea, then strode up to the weather rail and back to the waif. He ran a shrewd eye over Millbrooke's clothes, nodded at their cut and texture, then thrust out his hand with British warmth.

"We'll make you comfortable," he snapped. "We'll land you at Southampton this time or an hour later to-morrow if we don't get submarined ourselves—which is likely.

"Wot with the mines an' subs an' raiders an' bombs in our bunkers an' the zigzag orders from the first sea lord to the poor skippers of weepin' trampe, anything is liable to happen, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur, so christened, nodded with understanding, clasped Micky's fist, then leaned weakly upon the bridge railing and studied the dark deck of the tramp. His eyes lifted to the funnel, then to the telltale that streamed from the mainmast.

"This is the ——?" he asked politely.

"Gunfleet," said Solway. "The freighter Gunfleet out of Bush Terminal for Southampton—loaded to the hatches with hardware an' crated auto trucks."

"And you go through Southampton Water, sir?"

"We do if we get there! It's over there." Micky pointed two points to port of the high, gun-fanged bow of the freighter.

"It was exactly where I wanted to go," said Sir Arthur naïvely, youthfully. "I've a brother—Lord Millbrooke, of Winchester—who will be very anxious, y' know."

Micky rubbed his hands and bowed.

"You're all right," he said cheerfully. "Come right in my cabin. You can have it. There's dry clothes and things—there. We want to make you comfortable, sir, an' warm, sir; an' you may be sure, sir, that we will do everything we can to keep out of the way of Kelly."

Sir Arthur glanced aft over the tossing stern of the freighter as he hesitated before the bridge ladder which led to the chart room and Micky's cabin.

"Kelly?" he drawled in an Oxford voice. "May I ask who is Kelly?"

Solway enlightened him with an oath.

"Kelly's that damn sea pirate with horns an' the soul of a cindered devil. He's the one that submarined the Baltimore—I'll wager a tankard o' ale on that! He's the bloody Captain of the Pit. He's got more blank sins on his soul than his master, the Kaiser."

(Continued on Page 138)

The Gunfleet Slowed to a Bare Knot of Speed, and a Small Boat Came Out of the Night Haze as a Yellow Light Was Thrown Upon It

FIGHTING FOR A FREE PRESS

By Carl W. Ackerman

A GREAT newspaper trust is being formed in Germany and Austria-Hungary to-day by the war industries, the military leaders and the Fatherland party. Already important journals have been purchased in Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Bremen, Leipsic, Dantzic, Essen, Duesseldorf, Frankfort, Munich and Vienna. In addition the Wolff Bureau, the only news-distributing agency in Germany, and the Overseas News Service, which sends wireless dispatches from Berlin to the outside world, are controlled by this triple alliance of war business, war makers and war politicians.

Fighting this organization, which seeks to monopolize the news channels of the two monarchies, are a few independent newspapers, the Social Democrats and the leaders of the Liberal party. Though these forces are waging a determined, relentless and severe fight for the freedom of the press, they are making little progress. The triple alliance has mobilized the money, power and influence of the nation, and it seeks to-day to manufacture and export German public opinion!

To-day there surges through Central Europe, like a wave of human thought, the voice of the news venders who distribute the newspapers which this trust owns, controls or dominates. From Constantinople to Kiel; from Warsaw to Lille, in the occupied territories, and echoing over the Continent is this sinister sound. At the Golden Horn, through the crowded streets and busy cafés of Budapest, Vienna and Berlin, the newsboys, old in appearance but youthful in occupation, needle their way, mumbling the names of the papers.

"T-a-a-n-e-e-n!" they cry in the Grande Rue de Pera; "A-a-s-z-e-s-t, A-a-s-z-e-s-t!" they sing in the Magyar thoroughfares; "F-r-e-i-e P-r-e-s-s-e!" they call in Wien; "L-o-k-a-l-a-n-z-e-i-g-e-r!" and "D-e-u-t-s-c-h-e Z-e-i-t-u-n-g!" in Berlin; and the sounds mingle with the thousands of rumbles one hears in a great city, while here and there the public buys Tanin, the printed voice of the Ottoman Empire; Az Est, the leading Hungarian daily; the Neue Freie Presse of the Hapsburgs; and the Lokal Anzeiger or Deutsche Zeitung of the Pan-Germanists. Far into the troop-ridden territories of neighboring countries the voices of the news dealers echo the same refrain: "News, news," translated into the languages of the people. For not only are the newspapers themselves owned and directed by the alliance but the selling agencies and newsboys are under its control. As one becomes more and more familiar with the German-controlled press one hears the same refrain in the news and editorials:

"On with the new hate! Gott strafe Wilson!" "Down with Lloyd George!" "Crucify Clemenceau." "On with the war. A German victory is coming—and peace!" "On with the hate! On! On!"

In Constantinople, Berlin and Vienna the sensitive ears of the wireless receive and transmit this sound to the ends of the earth as the voice of the Central Powers, when in reality it is the war chant of the triple alliance.

Discord in the Reichstag

AND it is the fact that this organization of militarism and might is to-day endeavoring to make alliances with foreign news agencies to distribute German-made news after the war within the countries of North and South America, Africa and the Far East that makes the fight for a free press in Germany an international affair. Should this news trust succeed after the war in foreign countries as it is succeeding in Germany, the news channels of the world which form public opinion on international policies will be corrupted and polluted by this great and powerful alliance from its headquarters in Berlin. The war to-day is a fight against the militarism of news as it is against the militarism of a nation.

The line that separates the independent newspapers in Germany and Austria from the journals of the triple alliance is very marked. On one side are newspapers such as the famous Frankfurter Zeitung, the Berliner Tageblatt and the Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten. These are the three leading free newspapers of Germany. Opposed are the Deutsche Zeitung, the chief organ of the Fatherland party; the Frankfurter Nachrichten and the Lokal Anzeiger. The editorials and the news articles of these two groups are entirely different. With the former, the United States and the Allies could discuss a democratic, liberal and honorable peace. With the latter, peace is impossible because the newspapers of the alliance oppose any peace which is not a peace made by German might. The first three favor an international agreement after the war limiting armaments; they approve of an international organization or agreement to prevent future hostilities between great nations. But the others, which make their money only from war, are fighting and writing to make Germany the strongest military power in the world. To-day the newspapers of the triple alliance have more influence in government and business circles than the independent papers. Through the military authorities they dominate the censorship. Being controlled by the great industries, they control also the advertising bureaus. They make the German public opinion to-day which clamors for more war, but—they do not represent the great mass of the German people.

Ever since President Wilson declared that the present German Government did not speak for the nation, the newspapers of this alliance and the leading statesmen have attempted to cover up the differences that exist between the Liberals and the Military business interests; but they have not succeeded. Taking the debate in the Grand Committee of the Reichstag on January nineteenth as reported the following day in the Berliner Tageblatt as an example, one finds evidence of the great divide which exists between the two parties in Germany and proof that the fight for a free press is a great inner political issue. The debate was between General von Stein, the Minister of War, representing the government, and the following members of the Reichstag: Representing the Centrum—Erzberger and Trimborn; the Socialists—Heine; the Independent Socialists—Haase; the Polish party—Doctor Seyda; and the National Liberals—Doctor Junck. The subjects were the Kaiser's proclamation establishing a state of siege and giving full power over the press and public meetings to the military authorities and the censorship.

Herr Trimborn, who opened the debate, charged the military authorities with malevolence against the majority of the Reichstag. He said the army had destroyed the freedom of the soldiers and citizens. Trimborn declared the military censorship passed for publication attacks upon civil officials of the government and independent members of the Reichstag, but refused permission to the press to publish replies. The state of siege, he concluded, was never intended to continue during a long war, and he demanded that the order be abolished.

To-day This Organization is Endeavoring to Make Alliances to Distribute German-Made News After the War, in North and South America, Africa and the Far East

Herr Wolfgang Heine, who is a lawyer practicing among the common people of Berlin's East Side, rose in wrath and shouted: "The order of the sixteenth of November has destroyed the political life of the people by preventing public gatherings. The military bureaus fight all parties they do not agree with. If there is not an immediate change the feeling among the people will become bitterer. Die Zukunft [Harden's magazine] is finally permitted to appear. It was forbidden [for six months] as revenge against an independent man. The *verbot* was spiteful and unpolitical. The Forum is forbidden to be published during the remainder of the war, apparently because of an international policy which it represented. The pamphlet Wir Christen und das päpstliche Friedensprogramm is still forbidden. . . . Professor Schuecking is forbidden to speak about questions of international law, and his correspondence with foreign professors was confiscated. . . . Why are the books of Goldscheid forbidden? Because he is a pacifist! A pamphlet by Professor Kosack remained four months at the censorship bureau, unanswered. Students in Heidelberg University who protested against the Fatherland party were dismissed."

Herr Haase's Charges

"AND on the other hand all agitation for the Fatherland party is looked upon with other eyes. The Minister of War sees victory only as a victory of might. . . . The censorship must be taken out of the hands of those who now control it."

"It is difficult for us to understand these different complaints," answered General von Stein, avoiding the indictments which Herr Heine had made. "Die Zukunft was permitted to appear because Herr Harden gave the necessary assurances that in the future he would not make statements as in the past. Whether I like it or not, to be Minister of War is my business," he concluded sharply, and sat down.

Herr Haase, who spoke next, called the attention of the Minister of War to the order prohibiting the Vorwaerts to appear. "The military authorities," he declared, "assist the annexationists in every possible way. Soldiers are forced to join the Fatherland party. Members of our party [Independent Socialists] are shadowed and punished; our meetings in all sections are forbidden. Is it forbidden to-day to speak of a peace without annexation? Publications regarding economics which the military authorities do not like are forbidden to be published." In conclusion Herr Haase demanded that the censorship be abolished, because, he added, a change to the civil authorities "will be no better."

"The censorship," began Herr Erzberger, "is being systematically misused by the military powers for one-sided political purposes. It is directed against the majority of the Reichstag and the Imperial Chancellor."

Erzberger, too, referred to publications favoring annexation which are permitted while replies are forbidden. A document relating to the ore deposits of Briey [in the occupied territory] was distributed widely throughout the empire, but a response was forbidden. A religious pamphlet urging a peace of understanding was forbidden, he stated. "The result is," continued Erzberger, "we are not believed in foreign countries and the people are not told the truth about the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk.

"The Fatherland party is a political organization. What happens to officers," he asked, "who speak other opinions? They are forced out of the army."

The result of this interesting debate was that the Minister of War promised to publish the secret order of November sixteenth, and the committee adjourned! The censorship was not changed! The government made no promises to improve! The charges that the military authorities and the Fatherland party are working for annexation and punishing those who oppose were unanswered. Germany remains as it was before, a fettered nation.

While the United States and the Allies fight for world freedom and for a union of democratic nations after the war, while they fight in France, Flanders, Italy and on the high seas—the triple alliance, through its

(Continued on Page 145)

THE LIGHT THAT PALED

The Next Two Hours Was All a Blur to Admah Hoag. It Was Called an Art Luncheon, He Remembered Vaguely; and His Right Hand Became Quite Numb From Continual Grasps of Welcome

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

WHEN Admah Hoag, quite without announcing his intention, emerged out of obscurity and into fame as America's ablest mural painter, it became the duty of his aunt, Mrs. Corlear van Zoon, to civilize him. She started early, for she had a great task on her hands; and this is how she succeeded:

But a few months after the Elektra, his remarkable fresco, had been unveiled in the new Pan-Hellenic Building, and newspaper men were still scrambling for interviews with this elusive young genius, who had hidden away as though his achievement had been a shameful crime, she went over the bridge to Brooklyn with the definite object of making something out of the sorry material her nephew offered.

A smartly clad handsome woman, her hair pleasantly pepper-and-salted, she threaded her way gingerly down the narrow sloping street under the bridge and entered a barn of a place so near the river that you could have popped a snowball into the water. The second floor, at the battered door of which she knocked daintily, had once been a storage loft. Even in his unrewarded youth, Mrs. van Zoon had resented this structure; and to-day, as she brought a white knuckle against the drab panel, she reflected that it was silly, unsanitary, and not at all in keeping with her Admah's rising fortunes.

Her knocks awoke nothing but echoes. She tried the knob, and her sense of secure property value was outraged to find that the door was unlocked, the studio apparently deserted. The great, gaunt, dingy room, mysterious in the November twilight, looked lonesome; a vast cartoon of the Elektra figure covered a far wall and seemed about to spring forth with that menacing, terrible strength with which the brush of the young giant was able to endow his creations.

Somewhere up aloft a nasal tenor was droning and droning a sort of weird incantation. It was something about a little dog: "The little dawg was run-ning ——"

"Oh, Ad! Admah, dear!"

In spite of herself her voice quavered into the cry of a frightened child.

"Yip!"

"Where in the world are you?"

"Come up!" The strident summons floated down to her.

Suddenly a square of light appeared in a far corner of the ceiling and, operated by unseen hands, an electric bulb on the end of a cord came down and illuminated a rickety stairway. The caller picked her way through the clutter of the big untidy space. Even as her small, light-topped shoes began taking the steps upward the drawling chant resumed its drone:

"The little dawg was run-ning round the engine;
The engine it was run-ning through the fawg.
There came an awful yelp
Which the engine couldn't help;
For the engine couldn't run a-round the dawg."

Then, as she achieved the top step, the threnody sobbed to its inevitable conclusion:

"The little dawg was run-ning round the en-gine;
But the en-gine couldn't run a-round the dawg."

In a cheap and awful little room, a cell of a place, papered with purple roses, heated by a base-burner stove, adorned with Civil War lithographs of lowly origin, furnished with a yellow roll-top desk and a Morris chair of super-mid-Victorian design, stood the newly acknowledged prince of American painters under a blaze of electric lights. His big-muscled arms protruded from an athletic undershirt; the rest of him was encased in a comprehensive pair of blue overalls. His blond hair closely cropped, his eyes keen as a sharpshooter's, his features heavy but curiously shy, Admah Hoag looked exactly what he was—the best-born grandson of an able mechanic.

It was quite a minute before he looked up, for he was absorbed in manipulating a mass of clay on the top of his desk, shaping it dexterously by the aid of a match and a palette knife.

"Aunt Pinny! Excuse me!" He dropped his knife with a clatter, and, bounding over, planted a dutiful kiss upon her spotted veil. "I thought it was the girl from Louey's with the goulash."

"Why in the world don't you turn out some of these awful lights?"

"I love 'em!" seemed sufficient explanation for him.

"What a way to live!" moaned his good aunt, who had said it in his presence a thousand times.

"I was going to dress and come over to the Island for dinner. But I got to fussing with this ——"

Upon closer inspection she saw what he had been doing with the clay. He had molded it into a miniature landscape—a very crooked shanty, with a very crooked stovepipe, and, at the rear on the summit of a high crag, a haughty little goat. It was done with the delicate intricacy of a Chinese ornament in malachite, and it was expressive of that character which Admah Hoag put into his slightest work.

"It's a design for a country house," he told her cheerfully, puffing away at a very black Porto Rican cigar. "I once saw such a shanty on a bluff near Pittsburgh. It was inhabited by a lady who was a witch and kept an enchanted princess rushing the growler for her all day long. I tried to hire the princess as a model, but when the witch heard of it she told her brother-in-law, who was a teamster, and ——"

"What a vile room!" cut in Mrs. van Zoon, paying not the slightest heed to the unfolding romance. "Where in the world did you get together such a collection of atrocities?"

"It is pretty bad, isn't it?" he acknowledged in a voice that revealed much pride. "This little old room has been sealed up ever since I took the loft. I've always pined for a natural abiding place, all my own. So last week I managed to jimmy the lock. This is just as I found it. It used to belong to a tugboat captain, who left everything shipshape the day he was drowned."

"Of course you'll have it decorated."

"Decorated! If an interior decorator comes within a mile of this spot—well, I guess you know what I think about interior decorators." He settled himself on a box and glared moodily. "No, sir! This is a he-room. It's a place where a man can come to think and smoke tobacco."

"Where's your esthetic sense?"

"I check it outside when I come in here."

"Admah!"

"Why can't people leave me be, to lead the life I'm used to?"

"You oughtn't to get used to this sort of thing," chided his aunt very gently. "You've got to remember that the instant you were recognized—in the big way you've been—you stepped onto a new plane. You don't belong to yourself any more. You belong to the public, which has acknowledged you."

"Good Lord! Is it as bad as that?" he groaned, and scraped his capable fingers through his short hair.

"You've got to cultivate a sense of your obligation. I hate to scold you, my dear; but it did seem a shame, the night your fresco was unveiled—everybody who was anybody surrounding you and doing you honor—that you didn't have anything better to say than that you had a cold and wanted to go home."

"Why in the world do people lose all their brains when they travel in crowds?" he protested. "Because I did my job and they liked it, and I got paid for it, why did they have to hold me there to hear them lecture at me and sing at me?"

"Few people can have Caruso to sing at them, as you call it."

"And then an actor had to get up and recite Gunga Din. Years ago I swore that I'd never again listen to it."

"There's no actor who does it better."

"I've Been Practicing My Art Several Years in New York"

"I tell you, Aunt Pinny, the New York idea of art is killing me by inches. This blessed town can't do anything in moderation." He was now storming full force at his favorite abomination. "They've gone mad over interior decorators—want to cover all the fire plugs with Japanese tea paper. I'd like to go somewhere where I could draw a breath of fresh air and meet some human beings. Look at that Mrs. Ballymoore—sometimes I scream out in the night, thinking that woman's coming at me again!—with her three dozen millions, which she ought to be spending on dogs and horses. . . . Now she's getting together a collection of artists. And that awful little interior decorator who's been turning her house into a second-rate museum ——"

"You mean Carlo Dulcimer?" asked the lady in a shocked tone.

"I suppose that's his wormy little name. I've been dragged once too often into Mrs. Ballymoore's mob of geniuses and been bored enough by that interior decorator squirming and going into a trance over a yard of art cretonne; sticking a lot of fake primitive paintings round walls the color of spoiled pistachio nuts. I don't like Dulcimer; I don't like Mrs. Ballymoore; I don't like her crowd; I don't like her house. And that's why I've chosen this room to live in. It's a protest!"

"It's about Mrs. Ballymoore that I've come all this way," said his aunt, folding her gloved hands and looking at him quizzically.

"Now, Aunt Pinny, darling! Don't say ——"

"Have you forgotten that she's giving you a reception to-morrow afternoon?"

"Reception? Say—now that's just like that woman! She asked me to drop in and have a cup of tea ——"

"Her cards are out. This is to be one of the largest receptions of the season."

"Look here!" The man in overalls rose and loomed over the neat figure of the only member of the Hoag family who had ever attained the Social Register. "She's going a little too far. She can't get me under false pretenses. I'll not go."

"You owe it to yourself. You owe it to your reputation."

"I don't owe a darned thing to Mrs. Ballymoore. Aunt Pinny, it's impossible! Besides, I've got to be out of town—I'm going West."

It was only at that instant he had discovered the impending westward journey; but his excuses were sufficient.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you allow Mrs. Ballymoore to make all those preparations?" she asked sharply.

"Well, I've just decided. There's a town out West where they've been begging me for the past month to come and look over an auditorium.

"There has been considerable correspondence. I've been negotiating; I've ——"

"Where is this auditorium?" she interrupted suspiciously.

Admah hesitated. As a matter of fact, he had forgotten the name of the town; but what he said was literally true.

"Admah, you poor daft child! Don't you know you've got more work right here in New York than you can possibly do in a lifetime? Why should you go West?"

"I'll tell you why: I want to get away from interior decorators and speechifying and receptions, and all this New York twaddle. I want to go to a place where there's more fresh air than culture; where the people are just natural and this confounded lion chasing hasn't become fashionable. That's why I want to go."

"You've never been west of Pittsburgh in your life. You don't know the least thing about—anything. Have you positively promised to go?"

"Well, no. But practically ——"

"I'll call you up in the morning," she smiled securely, rising and picking up her beaded bag. "I'll engage rooms for you at the Vanderbilt and have your afternoon things all laid out for you. Don't worry about anything. And I'll stand by you to see that Mrs. Ballymoore doesn't eat you up."

"And that decorator chap?"

"He won't bother you. He's gone away."

Admah Hoag, ordinarily a wordless individual, stood irresolute, striving for further protests.

"Good-by, dear. No; don't go out with me—you'll catch cold. My car's right round the corner. You'll feel more sensible in the morning."

She was gone and Admah Hoag settled down again in his hideous Morris chair. The thought of Mrs. Ballymoore and her hated family smarted like a burn. The fear of the crowd, too, had been a disease with him since the early day when a zealot of a schoolmistress had dragged him to the rostrum to say Horatius at the Bridge before a giggling roomful. And to his distorted imagination Mrs. Ballymoore stood for but one thing—the public appearance that he abhorred.

He had not spoken vainly when he threatened to go West. A booming city—Harnessville he now remembered it to be called—had taken an inscrutable interest in his work ever since the Pan-Hellenic unveiling. Innumerable letters and telegrams signed "W. A. Gallop, Chairman Art Committee," had come to him, each more coaxing than the last. Harnessville desired to be beautified and it would take no substitutes. There was an endowment, and Admah Hoag could have fifty thousand dollars for the asking.

Once or twice he had been on the verge of packing for Harnessville. It would be a refuge from such tufthunters as the Ballymoore tribe. It was that woman's daughter, Vera, who had been a particular annoyance to him. For a week or so he had been inane enough to imagine himself in love. Their meetings had been aided and abetted by the ambitious Mrs. Ballymoore, he found out soon enough. She had a way of bringing together celebrities as one collects porcelains—as a piquant social attraction.

Then along had come this cooing, plausible interior decorator, Carlo Dulcimer. Vera had played them both very nicely as decoys for a large foreign title, which she was then stalking. To have been thrown with Dulcimer, every hair of whose head he despised, in such a position of spurious rivalry, was an unending irritation to Hoag, who was one of those impulsive souls who fracture their skulls in attempting to smash a mosquito.

At any rate, he had common sense enough to escape. And now Mrs. Ballymoore was after him again! Sweat gathered on his brow as he thought of the ordeal to which family affection had pledged him. He saw himself trussed up like an usher wasting away at center stage and being sung at—perhaps some awful actor would recite Gunga Din!

Far away, on the outside studio door, there came a thunderous rap-tap-tapping. Admah swore, hitched his suspenders over his athletic undershirt, and went forth. As he opened the door he saw, vaguely silhouetted against the hall lamp, a small figure in a visored cap.

"Mr. Hog?"

"Sometimes."

"Telegram! Sign here!"

When he had clicked on a light he tore open the yellow envelope to read:

Can you come at once Harnessville Make your own terms Must know immediately Answer paid W A GALLOP
Chairman Art Committee

Admah retained the boy by a sleeve. "Answer paid!" It was as though he had called upon his divinity and she had responded with a miracle. "W. A. Gallop"—the name had a blunt, forthright man sound. Obviously he owed nothing to Mrs. Ballymoore. The West was calling—the great, free, natural West, unspoiled by the empty vanities that had made the East unendurable for him!

"Four words," responded the lad after Admah had scrawled his reply on a scrap of cardboard.

Thus Admah Hoag became a refugee from fame.

II

BECAUSE Trenton, New Jersey, had been Out West to Admah Hoag before his latest adventure, let me pioneer the way, revealing Harnessville and the events which covered several months and culminated in that fifteen-word telegram. W. A. Gallop, signer of the message, was one Winifred Alisia Gallop, known as Skinny Winny to the younger or disrespectful set, and published as Mrs. Americus Gallop in the society column of the Harnessville Eagle.

Mrs. Gallop was a lady of decisive character, as illustrated by the set of her jaw; and of soaring ideals, as indicated by the occasional softening of her fierce blue eyes. Americus, husband and provider by profession, well knew that softening of the iris and had learned to dread what it portended; anything in Harnessville might be torn up or torn down.

And it was on a night in early spring, just as Americus had settled in his favorite Morris chair, and under the uncompromising brilliance of the brass-stemmed green-globed reading lamp he so dearly loved, that a glance over the sporting edition brought to him disturbingly that bodeful look in his lady's eyes.

"Carlo Dulcimer has come back. He's going to stay a while and give us some talks about—beautifying. He makes our life out here seem so sordid."

She was telling this to her eldest daughter, Amelia, while their youngest, America, sat at the piano, banging out musical comedy with all her rawboned strength.

"I saw him going into Palessy's Drug Store. Isn't he distinguished looking!"

Amelia offered this contribution; and Americus Gallop, poring over baseball futurities, made the note in the back of his head: "Amelia would say that!" He was one of your fathers who love all their children equally well; yet there was a human quality in his affection for the hobbledehoy America—Merry, as he familiarly called her—which he could not extend to his more accomplished and better-behaved daughter.

He sat there, just catching such shreds of the conversation as escaped above the tune the noisy Merry was dinning from the keys. Quite unconscious of the fascinating subject, the young girl stretched her long arms across the keyboard, shook her unruly hank of reddish hair, and swung into the rhythm of Some Little Bug Will Get You Some Day, a composition then becoming popular in Harnessville.

Man, they say, has no intuitions. He may be permitted, however, to have a hunch now and then; and that evening Americus Gallop, as he glanced awry across the cozy, ugly mid-Victorian comforts of his living room, enjoyed a vision of trouble approaching in the flesh of Mr. Dulcimer. He had known and played cards with Joe Dulcimer, Harnessville's leading dry-goods merchant, for the better part of a lifetime. He remembered Joe's having a boy called Charlie, a Fauntleroyish thing in a plaited collar. When did he become Carlo? What was the meaning of this insect's coming back and finding Harnessville sordid? What sort of strange germ was Winifred going to absorb now into her sensitive pores? It was bad enough the way

Americus Gallop, Poring Over Baseball Futurities, Enjoyed a Vision of Trouble Approaching in the Flesh of Mr. Dulcimer

"You've Come Here, You Know, of Your Own Free Will! You've Been Here a Few Hours and Done Your Best to Insult the Whole Town—My Town!"

Mrs. Modderson had gotten hold of her in her highbrowed lectures on How to Speak.

Reflection made Americus nervous; so he clapped on his hat and rambled over to the Falstaff Club for a game of pitch in the Amen Corner.

On the evening of the morrow he had forgotten his fears as he unlatched the front door and whistled Rock of Ages, slightly off the key. Mr. Gallop was a short, round-faced, round-bodied man, somewhat suggestive of the barrels that had prospered him greatly in the flour business. And to-night his face was dreamy with anticipation; for Americus Gallop, never an imaginative man, loved the quiet dusk, when he could sprawl with the evening papers in his own Morris chair, under his own green light.

The chair, the light, the paper and Americus Gallop had come into conjunction at about this hour for a length of days beyond computation. He always saved the papers to read in that Morris chair, under that light. And to-night was no exception, save that olive branches were, perhaps, a trifle more prominent than usual in the mood he carried home with him.

But as he swung the front door to the arc of observation Americus became aware that something had happened, and that something affected him disagreeably. He skipped a stanza of his hymn and supplied it with profanity. Something had gone wrong with the lights in the big living room. The green light on the tall brass rod was out; certain wall brackets glowed dismally. Hadn't he just spoken to the Electric Company about the wiring?

If there was anything he naturally abominated it was coming home to a dungeon. He hated watery half lights as all male kind are supposed to hate them. He worshiped Edison as the Incas adored the sun. Consequently his spirits fell like winter mercury as he groped his way by ponderous articles of black walnut furniture until he had found the switch and, with an impatient punch of thumb, caused the chandelier to blaze.

"Americus!"

It was the voice of his wife, which came chidingly. Centered under the light that beat upon the big, comfortable, ugly room, he stood blinking into the semidarkness and saw—or thought he saw—what had never appeared to him before. His Winifred was absorbingly interested in a young man; *vis-à-vis* in an alcove she sat with a slender fair-haired youth, talking earnestly in a tone as neutral as the lights had been.

"Americus!" Now she pitched her voice to a shriller key, which was more the way she talked before Mrs. Modderson came to town. "Turn them down; they're dreadful!"

"What's got into you, Winny?" inquired the rattled interloper.

"They're garish," she complained, bringing her voice down again. "And, Americus, I want you to meet Mr. Dulcimer."

He knew it! Hunch had again triumphed over intuition.

Americus shuffled forward and was hypocritically pleased to meet Mr. Dulcimer. The slender young man unwound himself and came to a stand. His face was chalky, his hair the shade of straw, and in his smile there was saddish sweetness. He affected rings set with unhealthy green stones.

"Not Joe Dulcimer's son?" asked Americus quite naturally.

"Yes, Mr. Gallop." Dulcimer spoke with the suggestion of a lisp.

"I thought you were dead!" announced Americus, not trying to disguise his disappointment.

"I've been away, studying," replied Dulcimer. "And I've been practicing my art several years in New York."

"Hum! What's your art?"

"Decorating."

"That's good! I guess Joe needs a good window trimmer round his store."

"Not that!" Dulcimer stiffened like an offended lily. "Interior decorating."

Americus was going to sit down, but thought better of it.

"I've been asking Mr. Dulcimer for some advice." Winifred came quickly to his defense.

"Well"—Americus shuffled grimly away toward his corner—"I don't see how you can accomplish much by sittin' in the dark—unless you expect a spirit message."

Settled at last in his chair, Americus could see, indistinct in the twilight, the wavering outlines of Winifred's guest, perched on the edge of a sofa as though about to fly. What the deuce was Winny up to now? He growled like the sequestered bulldog who scents a cat; then he sighed and unfolded the sporting sheet of the Evening Courier.

Prosperity in the flour business, of which Americus Gallop was undisputed chieftain in that region, had brought to his home a new standard of luxury. This had been mostly reflected in the womenfolk. But what the deuce was Winny up to now?

Behind the arsenical sporting sheet he could hear those soft voices droning in the alcove. It was mostly Dulcimer's lisping note, with an occasional exclamation from the lips of Winifred:

"So much of our taste —— We have no national color intelligence. . . . Symphonic treatment, with a definite melodic theme —— Oh, nothing garish—a spot here and there for accentuation. . . . A virile note should be introduced, like a blare of trumpets—the arrangement I selected in Mrs. Hornblower Ballymoore's drawing-room ——"

Americus had thought so! This Dulcimer boy might be miles up in the air, but he was working round to business very nicely: "Violence in color is like violence in life—criminal! Yet there is charm in brutality—a brutal spot of red, let us say; some rare old ox-blood vaxx ——"

Mr. Gallop looked sourly up from an analysis of the National League and wondered just what a vaxx could be.

"By ginger," he decided finally, "he means a vase!"

It was not until the Gallops, as a family, had assembled round the knobby, jig-sawed black-walnut dinner table that Americus learned the worst about Mr. Dulcimer. Preparatory to the shock, his eyes were again offended by that weird, disagreeable half light flickering from a seven-branched candlestick in the center of the cloth. Dimly through the obscure atmosphere he could see the familiar features of his womenfolk and the gleam of the décolleté, for they were apparently going somewhere. On his right the dainty Amelia spooned soup with a perfection of skill. On his left America, white of skin, bright of eye, rather hollow-chested, her hank of auburn hair done in a reckless sort of swirl, was attacking the fluid with her usual voracious appetite.

"Winny, is this economy or style?" began the head of the house, blinking mildly at the guttering flame.

Mrs. Gallop sat looking quite the duchess, as she was apt to do after six-thirty, when her iron-gray hair had a way of going into a coiffure icy with rhinestones.

(Continued on Page 122)

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

The Great Gold Brick

WHAT Russia has been experiencing the last six months is a huge experiment in anarchy. It began in the army, when the Bolsheviki took effectual authority out of the hands of the officers and introduced a "democratic" elective scheme by which the rank and file, acting in innumerable practically independent groups, were to exercise final authority in everything. Discipline rapidly disappeared, and soon there ceased to be an army in any real sense.

Grant that the old army command, beginning with the general staff, had been reactionary, oppressive, harsh, not very competent. Nevertheless, it maintained an organization that was highly serviceable to the Russian nation. With it fifty million Russians would not have been handed over to foreign masters—the condition least favorable to real liberty and self-development, as the history of every subject race in Europe shows. The Bolsheviki blithely swept the organization aside in favor of an untried and exceedingly dubious idea.

As a result the Russian Army became a thing utterly useless to anybody.

The Bolshevik practice bore its logical fruit when, in February, Russian troops repeatedly refused to offer any resistance to mere handfuls of invading Germans. Say there is to be no subordination, no minatory discipline; every group is to consult its own feelings in every case. Under that teaching, why should Indiana and Illinois farmers fight to save New York from foreign domination? Facing machine guns is excessively disagreeable. It would be much pleasanter for them to trot home and trust to luck for the issue.

That is just what the men who once composed Russian armies did.

What happened in the army has extended through the country's industrial organization. Verbally the Bolsheviki repudiate anarchy. They say their socialism is the philosophical antithesis of anarchy. But anarchy is the practical result of their teaching and practice.

Theirs is a bogus democracy and a bogus liberty, for real democracy requires a higher discipline and readier subordination to authority than czarism does. Obedience, submission to the general plan—are implicit in it. Moreover, there was never a real advance that did not build upon experience. Discarding experience in favor of pretty-looking theories is like trying to fly without, by pains and patience, finding out how to do it.

School Victims

LOOKING at it from the material side—which is the side from which so many of us do look at our occupations—school-teaching is the most beggarly profession in the United States. No other calling that is presumed to require anything like the same amount of training and ability is so ill-paid. No other calling that is presumed to require a considerable mental discipline and development is held in such low regard or is so little supported by public admiration. No other learned calling except the ministry is pursued under conditions that involve so much humiliation, and the minister's trials with his vestrymen or trustees are somewhat ameliorated by the fact that in very many cases he is free to take an appeal over their heads, whereas the local board of education is generally a supreme court for the teacher.

These are not flattering things to say of a nation that has been declaring for a hundred years that its hope lay in public education. But they are true.

Just now the teacher is in an exceptionally unpleasant situation. His or her cost of living has gone ballooning, like everybody else's. But on the whole there has been only a feeble response on the other side of the ledger. The result is depletion of the profession. Under present conditions especially—when nearly every other field of activity is bidding eagerly for labor of nearly every sort—teaching looks less attractive than ever.

The less attractive it looks the more inferior the teaching force will become—inevitably. Already operating the system upon which we say the hope of the nation depends has become, for a portion of those engaged in it, a mere incidental, pin-money stop-gap between graduation and getting married.

There is danger of its becoming an accepted notion that upholding the hope of the nation is something any fairly intelligent girl can do between dances.

But of course the real victims are not the teachers. The real victims are millions of prospective citizens, particularly in the country, on whom we are palming off a niggardly swindle.

Credit of the Government

RECENTLY the Official Bulletin printed this statement conspicuously:

"The credit of the United States was so high and unquestionable that in 1900, two years after the Spanish-American War, two per cent bonds were offered at par and oversubscribed. This is a financial performance no other nation has ever equaled."

But those bonds were not bought for investment. They were taken by national banks to secure circulating notes. A special and valuable privilege attached to them when held by banks. In fact, the two per cent rate was rather an advantage to the banks. It was more profitable for them to buy a two per cent bond at par than to buy a four per cent bond at a stiff premium, for they could issue circulating notes for the amount invested up to par, but not beyond that.

It is a mistake to infer that a higher rate of interest on government bonds—or a lower market price for the bonds—implies any weakening of government credit in the sense of an impairment of the universal belief that bondholders will receive their due to the last penny at the stipulated time.

A higher interest rate or a lower market price for bonds involves no questionableness whatever of government credit in that sense. It means solely that the Government is buying a commodity which, because of increased demand, has gone up in price.

The same railroad, in the same financial condition and enjoying exactly the same credit, in the sense of faith in its solvency, has paid three per cent for money under one set of conditions and six per cent under other conditions. The market price of the article it bought had gone up.

Consolatory

WE SEEM to have heard that somebody, on some occasion, said "You never know when you are well off." We remember distinctly that 'way back a dozen years ago there was great indignation and clamor in the United States over the cost of living. Everybody, more or less, was complaining that cost of living had got so high it was almost impossible for an unplutocratic person to live at all.

The latest bulletin of the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington brings that to mind. This bulletin reports the retail prices of foodstuffs in the United States for a series of years. Combining prices in many cities for many staple food articles of the plain, substantial sort, such as almost everyone eats, it puts down the figure eighty-two as representing retail cost of food the country over in 1907—when we so mistakenly supposed living was high. By July, 1914, just before the great war began, this figure had risen to one hundred and two, or about a quarter. At the end of 1917 it had gone up to one hundred and fifty-seven—or almost doubled. So we see that ten years ago, when we were yammering about the cost of living, living was really as cheap as dirt.

In spite of all the British Government has done by way of price-fixing, the price of food in Great Britain has steadily risen since the beginning of the war, until it is now more than twice as high as in July, 1914.

The bulletin shows also the wholesale prices of all leading commodities in the United States. The composite price in July, 1914, was ninety-nine, and at the end of last year one hundred and eighty-one.

Lumber and building materials have gone up least of any of the big groups of commodities, fuel and lighting are next to the bottom. Drugs and chemicals stand at the top, with an increase of a hundred and thirty per cent. Cloths and clothing come next, but farm products push them hard for second place.

An Experiment

ALL belligerent governments—though in different degrees—have fixed prices, taken control of foodstuffs, commandeered industry and otherwise projected themselves decisively into affairs that heretofore have been left to free dickering and private management.

It is pretty generally assumed that this whole program of government extension has been a success—or at least that war showed it to be unavoidable; and that if any great war should occur hereafter the same program would be revived as a matter of course.

But that is only an assumption. It is still, in fact, uncertain whether various features of the program have been successful, and whether, when all the evidence is in and can be dispassionately weighed, sober judgment would recommend a like course if like conditions should rise again.

Price-fixing in the United States, for example, was a political necessity in view of Europe's lead in that direction; that is to say, public opinion would have demanded it. But it is still an open question whether public opinion—having been fully informed as to the results of price-fixing in this war—would demand it again. As sober a critic as Senator Lodge—not to mention many others whose sobriety need not be questioned—can challenge it now with a good deal of force. In England, where the experiment has been going on much longer, there are daily attacks upon various features of the government's intervention in affairs such as governments heretofore have left to private arrangement.

No doubt the whole policy of government control will be well scrutinized after the war. It is by no means certain that the weight of evidence and judgment will approve it. Full review may raise a reasonable presumption that national resources would have been mobilized for the war with greater economy and efficiency if governments had set decidedly stricter limits upon their intervention.

We do not mean to suggest a prejudgment of the case unfavorable to government control. But the common idea that the success of the experiment has been demonstrated is only an assumption.

Leadership

WHICH came first, the hen or the egg? Do great actions evolve great leaders or does the leader really shape the event? It has been acutely argued both ways, and probably will be far in the future. With right leadership would this long world agony have been brought to a right issue many, many months ago—or prevented altogether? It is a fact that the agony goes on and precious little in the way of leadership appears—except as Prussia's "hereditary specialists in mass murder" have led the armies with considerable ability.

You cannot imagine a successful American Revolution without Washington. In so many ways and at so many times his unalterable will and great personal prestige held the thing together that if you rub him out it looks like a pretty hopeless welter. It is even difficult to imagine a successful Civil War without Lincoln. What we know of Seward, Chase, Stanton—raises a presumption that any one of them would have made a mess of it. True, the vital importance which these individual figures assume may be only our incurable trick of dramatizing and personifying everything.

But what we were really thinking about was American politics. If party politics looks so banal and vapid is it not only because leaders of the right caliber have not appeared on both sides? Will alignment of parties on lines of vital principle wait until men appear on both sides to define a vital issue?

THE DARK FLEECE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

XI

HOWEVER, the outer aspect of Honora Canderay, unlike the weather, showed no evidence of change; as usual she drove in the chaise on afternoons when it was not too cold; she appeared, autocratic and lavish, in the shops of Citron Street; she made her usual aimless excursions to the harbor. Jem Stanes, she saw, was still a deck hand on the schooner Gloriana. Looking back to the morning when he had scowlingly entered the office on the wharf, she was able to reconstruct the cause of his ill humor—a brother-in-law to Jason Burrage was a person of far different employment from an ordinary Stanes. She passed Olive on the street, but the latter, except for a perfunctory greeting, hurried immediately by.

The stories of Jason's reckless conduct multiplied—he had consumed a staggering amount of Medford rum and, in the publicity of noon and Marlboro Street, sat upon the now notable silk hat. He had paid for some cheroots with a pinch of gold dust, as they were said to do in the far West. He carried a loaded derringer, and shot "for fun" the jar of colored water in the apothecary's window, and had threatened with a grim face to do the same for whoever might interfere with his pleasures. He was, she learned, rapidly becoming a local scandal and menace.

If he had been anyone but Jason Burrage, native born and folded in the glamour of his extraordinary fortune, he would have been immediately and roughly suppressed; Honora well knew the rugged and severe temper of the town. As it was, he went about—attended by its least desirable element, a chorus to magnify his liberality and daring—in an atmosphere of excited curiosity.

This, she thought, was highly regrettable. Yet in his present frame of mind what else was there for him to do? He couldn't be expected to take seriously, be lost in, the petty affairs of Cottarsport; beyond a limited amount the gold for which he had endured so much—she had heard something of his misfortunes and struggle—was useless here; and without balance he must inevitably drift into still greater debauch in large cities.

He was now a frequently recurring figure in her thought. In the correct presence of her aunt, Mrs. Cozzens, in delicate clothes and exacting surroundings, the light of an astral lamp on her sharply cut, slightly contemptuous face, she would consider the problem of Jason Burrage. In a way, which she had more than once explained and justified to herself, she felt responsible for him. If there had been anything to suggest she would have gone to him directly, but she had no intention of offering a barren condemnation. Her peculiar position in Cottarsport, though it indicated certain obligations, required the maintenance of an impersonal plane. Why, he might say anything to her; he was quite capable of telling her—and correctly—to go to the devil!

A new analogy was created between Jason Burrage and herself; his advantage over her had broken down, they both appeared fast in untoward circumstance beyond their power to alleviate or shape. He had come back to Cottarsport in the precise manner in which she had returned from shorter but equally futile excursions. Jason had his money, which at once established necessities and made satisfaction impossible; and she had promptings, desires, that by reason of their mere being allowed her contentment neither in the spheres of a social importance nor here in the quiet place where so much of her was rooted. Gazing at her Aunt Herriot's hard, fine profile the thought of her, Honora Canderay's, resemblance to the returned miner carousing with the dregs of the town brought a shade of ironic amusement to her countenance.

Honora left the house, walking, in the decline of a November afternoon. She had been busy in a small way supervising the filling of camphor chests for the winter, and, intensely disliking any of the duties of domesticity, she was glad to escape into the still, cold open. Dusk was not yet perceptible, but the narrow, erratic ways of Cottarsport were filling with clear, gray shadow. When, inevitably, she found herself at the harbor's edge she progressed over a narrow wharf to its end. It had been wet and there were patches of black, icy film; the water near by was gray-black, but about the bare thrust of Cottar's Neck it was green; the warehouses behind her were blank and deserted. She had on a cloak lined with ermine, and she drew it closer about her throat at the frigid air lifting from the bay. Suddenly a flare of color filled the somber space, a coppery glow that glinted like metal shavings on the water and turned Cottar's Neck red. Against the sunset the town was formless, murky; but the sky and harbor resembled the interior of a burnished kettle. The effect was extraordinarily unreal, melodramatic, and she was watching the color fade when a figure wavered out of the shadows and moved insecurely toward her. At first she thought the stumbling progressions were caused by the ice; then she saw that it was Jason Burrage, drunk.

He wore the familiar suit of broadcloth with no outer covering, and a rough hat pulled down upon his fixed gaze. She stood motionless while he approached, and then calmly met his heavy interrogation.

"Honora," he articulated, "Honora Canderay, one—one of the great Canderays of Cottarsport. Well, why don't you say something? Too set up for a civil, for a ——"

"Don't be ridiculous, Jason," she replied crisply; "and do go home! You'll freeze out here as you are."

"One of the great Canderays," he reiterated contemptuously. He came very close to her. "You're not much. Here they think you —— But I've been to California, and at the Jenny Lind . . . in silk like a bluebird, and sing —— Nobody ever heard of the Canderays in Frisco, but they know Jason Burrage—Burrage who had all the bad luck there was, and then struck it rich."

He swayed perilously, and she put out a palm and steadied him. "Go back. You are not fit to be around."

Jason struck her hand down roughly. "I'm fitter than you. What are you anyway?" He caught her shoulder in vise like fingers. "Nothing but a woman, that's all—just a woman."

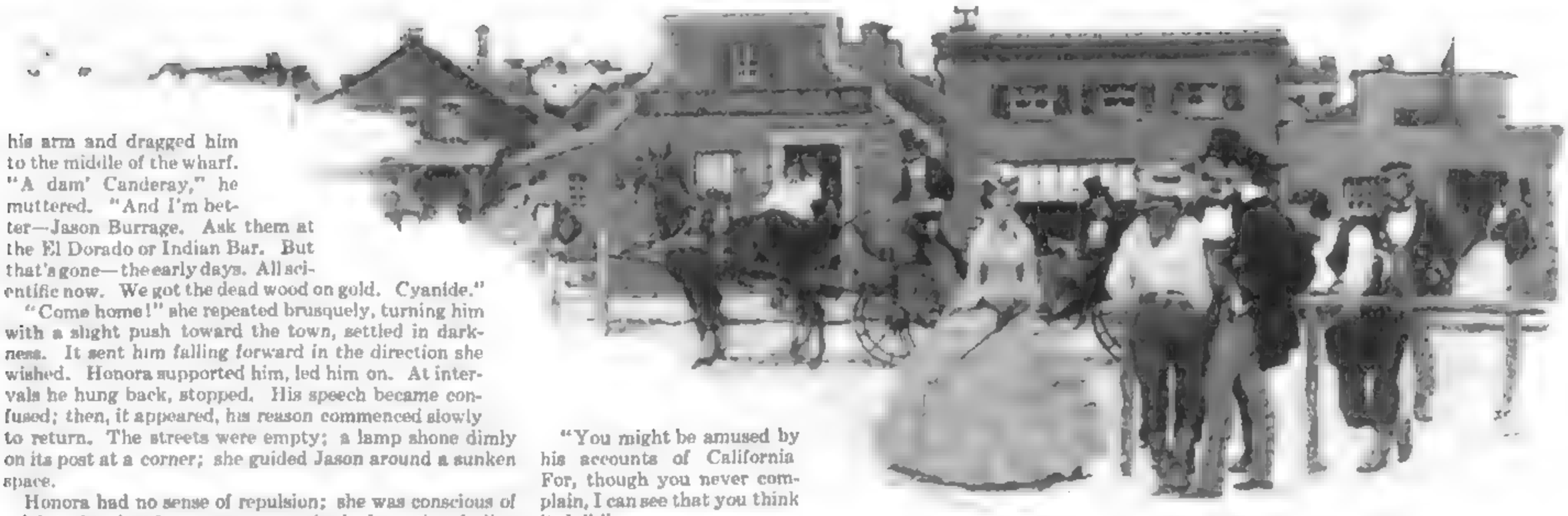
"You are hurting me," she said fearlessly.

His grip tightened, and he studied her, his eyes inhuman in a stony white face. "Nothing more than that."

"You are very surprising," she responded. "Do you know, I had never thought of it. And it's true; that is precisely what and all I am."

His expression became troubled; he released her, stepped back, slipped and almost fell into the water. Honora caught

"You Couldn't Wait to Buy a Pan or Shovel—the Men Jumped Overboard to Get Ashore and Pick Up Gold"



"You Whisperer!" Honora Said in Her Ringing Voice. "It's Necessary to Cut the Truth Out of You"

his arm and dragged him to the middle of the wharf. "A dam' Canderay," he muttered. "And I'm better—Jason Burrage. Ask them at the El Dorado or Indian Bar. But that's gone—the early days. All scientific now. We got the dead wood on gold. Cyanide."

"Come home!" she repeated brusquely, turning him with a slight push toward the town, settled in darkness. It sent him falling forward in the direction she wished. Honora supported him, led him on. At intervals he hung back, stopped. His speech became confused; then, it appeared, his reason commenced slowly to return. The streets were empty; a lamp shone dimly on its post at a corner; she guided Jason around a sunken space.

Honora had no sense of repulsion; she was conscious of a faint pity, but her energy came dimly from that feeling of obligation, once more she told herself inherited from her father—their essential attitude to Cottarsport. At the same time she found herself studying his face with a personal curiosity. She was glad that it was not weak, that rum had been ineffectual to loosen its hardness. He now seemed capable of walking alone, and she stood aside.

Jason was at a loss for words; his lips moved, but inaudibly. "Keep away from the water," she commanded, "or from Medford rum. And, some evening soon, come to see me." She said this without premeditation, from an instinct beyond her searching.

"I can't do that," he replied in a surprisingly rational voice, "because I've lost my silk hat."

"There are hundreds for sale in Boston," she announced impatiently; "go and get another."

"That never came to me," he admitted, patently struck by this course of rehabilitation through a new high hat. "There was something I had to say to you, but it left my mind, about a—a gold fleece; it turned into something else on the wharf."

"When you see me again." She moved farther from him, suddenly in a great necessity to be home. She left him talking at her and went swiftly through the gloom to Regent Street. Letting herself into the still hall, the amber serenity of lamplight in suave spaciousness, she swung shut the heavy door with a startling vigor. Then she stood motionless, the cloak slipping from her shoulders in glistening and soft white folds about her arms, to the carpet. Honora wasn't faint—not for a moment had she been afraid of Jason Burrage; this was not a rebellion of overstrung nerves, yet a passing blindness, a spiritual shudder, possessed her. She had the sensation of having just passed through an overwhelming adventure; yet all that had happened was commonplace, even sordid. She had met a drunken man whom she hardly knew beyond his name and an adventitious fact, and insisted on his going home. Asking him to call on her had been little less perfunctory—an impersonal act of duty.

Yet her being vibrated as if a loud and disturbing bell had been unexpectedly sounded at her ear; she was responding to an imperative summons. In her room changing for supper this feeling vanished and left her usual introspective humor. Jason had spoken a profound truth, which her surprise had recognized at the time, in reminding her that she was an ordinary woman, like, for instance Olive Stanes. The isolation of her dignity had hidden that from her for a number of years. She had come to think of herself exclusively as a Canderay.

Later her sharp enjoyment in probing into all pretensions, into herself, got slightly the better of her. "I saw Jason Burrage this evening," she told Mrs. Cozzens.

"If he was sober," that individual returned, "it might be worth recalling."

"But he wasn't. He nearly fell into the harbor. I asked him to see us."

"With your education, Honora, there is really no excuse for confusing the singular and plural. I haven't any doubt you asked him here, but that has nothing to do with us."

"You might be amused by his accounts of California For, though you never complain, I can see that you think it dull."

"I am an old woman," Herriot Cozzens stated; "my life was quite normally full, and I am content here with you. Any dullness you speak of I regret for another reason."

"You are afraid I'll get preserved like a salted haddock. He may not come."

III

HONORA was in the less formal of the drawing-rooms when Jason Burrage was announced. He came forward almost immediately, in the most rigorous evening attire, a new silk hat on his arm. "You had no trouble getting one"—she nodded in its direction.

"Four," he replied tersely.

Jason took a seat facing her across an open space of darkly flowered carpet, and Honora studied him, directly critical. Against a vague background his countenance was extraordinarily pronounced, vividly pallid. His black hair swept in a soft wave across a brow with indented temples; his nose was short with wide nostrils, the lower part of his face square. His hands, scarred and discolored, rested each on a black-clad knee.

She was in no hurry to begin a conversation which must be either stilted—uncomfortable—or reach beyond known confines. For the moment her daring was passive. Jason Burrage stirred his feet, and she attended the movement with thoughtful care. He said unexpectedly:

"I believe I've never been in here before." He turned and studied his surroundings as if in an effort of memory. "But I talked to your father once in the hall."

"Nothing has been changed," she answered almost unintelligibly. "Very little does in Cottarsport."

"That's so," he assented. "I saw it when I came back. It was just the same, but I ——" He stopped and his expression became gloomy.

"If you mean that you were different you are wrong," she declared concisely. "Just that has made trouble for you—you have been unable to be anything but yourself. I am like that too. Everyone is."

"I have been through things," he told her enigmatically. "Why, look—just the trip: to Chagres, on the Isthmus, and then through that ropy woods to Panama, with thousands of prospectors waiting for the steamer. Then back by Mazatlan and Vera Cruz. A man sees things."

"My Past Belongs to Me and I Don't Aim to Have It Maligned by Any Empty Liar Back From the Coast"

Her inborn uneasiness at rooms, confining circumstance, her restless desire for unlimited horizons, for the mere fact of reaching, moving, stirred into being at the names he repeated. Tomorrow she would go away, find something new.

"It must have been horridly rough."

"A good many turned back or died," he added tentatively. "But after you once got there a sort of craziness came over you—you couldn't wait to buy a pan or shovel. The bay was full of rotting ships deserted by their crews, a thicket of masts with even the sails still hanging to them. The men jumped overboard to get ashore and pick up gold."

She thought with a pang of the idle ships with sprung rigging, sodden canvas lumpily left on the decks, rotting, as he had said, in files. The image afflicted her like a physical pain and she left it hurriedly. "But San Francisco must have been full of life."

"You had to shout to be heard over the bands, and everything blazing. Pyramids of nuggets on the gambling tables. Gold dust and champagne and mud."

"Whatever will you find here?" She immediately regretted her query, which seemed to search improperly into the failure of his marriage.

"I'm thinking of going back," he admitted.

Curiously Honora was sorry to hear this; unreasonably it gave to Cottarsport a new aspect of barrenness; the vista of her own life reached interminable and monotonous into the future. And she was certain that without the necessity and incentive of labor it would be destructive for Jason to return to San Francisco.

"What would you do?"

"Gamble," he replied cynically.

"Admirable prospect," she said lightly. Her manner unmistakably conveyed the information that his call had drawn to an end. He clearly resisted this for a minute or two, and then stirred.

"You must come again."

"Why?" he demanded abruptly, grasping his hat, which had reposed on the carpet at his side.

"News from California, from the world outside, is rare in Cottarsport. You must see that you are an interesting figure to us."

"Why?" he persisted, frowning.

She rose, her face as hard as his own, but with a faint smile in place of his lowering expression. "No, you haven't changed; not even to the extent of a superficial knowledge of drawing-rooms."

"I ought to have seen better than come."

"The ignorance was all my own."

"But once ——" He paused.

"—— should be enough." Her smile widened. Yet she was furious with herself for having quarreled with him; the descent from the altitude of the Canderays had been enormous. What extraordinary influence had colored her acts in the past few days?

Mrs. Cozzens, at breakfast, inquired placidly how the evening before had progressed, and Honora made a gesture expressive of its difficulties. "You will make such responsibilities for yourself," the elder stated.

This one, it suddenly appeared to Honora, had been thrust upon her. She made repeated and angry efforts to put Jason Burrage from her mind; but his appearance sitting before her, his words and patent discontent, flooded back again and again. She realized now that he was no impersonal problem; somehow he had got twisted into the fibers of her existence; he was more vividly in her thoughts than Paret Fifield had ever been. She attempted to ridicule him mentally, and called up pictures of his preposterous clothes, the ill-bred waistcoats and ponderous watch chain. They faded before the memory of the set jaw, his undeniable romance.

Wrapped in fur she elected to drive after dinner; the day was cold but palely clear, and she felt that her cheeks were glowing with unusual color. Above the town, on the hills now sere with frost and rock, the horses, under the

(Continued on Page 26)

"Campbell's Soup like a magic key
Opens the door of joy for me.
Freshly fragrant it steams and bubbles
Making an end of all my troubles."
SOUP

The Master Key

Do you realize how many different problems all at once *Campbell's* wholesome *Vegetable Soup* helps you to solve?

It is like a master key that fits a dozen different locks.

There is the economy problem, then the problem of providing three inviting meals a day—with all kinds of appetites to suit; the problem of helping out the National food program while at the same time you maintain your family's health and condition. Finally comes the problem of gaining a little time from your busy household affairs to help in other ways that aid and comfort Uncle Sam and his gallant boys.

All these problems are simplified and made easier by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is a nourishing, tempting, economical food—a labor saver and a time saver.

In this wholesome soup we combine nutritious vegetables and strength-giving cereals with a rich stock made from selected beef.

We include choice white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, Chantenay carrots, small peas, baby lima beans, Country Gentleman corn, rice, barley, okra, Dutch cabbage and fine tomatoes.

With these we blend fragrant celery and parsley, "alphabet" macaroni, and a snappy flavoring of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

Here is a savory and inviting soup that delights and satisfies the whole family as often as you give it to them.

It obviates the excessive use of meat and it furnishes necessary body-building elements which meat alone cannot supply.

In using it you have no expense for extra materials, no labor, no cooking cost, no waste.

It is complete in itself, so hearty you can practically make a meal of it, and all ready to serve in three minutes at any time.

Let your grocer bring you a dozen or more, and always have it handy.

21 kinds 12c a can

This war is *your* war!—Will you grudge Uncle Sam the *loan* of your dollars to win it? You get it all back with interest if we win. And if we lose—But do *your* part and we can't lose—**Buy a Liberty Bond today.**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Comfort Car

Owners of earlier Hupmobiles are so well satisfied that they can scarcely believe that the new Hupmobile is more comfortable and more efficient than their cars—*until they have taken a ride in the new car.*

Then capitulation is complete. The old enthusiasm is redoubled.

The Hupmobile has always been noteworthy for the whole-hearted endorsement it has received from owners everywhere.

But it is an actual fact that the astonishing *power-and-comfort* qualities of this new Hupmobile are already building up a broader and deeper loyalty. We feel perfectly safe in referring you to the first owner of the new car that you meet, for confirmation of all our comfort claims.

Hupmobile

Confessions of an Opera Singer

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

I WAS very young and I was engaged to be married. We had just lost our money in rather dramatic fashion, and we were all doing what we could to supply the sudden deficit. My sister began to prepare herself to be a teacher, my brother left his boarding school and came home to go into a friend's office, and I—well, I accepted the hand and heart of the young man in our set with whom I had had most pleasure in dancing in winter and sailing in summer.

He was a young business man, just starting as assistant to his father, whose business was an old-established comfortable sort of family affair, big enough to supply, in time, an extra income for an unambitious young couple like ourselves. Everyone congratulated us heartily, and I began to embroider towels and hem table napkins and to dream about patterns of flat silver. The whole arrangement was satisfactory to the point of banality, and I might have been quite an old married woman by this time, but—I had a voice.

Nine tenths of me, at this age, were the normal, rational characteristics of a well brought up, bright, good-looking girl. But the last tenth was an unknown quantity—a great big powerful something which I vaguely felt, even then, to be the master of all the other tenths, a force which was capable of having its own way with the rest of me if I should ever give it a chance. My voice, the agent of this vague power, had developed rather late. It is true that our whole childhood had been colored by music, that we read notes before we could read letters, and that music was our earliest and most natural mode of expression.

My father's greatest joy in life was music, and he always played imaginative musical games with us in the evenings. The earliest one I remember was when we were tiny tots. He used to improvise on the small organ we had and ask us questions, which we had to answer singing to his accompaniment.

I really began reading music at four years old. We played and sang all our childhood. When Marjorie was seven and I was six we once sang evensong at the village church, when members of the regular choir were ill or absent. Marjorie had a heavenly childish soprano and I a heavy nondescript voice. But I always pleased my father by singing real second voice, and not just following the soprano in thirds.

He used to give us a note, and we then had to run round our rather large house humming it. It was the deepest disgrace we ever knew if we had sharped or flatted when we got back to the starting point. He taught us musical terms by making us dance to different rhythms he played, and would call out "Allegro," "Vivace," "Adagio," "Molto allegro," "Legato," and so on, to which we had to change instantly. Whenever people came to the house we played and sang for them, and though it might have been rather awful for the visitors it was very good for us to get used to an audience.

Early Studies in New York

I HAD always been able to sing, but the sudden growth of my voice was a surprise. One day in school we were asked to write a composition on our favorite wish. All the other girls said they wished for curly hair, for pretty dresses, for any other frivolous thing that came into their heads. But I took it seriously and told my dearest wish in all the world—a great voice, a voice with which I could make audiences cry or laugh at my will. And, strangely enough, from that time my girlish voice began to grow stronger and stronger, until I could proudly make more noise with it than any other girl in school. Then it grew louder and higher, until it was impossible to ignore such a big possession any longer and the family decreed that I must have singing lessons.

I took lessons accordingly from an excellent local teacher, practiced scales and exercises, and later studied the classic songs and arias as seriously as I could, but it was so fatally easy to be interrupted. I would just begin a morning's work when someone would call me on the telephone to go shopping. It was easy to think "Oh! I'll practice this afternoon!" and fly off, to be gone all day. In the evening there was my fiancé, who had to tell me all the absorbing details of his office; or there was a dance or a theater party, and I took everything that came my way and enjoyed it all equally. But all the time my voice was really first in my thoughts, and I longed to study seriously, to arrange my whole life for it and its proper development.

The family, it seemed to me, was more interested in my trousseau than in anything else. They had scraped together five hundred dollars, and I was to have it all, incredible as it sounded, to buy clothes with. Subconsciously all day, and compellingly in bed at night, the thought of what I could do for my voice with that five hundred dollars was with me. I saw myself only as a singer, and knew that I could never be happy unless I were allowed first to get my

MY AIM in writing these memoirs has been to tell as nearly as possible just what an American girl goes through who prepares for and attains a position on the European operatic stage. I once loved Germany; now the German Government has made the name synonymous with Abomination, and I can no longer love it. But if any student can profit by my years of work spent there and in other countries, I shall feel that it has been worth while to tell this story.

instrument in thorough working order and then to use it. Finally my feeling grew strong enough to carry me into action.

New York was my Mecca. I talked it all over with my fiancé, told him what a year there would do for me, making it clear that I expected to sing professionally after our marriage. He agreed to everything and promised that I should do as I wished. His possible objection disposed of, only the financial difficulty remained, looming large before me. Deeply and more deeply I was convinced in my own mind that I might marry in old clothes, but not with my voice untrained. I finally summoned courage to propose to my family that I should use the precious five hundred for a year's study in New York instead of for a trousseau. Miraculous to relate they agreed and I was boundlessly happy.

We all spoke and thought of my future as that of a concert singer. My intention of marrying seemed to make anything else out of the question. Indeed, at that time the Metropolitan, in New York, formed the only oasis in the operatic desert of America. There were spasmodic attempts at traveling companies in English, but no other sign of a permanent institution throughout the length and breadth of the country. I must confess, however, that the operatic bee buzzed considerably at times in the less conspicuous portions of my bonnet. One or two musicians of standing who heard me sing pronounced mine an operatic voice, and strange longings stirred inside me when I saw the Metropolitan singers on the boards.

That winter in New York was a revealing experience to me in many ways. Numbers of things assumed different values in my estimation. One of the first new things I learned was the comparative insignificance of five hundred dollars as a provision for a year's expenses. I lived at one of those boarding houses which are called both "reasonable" and respectable, and had lessons in singing, diction and French; all of which counted up to a great many dollars a week. My five hundred began to shrink at an alarming rate, and I don't know what I should have done if a friend had not advised me to try for a church position—that invaluable means of adding to the resources of a student, which is possible only in America. Besides offering a splendid chance of financial assistance the church-position system is an infallible test of the money value of one's voice.

How many girls have I known in Europe embarking upon the expensive and dreadfully laborious preparation for an operatic career without possessing a single one of the qualifications necessary to success, without even an adequate, to say nothing of an unusual, voice! Their singing of Because I Love You! has been the admiration of their local circle, even less musical than themselves, and this little success has been enough to start them on a career doomed to certain failure. If they had only tried for church positions in a large city in America, had competed in the open market of their own country, they would have been saved a heartbreak and much good money besides.

I won a thousand-dollar position almost at once, over the heads of many older and more experienced competitors, on the merits of my voice alone. The salary was my financial salvation, but besides this my general musicianship was much improved by the practice in sight reading and ensemble singing. I grew used to facing an audience, and found a chance to put into use what I learned in my singing lessons.

The church in which I sang had many wealthy members, and the dress parade on Sundays used to be quite a sight. Our place, as choir, was directly facing the congregation, in a little gallery, so that our hats and dresses were subjected to very searching scrutiny. The furnishing of suitable garments for such an exalted position became quite a problem. The soprano was a well-known singer who, in addition to a good salary, had many concert and oratorio engagements; and her furs and ostrich feathers were my despair. I would sit up half the night to cover a last-year's straw hat with velvet. I made an endless succession of smart blouses, which, as we were hidden below the waist by the railing, I wore with the same utility black broadcloth skirt. I constructed the most original collars and jabots for them out of odds and ends.

My church engagement was to come to an end May first. The thought of turning my back on the start I had made depressed me fearfully. I had given my word to marry and did not think of wavering. But the letters of my fiancé and his rare visits to New York had not helped us to understand each other better. Many hours I walked the floor longing for advice and wrestling with myself. I said to my sister, "I have my foot on the first rung of the ladder and now I must take it off."

The one thought that comforted me was that I could go on at any rate as well as it was possible in my own town, and though it would be much harder to make a career from there, it could be done with the coöperation of my husband. It was hard for me to talk in those days, but one day driving down Fifth Avenue in a hansom, a rare treat, I remember my feelings were too much for me and I burst through my repression and told him how I must develop that side of me, and he promised that he'd help me. I believed him, of course. But though I was dreadfully serious, he, as I learned later, ranked my singing with the china-painting and fancy-work of his relations, as a sort of harmless pastime to occupy my leisure moments.

The Broken Engagement

ABOUT the first of May I returned home. They were all at the station to meet me; my fiancé had even broken into his office hours to be there too. We had seen each other seldom during my absence from home, for New York was a long way off and he was saving his pennies religiously for the great event. When we married our income would be a tight fit in any case, and I could not help rejoicing that my singing might add considerably to it. There was no thousand-dollar church position in our town, but one or two of the churches paid respectable salaries to their quartets, and I hoped soon to begin to make a concert career.

For a little while after my return I was very happy. Everyone was so nice to me and seemed to think I had done remarkable things already. Our church asked me to sing a solo the Sunday when the bishop was expected, and I held a sort of reception afterward and heard many pleasant things about my progress. After my hard work and self-denial, the rest, the gentle flattery and the comfort of home surroundings were very welcome.

Only with my fiancé things were not so satisfactory. Something, I did not know what, was the matter; but it all culminated one evening in his saying that no married woman should follow a profession, that she should find occupation enough in her own home. This was really a great shock to me, as he had promised me his support in my work so often.

I asked him very quietly if those were his convictions, and on his affirmative answer I took off his ring, returned it to him and went upstairs without one more word, feeling as if I had been wakened out of a nightmare and, though still palpitating from the shock, was experiencing relief at finding it over. In my own room I stretched my arms above my head and said "Free!" A marvelous vista of freedom opened to me after the months of strain. I could hardly bear to go to sleep, it was so wonderful to plan how I could go ahead and study.

(Continued on Page 30)

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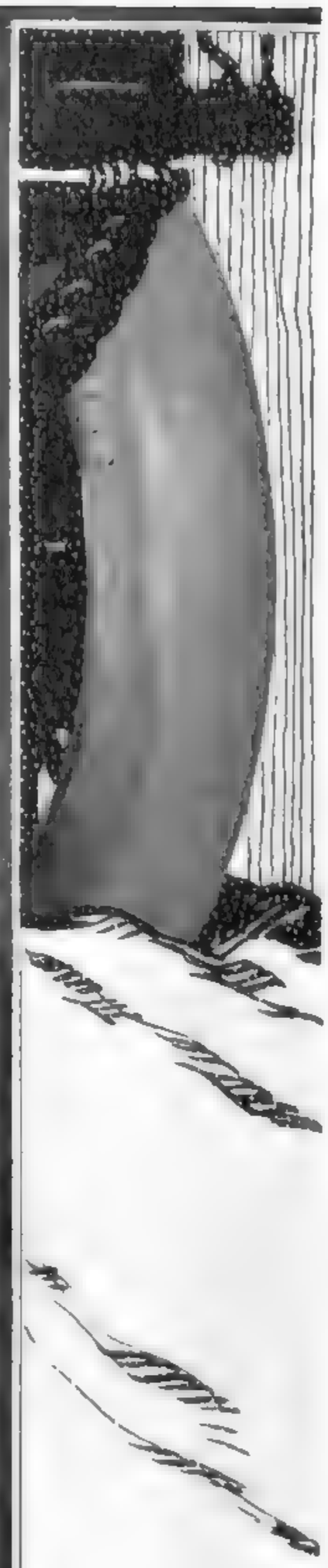

REPUBLIC
TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

I had given up my choir, and now on my return to New York found it a difficult matter to get another. All the churches had made their arrangements for the year, and the best I could hope for was occasional substituting in case one of the altos was unable to sing. I made the round of the agents' offices. Some heard me and were complimentary; some refused as their lists were full. But when I mentioned the word "engagement" I was always met by the rejoinder "No experience."

It seemed a hopeless deadlock. No one would engage me without experience and no one would give me an opportunity to become experienced. I knew that the one way out of the difficulty was to go abroad and get experience there. I have said that the idea of singing in opera had always made a strong appeal to me, and I knew that I had some of the qualifications necessary for the stage—a big voice, good stage appearance and ability to act—we had always acted—as well as a great capacity for hard work. But the essential qualification, without which the others were all ineffective, was the financial support necessary to get me there and to provide means of studying and of living adequately while I prepared myself for opera.

I despaired of obtaining this, but the way was suddenly opened for me in what seemed a miraculous manner. Friends of mine in the church, Frank Smith Jones and his wife, offered to finance me through my years of preparation and for as long afterward as I might need their aid. These real friends were behind me for years, and I owe them more than I can ever repay. They made it possible for me to have my sister with me; for me, a rather delicate girl, an inestimable benefit. In the seventh heaven of joy I prepared to go to Paris to study with Jacques Bouhy, recommended to me by my New York teacher. I packed my few clothes, some songs and a boundless enthusiasm, and set sail.

I crossed on one of the steady big ocean liners. I remember only one passenger, a boy of such personal magnetism, even then, that he stands out in my recollection as clearly as anyone I have ever met, though he was then only a young fellow and unknown to fame. His name was Douglas Fairbanks and his ambition was to go on the stage. He said as we neared England: "Well, some day we'll read 'Conried, of the Metropolitan Opera House, presents Miss Kathleen Howard,' and 'Charles Frohman presents Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.'" His prophecy—which I recall even to the spot on the boat where he made it, and the expression of his eyes, which matched mine at that moment—has almost been fulfilled.

I reached Paris in the beginning of September with my "instrument" in working order, with a smattering of French, a letter of credit for a thousand dollars, and a large supply of courage. I found my voice adequate to all my demands upon it, but the money just half enough; it was increased the next year. As for my courage, I have had to go on renewing that ever since, until it has become the largest factor in my success. Emma Juch told me once that she always said it was not difficult to attain success and make a career. Perhaps her success was made at a time when the competition was less keen, but I at any rate could never agree with her.

Settling Down in Paris

I ARRIVED in Paris early in the morning and went to a small hotel in the Rue Cambon. It quite thrilled me to ask the chambermaid for *eau chaude* instead of hot water; and I felt proud of knowing that the midday meal was called *déjeuner à la fourchette*. I remember that meal to this day—it began with radishes and butter, those inseparable companions in France, went on to omelet, then cold meat and salad, with small clingstone peaches and little white grapes for dessert. Red or white wine was included, and the bread was a yard long, cut half through into sections, and laid down the middle of the table. It was all half miraculous to me, and afterward when I went out to stroll under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli I thought myself in fairyland. The jewelry, lingerie and photograph shops delighted me, as they have innumerable tourists. The Place de la Concorde seemed one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen—an opinion which I still hold, by the way—and I felt like a queen when I called an open *fiacre* and drove in state toward the Arc de Triomphe, stopping to buy a big bunch of red roses for twenty cents from a ragged man who ran shouting beside my carriage. In the evening I went to the opera and wondered at the great stairway and at the big auditorium, and still more at the poor performance I saw there, but which I accounted for by the fact that September is the dull season.

That first day was all thrills. The next was spent in arranging hours for lessons and collecting *pension* addresses from all my acquaintances, as I saw that it would be impossible to do my work in a hotel. I set bravely out on my hunt for a dwelling place. Prices have increased considerably since those days, for at that time it was possible to get very good board and lodging on the left bank of the Seine for five francs a day. My professor, Jacques Bouhy, however, lived near the Arc de Triomphe, and I wished to be within walking distance. I toiled up and down a great many stairs and peeped into a great many rooms without finding what I sought. I could not bear to wait a day to begin working, and was just a bit discouraged, when I had the good fortune to meet two girls from home, who gave me the address of the *pension* where they had stayed. I rushed off at once to see it, and found a very nice house of several floors, situated in a *cité*, a sort of garden behind the first row of houses on the street, so that its windows faced a view of trees and flower beds with circular gravel walks round them, instead of cobblestones.

The head of the *pension* was an old woman who looked like a Bourbon but was really a *bourgeoise*. It was nearly noon when I arrived, but she was still in a wonderful dressing gown of purple and yellow stripes, with *chaussons*—cloth slippers—on her feet, and an elaborate coiffure of dyed black hair above her yellow old face. She was most gracious, remembered the names of her former lodgers, said they were *très gentilles*, turned a neat compliment to the American nation, and showed me the rooms herself.

I chose a back one of good size, nicely furnished and hung with pretty chintz. It had opening off it a large cupboard for washstand and trunks, and I was to have it with complete board for two hundred francs a month. The price was really higher, but my arrangement was for the winter. I was to pay extra for light and heat. The room had an open fireplace with a *grille*, or fire basket, in it, for which I could buy *boulets*—coal dust pressed into egg-shaped balls—for three francs a sack.

For light there was a huge lamp. I made my bath arrangements with Jean, madame's old servant, who, with his wife, Eugénie, was the real head of the establishment. I had bought a collapsible rubber tub, and Jean was to bring me a big can of hot water every morning. I found that I had to tip occasionally or the water became as cool as Jean's manners. Madame showed me her dining room and told me with pride that her cuisine was of an excellence renowned.

I went to fetch my trunks and hire a piano, glad that my long search was over. The piano was a small upright, a tin pan for tone, as are most Parisian pianos *en location*, and it was to cost me ten francs a month, with eight francs for carting. They are more expensive now. When it was installed, my Lares and Penates on top of it, and my music on a stool beside it, I felt that my feet were firmly planted on the ladder leading to success.

Then I began to work. And how I did work that winter! I had two singing lessons a week, and a session with the opera class lasting three hours, in which we went through the dramatic action of our rôles. I slaved at my repertoire, working three hours a week with a coach, and spending hours and hours a day learning by heart at home. Of course I began with the very biggest rôles—we all do. The personalities of Amneris, Carmen, Dalila, Azucena, in turn—all in their French version, of course—occupied my mind waking and sleeping.

Jacques Bouhy was always kind, grave and courteous with me. The thought of his having created Escamillo and his real knowledge of French traditions thrilled me. He lent me his copy of Samson et Dalila from which to copy the French words. It had an inscription from Saint-Saëns: "*À M. Bouhy, grand prêtre et grand artiste.*" He created the rôle of the Grand Priest.

I Used to Get Absorbed in a Character to the Extent of Becoming Perfectly Oblivious to My Surroundings

Bouhy Rises in Wrath

THE only time I ever saw him upset was one day after the opera class. We all thought him safely out riding, as he always was on Mondays. My letter, written at that time to my mother, says:

> This morning in the opera class we had rather an unpleasant time. Little N——, with the beautiful tenor voice, has learned in one week the first half of the Samson duet for me. He has had to learn it from a score which has only his voice part written in it. He is frightfully down on his luck, and with the gorgeous voice and speaking French can't get anything to do, and has no money—not a cent to his name. We had done that, someone else had sung, and having ten minutes left Valdejo told N—— to sing again if he would. He was tired, but jumped up and began the first part of Faust. He kept forgetting it. Suddenly the door opened and in walked Bouhy as white as a sheet. He commanded N—— to stop singing and to learn his things before coming again to the class. Said why did he sing like a barytone when he was a tenor, mocked him, told him he was ashamed to have such sounds made *chez lui*, that he had been a year on Faust. What example was he to the others? Everyone else had always worked seriously. He stormed for five long minutes, N—— standing quite still, with his brown dog's eyes fixed on him—then he left the room. It was frightfully uncomfortable for us too. I am sure I have done just such rotten work, so it may be my turn next. Of course Bouhy was right. N——has been there a year and ought to know it; but he is just tired out, and never sleeps, he says. They say Bouhy is beginning to show his age. This week he bounced his cook, whom he has had for years.

I had two French lessons a week, and should have had at least one diction lesson besides, but for an invaluable course which I had taken in New York. These lessons were a nerve-racking experience from which I used to emerge with my feathers all rubbed the wrong way, from the strain of trying to imitate the intangible differences between the various French *e*'s. But I have always been grateful for this rigid training, from the time when I first reached Paris, and, though speaking very little French, could give an address to a *cocher* without having to repeat it, until now, when I can thank my trained ear for a perfect accent in singing foreign languages.

I think no one ever studied more unrelentingly than I during that first year of hot enthusiasm. I began early in the morning, and the only reason that I did not burn the midnight oil was that I found it cost me too much in kerosene and firing. I could keep warm in bed for nothing, and *boulets* were my pet economy. Coming from a country where a warm room was taken for granted and where the furnaces in hotels and boarding houses might have been supplied by Elijah's ravens for all I knew about it, I just couldn't bear to see my money burning away bit by bit in a grate; and many a time I have put on my fur-lined coat rather than add fuel to the dying heap of dreadfully expensive ashes in the *grille*.

At first I had no companionship and very little recreation, beyond the ever-fresh wonder and delight of the Paris streets as I saw them in my daily constitutional. One day I went with a girl friend to visit her *atelier*. I wrote to my mother:

> We spent a long time in the life classroom. It was a mixed class; a large oblong room, filled with I should think over a hundred students, mostly men. They sat in a circle facing the model throne. The floor is not raised, but the effect of an amphitheater is produced by rush-bottom stools of different heights. They rest their pads on drawing portfolios on a railing in front of them. The room is intolerably hot because of the model. What struck us most was the intense silence and atmosphere of earnestness; no one speaks, and there is only the gentle rub-rub of

(Continued on Page 33)

Tarvia

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The Roads Must Help the Railroads

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Don't wait for the next county to act first; they may be waiting for you!

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Brown Shaping Lasts Prevent Foot Ailments

The Brown Shaping Lasts do for growing boys and girls what the standard army last does for the soldiers — insure perfect foot-action, maximum of foot service, and freedom from foot-ailments — because they

(1) embody the new scientific principles in shoe-making, with separate lasts for girls and boys;
(2) reproduce the lines and measurements of the perfect foot in each stage of its growth;
(3) vary slightly with each succeeding size at toe, arch, heel and shank;
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Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts—the shoes which reproduce Nature's lines of grace and beauty.

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BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FIRST BECAUSE OF THE LAST
BROWN SHAPING LASTS

(Continued from Page 30)

the charcoal, crayon or pencil against the paper. The students look quickly up and down and never move their glance except from their sketch to the model and back again. She was a very pretty young girl and took graceful half-hour poses. The one interruption was a quiet voice at the end of a half hour, "*C'est l'heure*"; and they stopped for a few minutes' rest.

We went into another room where a picturesque old wretch with long black curls, red velvet waistcoat, long blue cape well thrown back, black grimy hands clasped round his knee and clumsy rusty boots stuck out in front of him, was seated.

Later one of these old models used to come to my brother. He had a card on which was printed the list of poses he was prepared to take: The Twelve Apostles, The Eternal Father and The God Jupiter.

I found a little English tea room about a mile away, and often went there for tea and muffins, which in those days were hardly procurable in French places. The tea habit is only about ten years old in France. The people in the shop soon knew me by sight, which was just as well, for I would begin going over the words of some part in my head and walk out serenely, quite forgetting to pay for my tea. I still go in there occasionally when I am in Paris and remind them of that. I sometimes went to the two opéras and to the theater, but not nearly often enough, as I could spare neither time nor money, and the late hours made concentration on the next morning's work more difficult. The concert world was a great disappointment to me. I think I longed for nothing so much that year as to hear great orchestral music well performed; but the Lamoureux and Chevillard concerts did little to satisfy this craving, and I was amazed at the roughness of the strings and the narrow scope of the programs. Many of the great artists avoided Paris in their tours, the reason given being the lack of suitable concert halls.

Student Life in Paris

ON THE other hand, a whole new school of composition was opened to me that winter by a fellow *pensionnaire*. Charles Loeffler and Henry Hadley spent part of the winter in our *pension*, and Mr. Loeffler introduced me to the French modernists. Later in the winter we often talked over their works together. He used to stroll into my room about tea time, saying he liked to watch me make tea, for I had such attractive fingers. He used to take me to the odd corners of his beloved Paris, cafés haunted by long-haired Sorbonne students and to *cafés chantants*.

In those days Charles Fallot was still at the Noctambules and used to rise, very black and white and thin, and gaze at himself in the big mirror opposite, while he gestured with his long skinny arms and thoroughly French hands, and delivered himself of his witty *chansons*. Another night we went to a famous Montmartre place, Bolte à Fursy, but it was not at all the same thing and neither of us liked it.

Henry Hadley had the room above me, and often told me my hours of playing Carmen nearly maddened him. I always studied in bed or at the piano, without singing, and rarely used my voice when committing rôles to memory. Hadley often had Cyril Scott, the English composer, in his rooms, and I used to listen with joy to Scott's imaginative playing. It was like birds sweeping and swooping; all keys and intervals were interwoven. He always said, one hand on his forehead: "I have no understanding for limitations of harmony or rules of tempo." And, indeed, why should one have? He liked nothing older than Debussy, and was unspeakably bored by Gluck and Beethoven and their ilk, though he loved Carmen. Hadley still retained a strong admiration for Wagner and respect for the old school, though he much appreciated the moderns and the modern orchestra. I first saw Mary Garden as Melisande with him. We both sat rapt and spellbound to the end, transported by what was to me a perfect revelation as to scoring for modern orchestra, the intangible operatic form and, most of all, the subtle imaginative acting of Mary Garden.

Her power of suggestion in those days was capable of conveying any shade of thought or delicate mood to the spectator. That performance has always been and will always be an inspiration to me.

Hadley was always starting off on impossible journeys to Egypt and the Orient, in search of material. His talk was filled with the strangest scraps of out-of-the-way information, like bright-colored rags in a dust heap. Bauer lived a door or two away, and I used to hear him practicing and then hear his concerts. A wordy war would rage at our end of the table at dinner, while old madame, from her seat of honor in the center, would cry, "*Mais français, parles français, mes enfants!* You crush my ears with your English!" Of course no attention was paid to her. Joining passionately in the discussions, though not themselves of the *métier*, were two American girls, living on the top floor, who were supposed to be writing a play together. One or another of the composers was usually more or less in love with one or other of the girls, and they took sides accordingly, for and against the recognized masters of the past. The two were most amusing, always doing something crazy.

At one time they had an incubator in their room, the gift of a passing admirer, and we engaged passionately in raising chickens. The machine was heated by a huge kerosene lamp, and they were always turning it too high and having it fill the room with blacks and smoke, or letting it go out altogether. However, two or three chicks, more strenuously determined to live than the rest, managed to struggle out at length, and their advent was heralded by the whole *pension*. We had marked our initials on the eggs, one egg each, and when mine showed the first signs of life I held it in my hand till it was partly hatched. The little pecks inside the shell were fascinating to feel in one's palm. As soon as the chicks could walk they were taken downstairs into the courtyard, and their attempts to scratch gravel were hailed by the assembled inhabitants of the garden in a rapture of several languages. One Englishman wanted

Miss Howard as Dalila

to make them little jackets so that he could take them for walks in the Bois.

Discussion was meat and drink to all these people. Their cry was "Sensations, sensations! Let the artist experience everything in his own person!" This doctrine sounded rather a menace to conduct, but talking endlessly about sensations seemed to be equivalent in most cases to experiencing them. Nevertheless, some of them indulged in desperate orgies of black coffee and cigarettes as an invocation to their muse; and one of the composers assured me that the great symphonic poem on which he was at work had been inspired by breaking a bottle of scent in a closed cab, and driving for hours in the Bois inhaling the perfume. They loved to recount these Gargantuan excesses, and were extravagant in praise of midnight oil, attic windows, and the calm inspiration of early dawn after nights of frantic toil. They were dreadfully sincere, and very amusing to watch, but it seemed to me that there was a great deal of stage setting for very little play. They tended the green shoot of their artistic development with such fantastic care that it was in danger of dying from too much consideration. Personally I was too busy for either sensations or the analysis of them, though I used to wonder what this Paris could be like into which they journeyed and from which they returned full of tales of *affaires* and lovely women and gorgeous houses. It all seemed most romantic and interesting to me.

The other end of the dinner table represented staid conventionality in contrast to our anarchism. In the center sat madame, and beside her her lifelong friend, the editor of one of the Paris newspapers. Opposite her was Madame M——, an American in the days of long ago, but with no trace of it left except her persistent accent. She was reputed to possess one hundred dresses, and certainly the variety of her costumes was amazing; but as she was at least fifty-five and had preserved every gown for the last thirty years her annual dress expenditure after all was probably not extravagant. Her old husband was never allowed a word when she was present, so he revenged himself for the privation by interfering with every game started after dinner in the salon; whist, poker, patience—no matter what it was, he always insisted that the players were quite wrong and that he could show them how it was done in the clubs.

There was a young Russian girl with a pretty face and pretty clothes, whose hands, however, betrayed her peasant origin. Her beautiful sister was engaged at the Grand Opéra, so she was an object of great interest to me. There were some Swedes and nondescript Americans and a charming French family—a mother and two daughters—bearers of an historic name, who had come up from their château in the south of France that the girls might have masters in various accomplishments, and were living in the *pension* from motives of economy.

On Sundays their brother, a young naval officer, used to dine with them. With his pale, aristocratic face, little side whiskers, the high stock of his uniform, his strapped trousers and narrow arched feet, he was like a John Leech drawing come to life.

Then there was a large Frenchwoman, Madame la Marquise de Quelquechose, who lent the luster of her title and her ancestral jewels to our bourgeoise board; at least, she said her jewels were heirlooms, but her ancestors must have had a prophetic taste in jewelry, as I often saw replicas of her ornaments in the shops of the Rue de Rivoli. An old Englishwoman completed our list of permanencies. In spite of twenty years' residence in Paris she would still ask for "*oon petty poo de pang*" in a high drawling voice. There were transients of many nationalities, but these were our regular inmates.

An interesting man sometimes dined with us. Writing my mother about him, I said:

> Last night Mr. H—— dined here and told us many yarns about Sarah Bernhardt. He said once when he was in California he was asked to meet her and they all went on a hunting picnic together. She dropped her robe when she got to the island where they had *déjeuner*, undoing a wide, heavy, Egyptian-gold-and-precious-stone belt, and appeared attired in a man's velvet hunting suit. He says she adores to talk *cancan*, and referred to the manager as "that *cochon*." After breakfast she threw the champagne bottles far into the lake and shot them to pieces at the first shot. The only posey thing she did was when she undid her belt and threw it far across the road, and when he asked her if that was the way she treated such beautiful things she said that the man who gave it to her was domestic!

After a few months of strenuous endeavor on my part I began to be a little dissatisfied and restless. I saw clearly that in a year's time, working at such pressure, I should have a sufficient repertoire to begin my apprenticeship on the stage; but I did not see my way to a début quite so clearly. I talked with the other pupils to get at their ideas of progression. They all said "When I make my début at the Opéra," or "the Comique." They were all sure of an opening at the top, and apparently would consider nothing less than leading rôles in a world capital. That was not my idea at all. I did not care about a début. I wanted to learn to act, to do my big parts over and over again before an audience, to sing them into my voice, to learn to make voice, face and my whole body an articulate expression of all that the rôle had to say.

Feet at Ten Minutes of Two

I TRIED to find out how the singers of the two opéras had made their careers. Some I learned, though doing leading work, still paid for their performances by taking so-and-so many francs' worth of seats every time they sang. Some had gained a hearing by the influence of their teachers. Some were there by "protection." The Russian girl's sister was very beautiful, but she was not very gifted either vocally or histrionically, and I wondered at her engagement until I heard that she was the *protégée* of a certain rich man. The winners of the first prize at the Conservatoire had a chance given them, and one or two had made good to a certain extent and still sang occasionally. But, I thought, if the débutantes of the Conservatoire must be given an opportunity there can be very little room for other inexperienced singers, and certainly none for foreigners. The France-for-the-French spirit had impressed me tremendously, as it must all foreigners in Paris. Generous as the city is to them, she rightly gives her rewards to those of her own race first.

The opera class was another source of annoyance to me. The one idea was "copy what I show you"—make a faithful imitation, whether it expresses what you feel or not; it doesn't matter what you feel so long as you pour everything into the same molds and turn out neat little shapes labeled "love," "hate," "despair"—all ready for use and all "true to the traditions of the French school." The first lessons of all were in standing and walking, and there began my madness. The traditions demanded that one's feet be set eternally at ten minutes of two. Mine would deviate from this rule, and I aided and abetted them in their mutiny. My instinct was to sit down occasionally with my knees together, instead of always draping one leg at the side of the chair. I often felt like singing quite a long phrase with no gestures at all, instead of keeping up a succession of undulating arm movements.

Our dramatic coach, a fiery individual who chewed coffee berries persistently, struggled in vain to teach me to lay one hand on my heart in the traditional manner, two middle fingers together, little one crooked, thumb in. Sometimes mine looked like a starfish, and sometimes like a flat; and both were taboo. Gestures had to melt into each other; there were different ones for different emotions, and woe betide you if you mixed them! There was a sort of test speech beginning "*Moi, qui vous parle.*" The hand at *moi* had to be laid upon the chest in the approved manner. I have forgotten the middle, but the end was "*et je vous jure, que je le ferai jamais!*" At *jure* one elevated the right hand, the first two fingers raised, and at *jamais* the right arm described a figure eight across the upper half of the body, with the gesture of tearing away a long beard. We did this all winter and never reached perfection—that is, an exact copy of Valdejo, our instructor.

We had to practice the classic walk—slowly advancing, foot dragging, stomach out, very lordly to see, one arm bent from the elbow with the forearm and hand resting against the body—a most difficult thing. The different versions were very comic, but the idea was excellent and I used it later in Orfeo. Certainly a pulled-back "tummy" would not be in character in a Greek tunic.

Later we had to act scenes from our operas, and there I got on better. I used to get absorbed in the character to the extent of becoming perfectly oblivious to my surroundings. I remember once as Dalila throwing myself so hard upon the supposed couch of Dalila that I thumped my head on the marble mantel behind me. My watching classmates burst into a snicker and I into real tears of anger, not of pain. I had entirely forgotten them when their giggles wrenched me back into the present; but their great pride was never to forget themselves and always to be ready to imitate the coach in cold blood. He, however, appreciated that I had something in me, and used to thump me on the back and call me "*Canaille!*" when I did anything that pleased him—a curious expression of approval.

I am not denouncing the ordinary opera class. This method of slavish imitation doubtless has its usefulness for some people. The old order of opera singer was often trained by such schooling. But Mary Garden had opened my eyes to the new order of singing actors, and the old method was no help to me. I longed for a real stage on which to try out my own ideas and find by experience whether they were right or wrong. I wanted to gain that subtle quality, authority, which is nearly as important as voice itself, that routine which makes one forget the four long bones of the body and blends all its members into an instrument of expression, homogeneous and harmonious.

Provincial Audiences

In my researches into the life stories of French singers I heard much of the French provinces as a training school, and turned my attention to accumulating all the information on that subject that I could gather. I heard tales of southern audiences who cheered their singers to the echo, waited in a mob to tear the horses from their carriages after a performance, pelted them with flowers and expressed their approval in other picturesque fashions. The reverse side of the picture is of directly opposite character, when benches are torn up and flung over the gallery by the "gods," disappointed at not hearing a favorite singer, and the head of the unlucky substitute is the target for their missiles till he makes good with a high note loud enough to pierce the din of their protestation. If a wretched singer clears his throat loudly enough to be heard he will be greeted at each entrance by a chorus of throat-clearing from the gallery. If his acting of a part strikes them as being pretentious or oversolemn, groans and cries of "Shaksper-r-r-e" reward his efforts. To crack on a high note is the certain signal for a riot of yelling and jeers; but the unhappy singer must stick it out at any cost, for if he leaves the stage they wait for him outside and set upon him bodily.

"If you've made the round of the provinces," as Harry Weldon, who has done so, once said to me, "you can sing in hell!"

Of course not all provincial audiences are so temperamental as the southerners, but, as far as I could learn, paid performances and protection seemed to exist everywhere in greater or less degree. The repertoire was limited and old-fashioned—the standard French operas—Faust, Mignon, Carmen, Hamlet—were performed; with Traviata, Trovatore, Aïda, The Barber, some Meyerbeer, and many of the lighter works, like La Fille du Régiment. Among the more modern works were Werther and Manon, of Massenet; with Bohème and Butterfly and perhaps Louise. Lohengrin and Tannhäuser were sometimes given; but the big Wagner dramas, the classics of Mozart, Weber and Gluck, and the moderns like Debussy, Dukas, Strauss, Humperdinck, seemed neglected. Over all there hung a general lack of method, musical thoroughness and discipline. I must confess that I judge largely by hearsay, as the only provincial French opera house of which I have any personal knowledge is that of Nancy. So it may be that I do the provinces an injustice. Of course both Monte Carlo and Nice offer many novelties—but then, Monte Carlo is not a provincial French opera at all.

On the other hand the stories I heard of the great operatic machinery of Germany began to attract me. The organized system of opera, the great chain of opera houses, the discipline of their rigid schooling, the concentration and deep musical sincerity of their musicians, the simplicity of German life—all seemed to offer what I was looking for. The dramatic quality of my voice, I believed, would have more scope in their more varied repertoire, while surely in their hundred-odd opera houses I might find a place to work out my ideas in peace.

De Reszke's Warning

Everyone thought me crazy. My teachers tried their hardest to dissuade me, promising me a great career in France. But I felt a call to Germany, where I hoped to find the right conditions for my own development, which seemed lacking in France. The great barrier was the language—the difficulty of singing in it, to say nothing of learning it, for I did not know one word. Jean de Reszke said to me later, speaking of German as a language for singing: "*Avec cette langue vous n'arriverez jamais*"—"With that language you will never succeed." However, I have said that I had a good deal of courage in those days, and I determined to go to Berlin to try my luck.

Not that I was tired of Paris. It is still my favorite city, offering a wonderful opportunity for broadening culture to those who can get into touch with its art life. I owe it a great debt for deepening my artistic perception, and developing that sense of true proportion which keeps one from exaggeration on the one hand and pedantry on the other. But I should not recommend Paris as the best school for the ordinary American student of singing who has no opportunity to penetrate into real French life. There is no lack of sincerity in the real French institutions—the Conservatoire, the schools of art, the Sorbonne—there are found concentration, competition and keenness enough. But the foreign student of singing did not ordinarily come into contact with these institutions. In the Paris vocal studios, as I knew them, there is a dissipation instead of a conservation of energy. The students expect to win the crown without running the race, and money and influence play too great a rôle. The splendid solid qualities of the French people escape their attention altogether, while the frivolity and luxury, which to the unthinking unobservant foreigner who can not penetrate below the surface seem the salient characteristics of French life, have a subtle demoralizing effect, making it hard to pursue the narrow path of daily grind. The students—vocal students, I mean—tend to exaggerate their little emotions into *grandes passions*, and hold the most disproportionate views of their own importance. I do not mean to say that I agree with a certain singer who brought back harrowing tales about American students in Europe. Among all the hundreds of vocal students I have known I never met one case of flagrant misbehavior. In general the girls live quietly and strive according to their lights, though there is not one in twenty with resolution enough to concentrate on the hard work necessary for a great career. The temptation is to fritter away both time and money on the things that don't matter.

The first of September, without a word of German, I set out for Berlin. My mother had come over during the preceding spring to make her home in Paris with my brother Cecil and my sister. From that time on I went to them for the summers, and my sister joined me when I went to Metz and has never left me since. It made it harder to leave both family and Paris behind and go into an unknown land, but I felt it to be the best way.

Lilli Lehmann's studio was my objective point. I found her address in a musical journal and, armed with that and the address of an inexpensive *pension*, I took the train. Arrived in Berlin I took a cab, directing the driver to my *pension* by showing him the street and number on a piece of paper. Somewhere between that cab and my room my traveling clock got lost, and what a time I had to recover it! The apple-cheeked maid knew of the existence of no other language besides her own. In vain I made a pendulum of my finger and tirelessly repeated "tick, tick"—no gleam of intelligence dawned in her Prussian blue eyes.

The first few days brought a series of disappointments. The Lehmann idea had to be abandoned. She was out of town and recommended me by letter to a certain Herr ——, to whom she was sending everyone who applied to her. I found him a dear old man indeed, but one who had nothing to say to me on the subject of voice production which I had not heard already. However, I decided to begin the study of German repertoire with him, painstakingly relearning the operas I already knew in French, and adding the new ones required for a German engagement. Later I found a good *répétiteur*, who knew the operas thoroughly, quite sufficient and much cheaper, as he charged only four marks an hour. I studied the words of my rôles with Herr ——'s wife, who had been an actress and a good one, and who laid the foundation of what is now a perfect German accent. These lessons were five marks an hour, and were quite worth it. I would learn a rôle by heart, sentence by sentence, looking up every word in the dictionary and writing in the translation over the German, spending hours in fruitless search for a past participle that did not look as if it belonged to its infinitive, the only part of the verb, of course, to be given in the dictionary! Then, sentence by sentence, I would go over it with Frau ——, repeating each word after her, sometimes twenty times! Besides this drudgery I had German lessons for four months—at three marks—for which I had to translate and write exercises. All the labyrinths of the declension of articles, nouns, and adjectives in three genders, and plurals, lay before me to be explored. The datives and accusatives haunted my dreams by night, and by day I was reduced to the sign language.

Cheap Seats for the Opera

I had left my first *pension*, and crushing down the temptation to live in one of the big, gay German-American *pensions*, where justice is tempered with mercy, so to speak, I moved myself and my piano into a real German one, where I was the only alien. It was one floor of a large house in a quiet side street—the top floor, and no elevator! I climbed eighty-seven steps, by actual count, every time I came home from a lesson. I had a huge room, heated by steam, with board, for four marks a day. The meals were *echt deutsch*. Breakfast was set ready on the dining-room table at some unearthly hour, and the guests went in and helped themselves when they chose. The coffee and hot milk were kept warm over little alcohol flames, and there were delicious Berlin rolls and the best of unsalted butter. Dinner was at two, and was good in its plain way. We had some North German dishes, which one had to learn to enjoy, like olives. Hot chocolate soup I grew quite fond of, but beer soup, sorrel soup, and cabbage soup with cherries in it were never exactly intimates of mine. One dish, of baked ham with dumplings and hot plum jam, sounds strange, but improves on acquaintance.

My fellow *pensionnaires* were nearly all teachers or students preparing to be teachers. They all spoke German and nothing but German, and at first I used to think my mind would drown in the overwhelming floods of it that assailed my ears. Gradually it came to sound like individual words and phrases, and soon I dared occasionally to launch a small conversational bark upon it, avoiding the disastrous rocks of gender as skillfully as possible, though often at first by the time my genders and cases were all arranged for a sentence the subject had changed and I could not use it.

Another American student of singing came to live there, and in the evening we used to go to the opera or to concerts together. On Saturdays the evening paper announced the program at the opera for the week, and we could hardly wait to look at it. The cheaper seats were in great demand. Students waited for hours, sometimes from earliest dawn, outside the box office on Sunday mornings, when the sale for the week began. We had an arrangement with the keeper of a little fruit and vegetable shop, to save ourselves the wait. We would decide what we wished to see and go over to his shop on Saturday evening to order the seats from him. He then went down early enough to secure the front row in the top gallery for us at two marks fifty, and we paid him half a mark for his trouble. Three marks for gallery seats was quite a high price in comparison to prices for the rest of the opera house, for the orchestra chairs cost only eight marks. The top gallery is vast, and the back rows are much cheaper, but the authorities show their sense in keeping up the price of the front rows, and I don't think there is ever an empty seat there.

Landing a Contract

By the first of December I had broken the back of the German declensions, understood a good part of an ordinary conversation, and had painfully acquired three or four rôles in German. The gadfly of my ambition began to torment me again, and I determined to look for a job.

Students often ask me "How did you get your first engagement?" This is how: I went to see the best agent in Berlin, a man of the highest reputation for fair dealing, who is the recognized head of his profession. Opinion as to the agent's powers of usefulness is divided among singers. Some maintain that they have made all their good engagements independently, others tell you that you are safe only in the hands of a reputable agent. I have closed contracts in both ways. The agent is not omnipotent. It is his business to watch the operatic field and notify you when there is a vacancy that he thinks would suit you. He is apt to know first where such vacancies are likely to occur. Directors who are looking for singers sometimes went straight to their favorite agent. Then he, the agent, sends you word that Herr Direktor Soandso will be at his office on such a day to hear singers. When you respond you may find yourself the only contralto among many other voices, or you may find yourself one of six or seven all wanting the same engagement. The agent keeps contract blanks in his office, and when he hears of a vacancy in an opera house he fills in a blank with your name, the name of the theater, and tentatively the salary he thinks they will pay, and sends it to you. You sign it if it suits you, and return it to the agent. This is really nothing more than a notification that there is or will be such a vacancy, and is not worth the paper it is written on. American girls who do not understand this will tell you that they have "been offered Berlin, or Vienna, or Munich," when they have merely received one of these *Agenten-Vertrage*. A contract is worth nothing as such until it is countersigned by the director of the opera house and yourself as singer. Even then it is not valid until you have sung as many trial performances at the opera house as the contract calls for, and for which you may have to wait six months.

I told my agent what I wanted—a chance to do big rôles somewhere, salary no particular object, as I should look upon the experience as the completion of my training. I sang for him, left with him my repertoire and photographs, and he promised to let me know of the first opportunity that presented itself. In a short time he sent for me to come to see the director of the Theater des Westens, a Berlin theater which at that time was the home of a sort of popular opera. I sang for the manager, and he was very complimentary. He offered to engage me at once, but he added, curiously enough, that I was too good for him! They gave only the older operas like Trovatore, on which the copyright had expired, and of these only the ones which the *Hofoper* did not give, so that I should have no chance to sing my big parts. At the same time he said he would very much like to have me. The offer did not suit my

(Concluded on Page 42)

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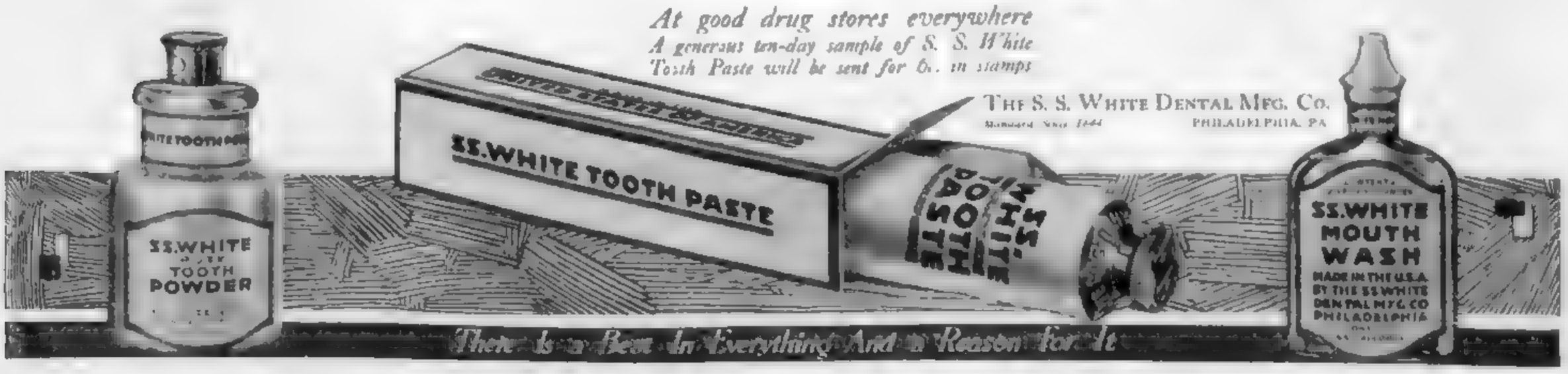

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"Mr. Byrd, This is Miss Glaub. Miss Glaub is the Greatest Little Salesman We Got in the Town"

FREDERICK H. GROSSE, president—very actively so—of The Grosse Machine and Tool Company, let forth an apoplectic roar that sent new pulsing shades of deep carmine to the already vermilion Grosse countenance.

"But we don't want the order," he bellowed. "Why should we be monkeying roun' with this cost plus six per cent stuff when we can go out an' get twenty? Huh?"

"But the country ——"

Little John Byrd, secretary and treasurer, seemed meekly apologizing for his patriotism. When a man's job depends on another and the other has an apoplectic bellow it is better to protest in the tone of an apology.

"The country?" The bellow rose to a questioning inflection. "Did the country think of me in 1907? Did they, Byrd? Did they come roun' an' say to me: 'We know you got a good sound business, Grosse—your automatic drill punch is a wonder—we'll have one of the national banks help you over this temporary depression with a little loan'? Did they now, Byrd?

"But ——"

"No, they didn't!" The mottled, hairy Grosse fist emphasized the exclamation with a heavy thump on the desk between them. "No, they didn't! They sat back an' let me sink or swim, didn't they? That I came through wasn't their fault. They looked after Number One—didn't they? Well, why shouldn't I? Huh?"

"But, Mr. Grosse, wartimes are different. You ——" The little man plucked nervously at his fringy string of a black tie and let his voice drop still lower; rarely had he dared to go this far in objection when the bellow was in the air. But in wartimes everybody has to take some chance. The Grosse Machine and Tool Company was equipped as only one other firm in the country for quantity production in drill punches. They had the material, the men, the equipment. It was their duty, Mr. Byrd was sure of that. But Grosse . . . And after all Grosse was The Grosse Machine and Tool Company. Still it wasn't right for him to sit idly by and —— Mr. Byrd coughed—almost aggressively.

"We—we ——" He began quite firmly, but the little blue eyes across the table seemed to be fairly popping in their opposition. After all, a man's bread and butter —— "These are wartimes," he finished weakly.

Once more the table trembled under the impact of pudgy flesh beating its polished surface. "Sure these are wartimes!" the bellow agreed. "They need me now. They need my plant; this ain't 1907." This last with relish.

"But ——"

"We had our lean years an' nobody helped us; now when we gotta chance to clean up why should we sit back an' take cost plus six per cent instead of twenty, huh? Why?"

"Patriotism"—almost a whisper.

"Patriotism?" The bellow had become a silky sneer. "Patriotism?" it repeated. "What is patriotism in a democracy but money? This is a commercial war, Byrd. The country where I was born is fighting the country where I live. What for, I ask you, Byrd? Is it all this spread-eagle bunk? No! It's for business—an' more business, Byrd. War is war, ain't it? Well, so why shouldn't I get what I can while the getting is good—while the country is gettin' what it wants."

"But Mr. Grosse, we—we must stand together if this war is to be won." The platitude seemed almost to apologize for itself.

The bellow had become a gurgling, choking laugh. "Sure thing we stand together—but that ain't any reason why I shouldn't take twenty per cent from some company that is willing to pay it, is it? Huh?"

An idea struck the little man square between the watery blue eyes. "But your sympathies," he urged in a firmer voice—"you're German. If you don't go after the order it may hurt the business. People—even business firms are watching things like that now."

His florid superior lit a cigar and smiled pityingly.

"Well, it's so. Besides, the Government may think it's funny an' come after us—commandeer the entire plant."

Mr. Grosse puffed complacently and settled back into the hollow of his chair. With true Teutonic stolidity he sat back and watched with evident satisfaction the twitching face of his secretary.

Little Byrd moved uncomfortably under the heavy, almost contemptuous stare. It prodded him almost to aggression. "Well, it's so, isn't it?" he demanded finally.

Mr. Grosse stretched his stubby arms upward and yawned. When he spoke it was in a tone seasoned with kindly contempt. "Yes," he agreed; "that is so."

"Then why not do what we can to help th——"

Mr. Grosse sat up, with a subdued protest of well-oiled springs. "Wait a minute!" he commanded.

Mr. Byrd did, with sudden clutchings of the heart.

Mr. Grosse procured pencil and pad before continuing.

"It's a big order, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

A grunt.

"Twelve thousand dollars is a lot of money ——"

"Not so much as forty thousand—huh?"

"But what I said about this pro-German impression getting about—don't you think ——"

"Sure I think!" The pencil dropped and the bellow had altered to a silky, cunning leer. "That's why we are going after the order tooth an' nails."

"But you said ——" Little Mr Byrd would have preferred the angry bellow and quivering veins of throat and forehead to this soft compliance This latter usually prefaced the exposition of some new craftiness—some clever, ruthless business thrust that Mr. Byrd did not like. Sometimes, mostly at night when the bulging little blue eyes with their puffy, bulbous sockets seemed far away, little Mr. Byrd would clench his small fists and tell Grosse what he—John H. Byrd—really thought of him. This included Mr. Byrd's opinion of the way Paul Smoktar, that clever mechanic, had been cheated out of his improvement patents—how Old Brady had been fired with callous indifference after giving the best fifteen years of his life to the work of assistant wet nurse of the Grosse Automatic Drill Punch. Nursing it in the idea stage, coddling it through the blue prints, warming the milk and pacing the floor through the first year of actual production—and then fired. Fired! It was nasty. It was rotten! Somebody ought to take the fat little un-American Hun and tell him a few things—shake the sneer out of him. Kick into his fat little body some respect for the land that was fast making him rich. A good American kick! Swift, sure, scientifically placed. Little Mr. Byrd sighed regretfully. But a man has to live—and at forty hunting a position isn't ——

"But you said before," he repeated lamely, "that we didn't want the order."

Another nod, teeth showing. They had shown the same way the day The Grosse Machine Company obtained the Smoktar patents—and showed their originator the ground-glass door. John Byrd knew it was the moment for a true-blue old Yankee of the Byrd variety to rise and say very flatly that if there was to be any of the typical Grosse shrewdness—to call a fungus a rose—against the Government he was out of it, absolutely out of it. Instead—with the job before his eyes—he wet his dry lips with a tiny bit of nervous red tongue and waited.

The pencil marked time as the president explained, smiling with the satisfaction of the cleverness that was to come. U-boat cleverness, Mr. Byrd had called it once—to himself

His first question startled the nervous secretary to twittering attention.

"Byrd," still purring, "you're an officer of this company, ain't you?"

Hesitatingly Mr. Byrd admitted it.

"But at heart—way down in the bottom, I mean—you're a bookkeeper, ain't you?"

The Byrd hands clasped and unclasped beneath the shelter of the desk.

"I was," he qualified, and the qualification held a bit of a quiver. Was Grosse going to do the same thing to him that he had done to ——

But the other was smiling, sneeringly aware of the quiver.

"You don't get me, Byrd," he reassured. "I ain't got any complaint to make about your work; but what I mean is you don't know anything about anything else, huh?"

"Why ——"

"You're only a kinda clerk; you don't know anything about selling or anything—meeting people, huh?"

Outraged dignity struggled with the fear of the job. It was a partial victory for dignity. "I know the Grosse drill punch as well as any man in the machine shop"—quite proudly.

But pride ever goeth before a fall—of some kind.

Musing now, with supreme indifference as to whether the thoughts uttered aloud would hurt or wound, Mr. Grosse continued:

"Sure! But you gotta way of dressing—always behind the times someway."

A quick flush of resentment rose, quivered, died. Once more the job won.

"I—I don't get the time. A bachelor"—when he should have said the words that had mounted hot and choking with the flush.

Mr. Grosse appeared to have missed the low mumbled explanation or didn't bother to refer to it.

"An' you certainly ain't much of a talker" musingly.

Mr. Byrd was willing to admit this.

"Timid, eh, Byrd? Shrinking, like the little doe, huh?" with the coarse rasping chuckle. "Self-conscious, like a stuttering schoolboy in company, huh?"

At this exposition of his characteristics little Mr. Byrd blushed, nodded and tried to pass the deadly insult off as a joke. But it was true enough. He was shy. He was retiring. His dress—well he was getting too old to go round trying to ape these cutey boys on the Avenue.

"No personality"—still musing.

Another nod. Yes, that was true too! But it had always been so; even as a boy he had been of the gray background. Folks didn't listen to him; well, hardly anybody—two or three stenographers, two bookkeepers, an office boy.

"But just the man for the job."

Job? What job? For a moment the kindly little eyes brightened with sudden hope—only to die when the brain remembered the silky cunning of the Grosse voice but a few moments before.

"Yes?" he questioned.

But his superior, seemingly forgetting, was off on another tack.

"The Curtiss people will be out after this contract, won't they?"

"To be sure they "

"They have just as good patents an' equipment as us, huh?"

"Yes; but they are the only ones and ——"

Mr. Grosse seemed to continue a train of thought. "An' naturally they will send an' officer of the company because of the importance of the contract, huh?"

Nettled at the roughshod Grosse method of interruption, Mr. Byrd let his reply be slightly tinged with stiffness. "That is—er—very probable," he acknowledged.

"It's a cinch, I tell ya, Byrd."

"Well?" said Mr. Byrd, and wondered what it had to do with string ties and his love of office detail.

"Well," demanded his superior finally, after an interval during which the little secretary played nervously with his thin fingers, "don't you get the idea, huh?"

"I—I ——"

Mr. Grosse shook his head with mock sadness. "It ain't any wonder you're only a secretary," he said. "There's the whole thing in a nutshell; an' all you can do is shake your head."

"But—I ——" Mr. Byrd floundered, gasped and then waited patiently.

"All right!"—the tone was of the A B C variety—"Listen: The Curtiss people send an officer of their company, the best business getter they got, to Bigburg to get the order. They want the order—well, maybe because of all this patriotic junk, see?"

Mr. Byrd winced and then nodded resignedly. "Help the country, an' all that stuff, see? Help them in the trade—an' that. Well so do we! Ha! Ha! So do we, Byrd. We're going to be just as patriotic as they, see?"

"But why all this talk then about ——"

Mr. Grosse stopped the sentence with a heavy frown. "Wait a minute, Byrd!" he commanded heavily. "Wait a minute! We're goin' to send a man too—an officer of the company—an' a man that knows Grosse drill punches from heel plate to pulley ——"

"That means you, Mr. Grosse; you're the ——"

"Me?" The little puffy bits of blue were aglitter with contempt. "Me? Why—why—you poor—ahem—you—you little bookkeeper, why, I'd get the order!"

More befuddled than ever Mr. Byrd could only sit and stare. "But—but—I thought that was the idea!" after a moment.

"Idea?" Mr. Grosse laughed loudly at the tender humor of it. "I should say not! But it's goin' to look as if it was the idea."

"I don't ——"

"The man I'm goin' to send ain't goin' to look like a boob, y'see? He knows our product an' he's an officer of the company, so nobody can say that we sent a dub, y'understand. But just the same he is, Byrd. He don't know any more about selling than a rabbit. He ain't no smooth talker or a cigar buyer, an' his talk is mostly ahems an' pauses, but he has ab-so-lute orders to go down to Bigburg an' do his damnedest, y'understand, to put the thing across. Of course"—Mr. Grosse waved a heavy finger across the table—"I mean that, Byrd. No laying down on the job an' only pretending, but working every minute."

"You mean he is really to try to get the order, Mr. Grosse?"

Once more the shrewd Mr. Grosse laughed loudly, contemptuously at the naïve simplicity of his subordinate. "Sure!" he agreed. "Sure he is! But what chance has a guy like that got—a meek little fish with shiny pants—against the twenty-five-cent-straight-cigar man with his fifty-dollar suit an' his easy line of smart educated talk? How much, Byrd?"

"Not much," agreed little Mr. Byrd with reluctant admiration for so cunning a scheme or—if you looked at it from Mr. Grosse's point of view—such good business. Another thought struck Mr. Byrd.

"Who's this boob you're going to send down to Bigburg?" he asked, and wondered quickly whether the answer would be Maisel, the factory manager, or Garling, the vice president—his trousers were always like that.

"Who?" said Mr. Grosse, aflush with triumph—"why, who but you, Byrd!"

II

THERE is a maxim, constantly practiced by newspapers throughout the length and breadth of this war-ridden world, that the successful story is the story that carries the punch in the very first lines of the introduction. The stronger the punch the stronger the story. Following this line of reasoning then, we begin by making the bald statement that upon his arrival in Bigburg a month later Mr. John Byrd conducted himself in characteristic Byrd fashion—that this fashion led, on the second evening of his stay, to the acquaintanceship of Miss Adele Glaub, buyer of waists for the Mammoth Department Store of Bigburg, and who, despite Bigburg's six hundred odd thousands, considered herself a twelve-o'clock lady in a nine-o'clock town—that is, strictly within well-recognized limits. Miss Glaub resembled the great Beda Thara, the greatest movie vamp of them all, as one light six-cylinder family car resembles another; but her dark dangerous eyes lured only within reason, which however included any amount of luncheons, dinners and films of the more artistic variety. It was a sound business asset, asserted Miss Glaub, to dress like a live wire—just as much for a woman as for a man. It saved much money to the Mammoth, by showing at a glance that here was a woman—well, a beautiful woman if you insist—to whom the white lights, Astorbilts and current silk-market quotations were constant companions.

It made for better price quotations and a lessening tendency to palm off embroidered Georgettes when they were screaming for sports stripes. Besides, as Miss Glaub so girlishly appealed to each new friend—a girl cannot help it if she happens to resemble one of the greatest beauties of the screen.

Miss Glaub said the same thing to little Mr. Byrd on the occasion of their first meeting during a little neighborly gathering at the Claude E. Spilkers' apartments across the hall from the little three-room nest inhabited by Miss Glaub, in the Ansonia Apartments.

The meeting followed the aforementioned conduct of little Mr. Byrd upon his arrival in Bigburg. To wit: Instead of going to the imposing Reliance Hotel with its gorgeous hand-carved lions, the hostelry at which undoubtedly the representative of the Curtiss people would be laughingly buying twenty-five-cent straights, Mr. Byrd coughed, thought of the gilded lobby and its supercilious attendants, hesitated, thought of how his worn little pepper-and-salt would look beside the regal garb of all the other guests, coughed again and then called up his friend Spilker, of the Machine Parts Company. Of course Spilker immediately insisted on the empty guest room at the Ansonia.

The following evening Miss Glaub, having previously noted the arrival of Mr. Spilker and his guest, dropped in entirely by accident and was greatly embarrassed to find another guest—a male guest.

But this was at once smoothed away by the mystery of Mr. Spilker's introduction. It seemed to set both parties athrill, and as their hands parted the glowing Glaub orbs were frankly shining with the most engaging lure, while the white little Byrd mouth was frankly agape.

"Mr. Byrd, this is Miss Glaub. Miss Glaub is the greatest little salesman we got in the town."

"O-o-o-oh, Mr. Spilker, ple-e-e-se!"—with laughing remonstrance.

"Mr. Byrd is here on important government business about —— But then, that's a military secret; ain't it, Byrd?"

Mr. Byrd was about to disavow the secrecy clause frankly when he noticed the glowing eyes at his left. "Ahem—er—yes," he admitted; and his customary hesitation sounded quite like the whisper of sound military strategy.

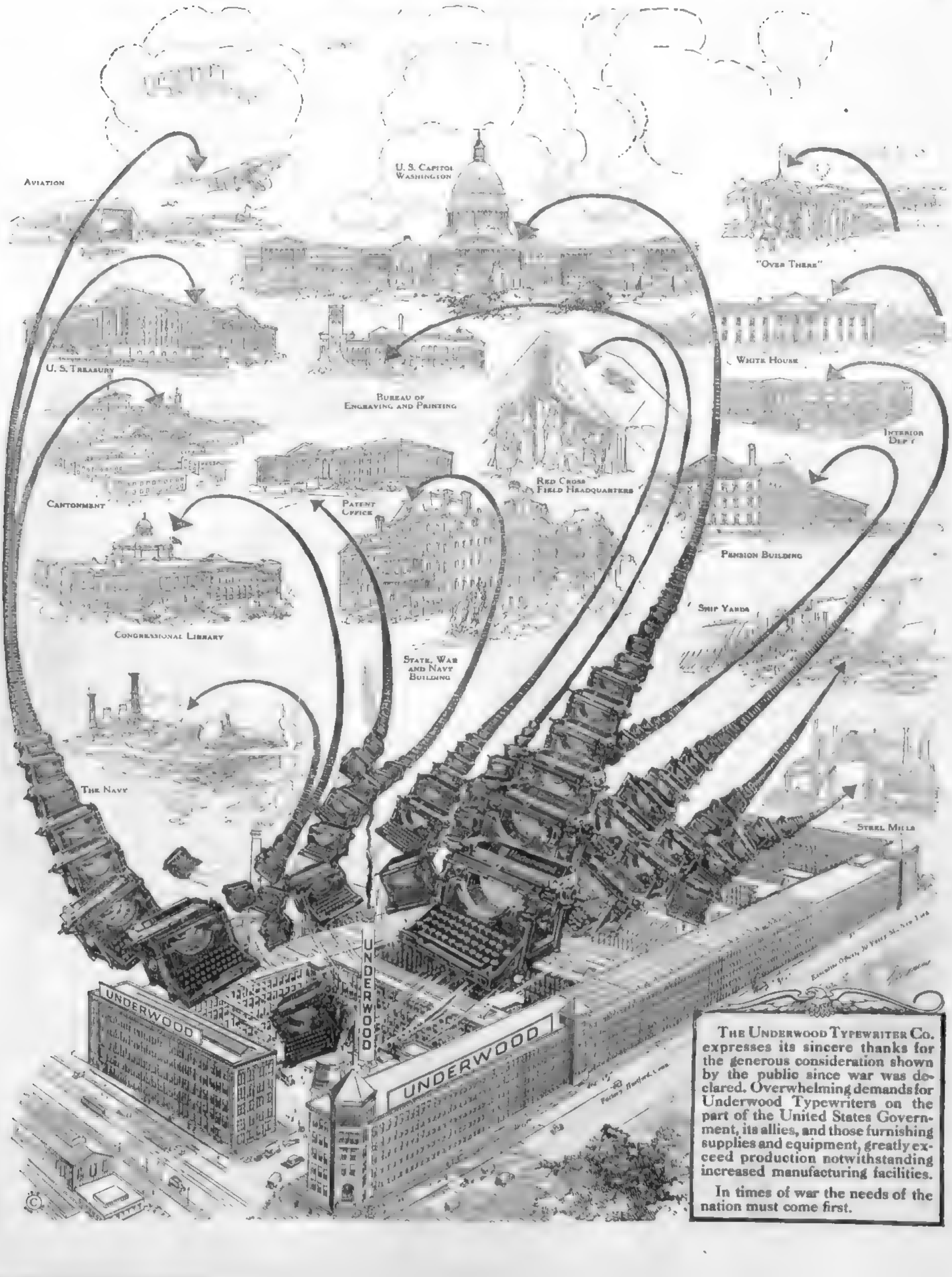
Once more the dark eyes became tender with the most intense admiration. "O-o-o-oh, Mr. Byrd!" she thrilled. A military man! A silent mysterious man, dressed in civilian clothes, no doubt, to foil some deep-laid Hun plot. Not an imposing figure, such as Claude Merode made as the English captain in For All and England; but then this was real—this was life! Undoubtedly this seemingly tired little man merely used this tiredness and timidness to cover a quickly working razorlike brain. To be sure, his clothes looked as if he slept most of the night in them, but in a uniform, a colonel's uniform probably, well ——

"O-o-o-oh!" she thrilled again and let the dark and dangerous get in the full effect of their forty-centimeter softness.

But the dark and dangerous could be credited with only twenty per cent of the havoc that appeared to have been wrought in the general direction of the concave Byrd chest. "The greatest little salesman we got in the town." A salesman! A person that possessed the deep secret of being well dressed and buying twenty-five-centers. A person that could yank an order book from an inner pocket and without a trace of blush, bashfulness or apology murmur "Quantities?" very crisply! The very kind of person that he was not. Of course she was a woman, but she was the kind of woman that Grosse would have refused to send out after this order. A salesman! Grosse wouldn't have dared to sneer and say "Do your damnedest." But he had taunted him, Byrd. The fat little Hun—yes, he was a Hun—not a German-American loyal to the land that had given him the good things of life, like most German-Americans, but a Hun! And he had taunted him, John Byrd, an American, a Vermont Yankee—taunted him to go out and try to do his country a favor—because he knew that he couldn't.

(Continued on Page 41)

"Barnum Said," She Explained Coyly, "That They Liked to be Fooled"



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FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
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Firestone

(Continued from Page 36)

But couldn't he? He, John Byrd, of Vermont? The little mouth tightened to grimness and swore that he would do his damnedest—he would show Grosse. But the job? Well, hadn't the other ordered him to do everything he could to land it? Hadn't he? He would too! He would show him what a Yankee could do—when you sneered at him. A Hun too! But down deep, deep in his heart a subconscious throb inspected the situation with impartial eyes—and doubted.

He suddenly became aware of the dark eyes staring with engaging frankness at him. "I beg—er—your pardon. I was—er—I was thinking."

Of course she forgave him. "I'll bet you were thinkin' about something to tie a knot or two in the Hun"—with pretty appeal.

For a moment he stared. Could a good salesman really read the —— But that was foolish. "Yes," he agreed, almost savagely for Mr. Byrd, "I was thinking of some way to beat the Hun."

"Really?"

"Er certainly" She had nice teeth, Mr. Byrd decided in a detached way.

And so it began. By half past nine Miss Glaub had appealed to Mr. Byrd four times for protection from the light kidding of Mr. Spilker. By ten Mr. Byrd said in a tone that surprised him by its lightness that as far as he was concerned the war had done one good act at least by bringing him to Bigburg.

Miss Glaub pouted charmingly and shifted her green jade dinner ring, that its sinister beauty might be fully enjoyed by Mr. Byrd. "Oh you army men!" she said, "with a girl in every harbor."

"Er—sailors, you mean—port"—quite gallantly.

"Of course! How silly! But they were all fighters, weren't they?"

Mr. Byrd acknowledged this by holding his head very erect with feet forming the familiar military V, and wished fervently to himself that he might have been born to bestow straight twenty-five-centers with unstudied grace and ease.

At the end of the evening Mr. Byrd let his mind retain this picture of the tender Miss Glaub: She was pretty, she had pretty eyes, she had pretty earrings, she had pretty hair. But she was a salesman; Spilker had said so, and certainly Spilker ought to know. She knew all about the other things—things besides balances and timekeeper's records, pens and adding machines. She ——

"I—I'd like to drop in some evening—er—if I may," he said, and was glad that Spilker and his wife were beyond whisper distance.

Miss Glaub summed the small figure up after this fashion: A little fella', kinda seedy, but with pleasant eyes. Kinda timid an' funny acting; but he was a military man, a man like Claude Merode with a sword an' everything when he got dressed up. She could see the craning necks as they walked into some swell dining room together. She sighed alluringly and held out a graceful, languid hand.

"Do," she whispered back; then as if the impulse was greater than girlish modesty—"to-morrow night."

Mr. Byrd did. Miss Glaub, reclining in a striking Beda-Thara-Cleopatra attitude on her ivory colored chaise longue, completed a picture to make any man sigh. For two delightful hours she entertained with soft violin selections on the phonograph in the corner, and hinted softly concerning the Glaub ability to keep secrets—even military secrets. But little Mr. Byrd had made a resolution the night before and stuttering, blushing and coughing he kept to it. He was in a false position, but it was Spilker's fault; besides it was kind of military, in a way. But if he could only get the order—show the Hun that when he sneered at an American, even if he was rather small and more used to pen than musket, he was up against it just as much as his master—why, then it wouldn't be so bad to admit that he was only a bookkeeper—a pen pusher. If he could do his part, why —— If he could only find out how it was done without appearing to be unduly inquisitive.

During the two delightful hours the hero of our tale sought an opening that seemed natural. Once Miss Glaub, speaking idly of the vast improvement in recent moving-picture releases, suddenly called him colonel and watched Mr. Byrd's face. But his blush might have meant anything.

"Ahem," he said once. "It must be wonderful to be able to sell things."

"O-o-o-oh, Mr. Byrd, ple-e-e-se don't kid me that way. Why, selling things is the easiest game on earth."

Mr. Byrd gasped "Really?" and showed more interest than in Miss Glaub's previous recital of the wonders of love at first sight.

"Really! Why, Mr. Byrd, it is so simple; all you havta do is get out an' get under ——"

"Get out and get under!" Mr. Byrd's quivering ears and twitching neck muscles bespoke his wonder and bewilderment at this phenomenon. "Get out and get under?" Why, how could you get out and get under a Grosse —— Mr. Byrd checked himself abruptly.

"You military men," she gently chided him, "braving death all the time"—Mr. Byrd winced and tugged quickly at his little wisp of tie—"but so simple about other little things."

It reminded the little man, unpleasantly, of words recently uttered by another, but his "Er—you interest me very much, Miss Glaub" was breathed with ill-concealed eagerness.

Now you would think that a soldier would prefer to talk about the scent of battle, of charges and beautiful women saved in deadly peril; now wouldn't you? Thusly argued Miss Glaub mentally—but you can never tell what'll interest a man. Miss Glaub prepared to talk shop as interestingly as possible.

"What I mean," she explained with an undulation of green jade to take the taint of mere commercialism from the conversation and inject all the art possible under such limited conditions—"what I mean is you just havta take your coat off an' roll up your sleeves an' go after them. Make them think that they need what you havta sell, not that you wanta sell."

"But ——"

"Handle a customer like a gold mine—ex-act-lee"—a sweet smile at his puzzlement: "If you can't get at them from the top—with soft words an' all that—why, go down in the valley an' tunnel under—stiff-arm assurance—forceful talk an' all that bunk."

"Oh!"

Undying admiration shone from the blue little eyes and focused upon the large dark dangerous ones. It was the same look that had come into the eyes of Colonel Amasa Pickering Jephson of Kentucky when she had spoken of the unbreathed passion of purple silk, the same fascinated glance that Mr. Nathan Rosewater, of August & Rosewater, waist manufacturers, could not down as she ordered an additional five gross of wash waists and two gross extra of peach-blow crêpe de Chines. It was a just tribute that had descended to her from the great Beda Thara. With a shady tracery of smile Miss Glaub reflected that there were more ways of killing a cat than stuffing it to death with hot butter—and if her business prowess attracted Mr. Byrd—or maybe Captain Byrd—why, well—you can't blame a girl for being pleasant and entertaining, can you?

"Selling is so easy—why, honest, Mr. Byrd, all you havta do is remember what Ol' Barnum said an' you can get them every time."

"Barnum?" He didn't seem a bit like a military man now—nervous, anxious, puzzled. But beautiful women affect men differently, not that she was handing any bouquets to herself, but ——

"Barnum said," she explained coyly, "that they liked to be fooled."

"They?"

"People"—almost sharply.

"Oh!" said Mr. Byrd, as one learning by letter; "but do they now?"

The Glaub shoulders shrugged in artistic emulation of Carmen. "Do they?" she inquired languidly. "Well, if they didn't I wouldn't be getting my little forty every week."

"Oh!"

Five minutes of inconsequential nothings then, as if the conversation had ended with the short-breathed exclamation.

"Tell me, Miss Glaub—er—what—not that it makes any particular difference to me—only I am interested—hobby—what are the characteristics—looks—of a good salesman?"

"Male?" archly.

"Male," soberly.

The dark-brown orbs closed and within their shielded brilliancy mirrored a picture of the greatest little salesman they knew, Mr. Uthas Garbey, publicity director of the Allied Wonders of the World Circus and champion seller of Bosko, the Dog-Faced Boy, to a public that had grown blasé to Boskos ten years before. Slowly she spoke, and the little secretary of The Grosse Machine and Tool Company sat at the knees of the gods and listened to the words that were to help him beat the Hun, make him a soldier—even if he was only a sort of higher bookkeeper.

"He must know what he is talking about," she decided, gazing into the depths of the dinner ring, "an' he must be able to be soft with women and crisp an' snappy with business men; the bigger they are the crisper an' snappier. He's gotta ——"

"What would he wear now?"—softly inquiring.

The picture of Mr. Garbey on his last visit to Bigburg came to Miss Glaub with fond clearness. "That's easy!" she said. "A nice suit, not too dead; say, a nice small check; a nice purple handkerchief an' socks—er—silk hose—to match; patent-leather oxfords; a nice heavy silk shirt—with blue an' old rose diagonal stripes; an' perhaps a blistered pearl tie pin."

Little Mr. Byrd seemed to have listed them all as she spoke. "Is—er—are there any other qualifications?"

Miss Glaub thought. "There's some things," she added, "that are personal drawbacks. A salesman has gotta find out what they are an' keep away from them; that an' always remember what Barnum said."

Little Mr. Byrd found himself rising on the cloud of high resolve—the way had been pointed out to him. Then another doubt.

"Do—er—do these methods always succeed?" he questioned, frankly eager now.

Miss Glaub thought of Mr. Garbey and his thousand percentage in'selling anything from Bosko to silk and nodded vigorously.

Once more the little blue eyes lit up with unconcealed admiration.

"You're a wonderful woman," he breathed, "and if ——"

"An' if ——?"

"I'll tell you about that after the first conference to-morrow."

"The Man Behind the Product," Mused the Old Colonel, and Made a Quick Decision

"O-o-o-h, Mr. Byrd—you military men are so mas-ter-ful."

The military Mr. Byrd threw out his pepper-and-salt chest and smiled confidently. "You just wait until after that first meeting to-morrow!" he promised.

III

PARLOR H in the Reliance Hotel in Bigburg was occupied the following afternoon by an elderly colonel of ordnance, an unusually pleasant major of the same branch of service, a youthful lieutenant playing with pen and paper, three heavy-girthed members of the civilian board, Mr. Chester C. Curtiss, pleasantly dignified—and Mr. John H. Byrd. Mr. Byrd is named last and distinguished by a dash because of that old adage of childhood games—"Last the best of all the game." To this might be added the equally old saw concerning the painting of the lily, and still the combination would be pale drab in comparison to Mr. Byrd.

A department-store haberdashery is a terrible instrument in the hands of an inexperienced man, and the clothing section lurks with grinning jowls to commit mayhem, and worse, upon the man who vaguely inquires "for something classy in the light-checked line."

And both had worked together to give the little shoulder-hunched figure of Mr. John Byrd "the classy, nifty, up-to-the-second-Fifth-Avenue appearance," to quote from the alluring advertisement that had drawn his trade.

Sitting at the long table just at the left of the beetling colonel and athwart the pleasantly dignified Mr. Curtiss, the secretary of The Grosse Machine and Tool Company could not help thinking what the best little salesman in Bigburg had said. For the life of him he could hardly keep from laughing as he compared his swagger checks neatly held in leash, as it were, with the niftiest of gun-metal buckles, with the staid dark blue of his competitor. He almost wished that he had filled his upper vest pocket with straight twenty-five-centers, for such was the dominating influence of this attire that it would have required no effort at all to fling them nonchalantly about the board with a cheery word to place the surplus in one's clothes for after supper.

It was easy to see that they had been impressed—even the grim drooping mouth of the old colonel had lightened as they met—and twice Mr. Byrd with an inward glow of satisfaction noted the pleasant-faced major gazing at him with shining teeth. She had been right! He had taken the first trench against the little red-faced Hun successfully. And now to dominate them with a crisp, snappy exposition of the virtues of the Grosse Automatic Drill Punch. He knew every bolt, every grease cup, and sitting there quietly, as the youthful lieutenant prepared to take copious notes, he visualized the picture he would make standing before them—dominating them—leaving Curtiss and his arguments in the deepening dust of distance.

It was a cinch! He was going to do his part! He wondered what the fat little Hun who had sneered at him would say when he wired the fateful words. It was balm indeed.

"America forever!" muttered Mr. Byrd to his classy purple scarf, and smiled.

"Let's get down to business"—it was the old colonel speaking—"without any preliminaries as to weather or health. You two gentlemen represent companies whose equipment meets our needs; your products, for our purposes, are similar. At present we need the output of only one; only one contract will be made. First the question of price ——"

"A hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars!" snapped Curtiss.

"We'll meet that," said Mr. Byrd; and nearly said it without a gulp—nearly. It made him angry; he should have been smiling carelessly at the time. But when it came time for him to tell about his product short forceful sentences were already forming in his mind. They pleased Mr. Byrd, who forgot the gulp.

"Then," said the colonel, "take the floor, Mr. Curtiss."

Mr. Curtiss did. For nearly fifty minutes he spoke, not only easily but well. Even Mr. Byrd, beating an easy tattoo on the table before him, was perfectly willing to admit it. But it lacked punch. It was too quiet; it wasn't crisp or snappy. Only in closing was Mr. Byrd irritated. Curtiss had said that, all other things being equal,

the favor of balance lay with the men behind the plant—with the personnel. Did they like their work—did they look upon their product as a creation or a job? This was the only point Mr. Curtiss claimed in his favor, and as he claimed it he let his amused eyes travel to the stiffly gorgeous figure at his left. Then he sat down.

The old colonel was nodding heavy agreement.

"You're right, Curtiss," he assented. "It looks like a question of the men behind the product; but Mr. Byrd will be able to tell us about his men, the personnel of the Grosse Automatic Drill Punch."

Could he? Could he? He could tell them about the men who had given the best years of their lives to make the tune of its easy hum smoother and more efficient. He could tell about the men who had worked for The Grosse Machine Tool Company for nearly all their lives—ever since their apprenticeship. Could he? Well!

Mr. Byrd stood up. But something had happened! Something was wrong—radically wrong. All the strong, crisp, snappy talk was gone; and in its place rose a gulp—a gulp at a moment like this! It brought a blush to the thin Byrd cheeks to think of it. They were all round him, smiling, amused faces. He was making a fool of himself; he couldn't go on. Grosse was right. But no! He would go on! Valiantly the gulp was forced back and straggling, incoherent words assembled. They were coming now:

"We got—er—a great plant."

But how weak they were! Bookkeeper's words.

He sat down quickly and longed in vain for the quiet comfort of the pepper-and-salts.

IV

"SO YOU have come to tell me the big secret," cooed the siren of the waist department of the Mammoth Store; and her eyes were bright as they took in the slightly wilted splendor of the checks. It was as the peerless Thara had looked in the final close-up of A Fool's Paradise, when she gazed at the change she had wrought in the man before her. "You don't know how anxious I am—ree-lee."

Mr. Byrd gulped. "I thought I'd have better news."

The dark eyes were instantly melting with tenderness. "You poor soldier man," she whispered, and registered deep concern with tightly clasped hands.

Three violent twitchings of the neck muscles, a gulp, a hot blush and the soldier man was off: "I ain't any soldier," he contradicted; and then as the soft eyes became as cold and baleful as the deep-green gleam of the dinner ring he rushed on: "It is a mistake; I am secretary of a machine company seeking a government contract; Spilker merely told a half truth, an ——"

"Well?"—icicles.

"I—I ——"

"Hidin' behind the flag!"—with crushing reproach.

"Why ——"

"Parading a uniform—to try an' catch an unprotected girl!" Miss Glaub, the first hot anger past, was determined to wither the poor little fish beneath the weight of her histrionic ability.

"Catch an unprotected girl?" Mr. Byrd could only stare. Of course this was another mistake; she didn't really think that his intentions were toward ——

It frightened him on—on with the whole story, which included Grosse and the sneer; the dare and what he had hoped to do. From here, coughing and blushing in inarticulate rapidity, he spoke of his interest in the dark-brown orbs—and the cause.

Lastly he spoke of the checks and the meeting—the Byrd Liège.

"You really mean that you went after those big guys—in that circus uniform!" She was laughing now.

"You—you said ——"

The difference between the jerky little figure before her and the *svelte* easy-hanging figure of Mr. Garbey was a most amusing comparison. Miss Glaub laughed loudly, and the little man sensing the nature of her amusement flushed more vermilion than ever. Suddenly she stopped. After all, the poor little fish—he hadn't meant any harm—and as far as she was concerned—well, that suit—well, it was to laugh. After all, the little man's tragedy had been partly her fault. If he had only told her in the first place. He looked so crestfallen with his wisp of tangled bookkeeper's hair.

"Is it too late now?" she asked suddenly.

The little man nodded. "They're going to close to-morrow afternoon," he said.

"To-morrow morning then?"

The little head of the Vermont Yankee shook a negative. "If I couldn't do it yesterday, the way I felt, what chance have I now th ——"

But the Glaub head was already considering that, considering it in the same rapid manner that quickly decided between Georgette and crêpe de Chine, beaded or with frills.

"Is there any of your machines in town?"

The little man nodded absently. He was thinking of the fat little Hun's sneer of greeting when he returned—empty-handed as per schedule. "At our jobber's," he added, and wondered why he hadn't been able to talk.

"Can you run one?" Gone was the soft cadence of the ivory chaise longue and in its place the sharp intonation of the waist department.

Could he? He knew every little gear pinion like a father.

The best little salesman in Bigburg leaned back and smiled. "I guess we can land it, then," she decided, and seemed totally unconscious of the wild-eyed stare and gape that accompanied it.

"You—you mean ——"

She was quite paternal now. "I mean," she explained, "that the first thing in the morning you go out and get one of those machines an' fix it up with the jobber to hitch it up to something to make it run."

"But ——"

"An' then go over an' buy a suit of overalls."

"But ——"

"An' to a hardware store for an oil can."

"Why, Miss G ——"

"An' a handful of dirt from the flower box out in front."

"Er—but ——"

"An' I guess"—slowly—"that'll be about all."

"But I don't get the idea." What a bewildered little man he was—and how unmilitary! "I don't get the idea at all," once more.

Miss Glaub smiled, à la temptress of the Nile, and stifled a yawn beneath a languid hand.

"It's just some of that Barnum stuff I was tellin' you about," she murmured. "When you get all the stuff together let me know, an' we'll go ahead."

V

A GRIZZLED old colonel, a pleasant-faced major and a youthful lieutenant stood about a clanking bit of machinery and watched a greasy little man whisper it to sweet-running activity. A gear creaked amid the belting. Instantly the little man was upon it, oil can in hand. A punch lever hesitated momentarily in yielding to the slightest pressure. The little man ran a grease-stained hand through a wisp of hair and was back to it with a graphite box in hand. And so it went. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes—while the others watched. Finally, only when the hum of free-running belting and soft clanking of descending steel were to be heard did the little man seem to notice the visitors. He started to speak, opened his mouth—and then stopped short. Instead the greasy hand drew itself across the sagging overalls in a futile effort to wipe away the grease that would destroy the beauty of a hundred ledgers. He grinned.

"That," said the colonel, "is a different story."

"Indeed," said the pleasant major, "a decidedly different story."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the young lieutenant, with the youthful wonder of all youthful lieutenants, "he don't seem like the same man."

"The man behind the product," mused the old colonel, and made a quick decision.

But the little man only grinned.

A very erect little man—a military little man—strode down the soft green aisle of the Mammoth waist department. His pepper-and-salts were freshly pressed and he looked straight ahead for the familiar dark eyes and the languorous form of the best little salesman in Bigburg. From behind a snowy mountain of new spring voiles she suddenly appeared. With a quick movement the military little man moved his heels together and saluted.

"I beg to report that America has defeated the Hun. You can't down a Vermont Yank ——"

The best little salesman drew a white hand across an equally white forehead. "So it went over, did it?" she inquired with almost professional indifference. "I hope you remembered to keep shut up, an' didn't —— And washed off all the dirt from your hands."

But if the little man was compelled to keep silence on a certain occasion this was not it.

"You can't down a Vermont Yankee!" he shrilled.

Miss Glaub yawned. "I was born in Paterson, New Jersey," she observed irrelevantly.

The little man blushed—but promptly recovered. "Don't you care about that!" he comforted. "You helped anyway—you did your part."

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPERA SINGER

(Concluded from Page 34)

plans, and I decided to refuse it. I went on with my work until just before Christmas, when my agent made me a second proposal. This was the position of first contralto in the garrison town of Metz, in Alsace-Lorraine. The opera was a municipal one—that is, it was subsidized by the town. They played a season of seven months and gave a large repertoire, including some of the Ring dramas. I was to go down there, sing for the management, and, if they liked me, begin my engagement the following September, giving me time to make additions to my German repertoire. As I was a beginner, of course I could not give the usual guest performances.

Vorsingen is a trying ordeal. The great theaters have regular days for hearing aspirants, but this was a small theater. The appointment is usually made on the stage, sometimes during, sometimes just after, a rehearsal. Groups of the singers regularly engaged in the opera house stand in the wings, and you feel a nameless hostility emanating from all of them, especially from the one whom you are going to try to supplant. The theater is like a cavern, and the acoustics are, of course, totally unknown to you. Two or three pale spots down in the orchestra chairs indicate the whereabouts of the director and perhaps the stage manager and first *kapellmeister* who have come to hear you. The overhead rehearsal lights are very unbecoming and you are quite conscious of it. If you are to sing with orchestra the conductor presents you to the players. My first test was with the piano. It stood at one side of the stage, and a whippersnapper of a third *kapellmeister* dashed more or less accurately into the prelude of the second aria from Samson et Dalila.

Then came a momentous interview in the director's office. I had sung such good German, thanks to Frau ——, that he had no idea that I understood only about three words in five of what he said. For form's sake he kept saying, "You understand me, Fräulein?" And when I answered "*Ja*," he was satisfied. His wife, who thought she spoke English, was present, and tried to say a great deal, but my German proved the more serviceable of the two. I gathered that I was offered a two-season contract, to sing the leading contralto parts, at the princely salary of about thirty-five dollars a month! There was no *spielgeld*. Salaries are usually divided into so much per month down, and so much per performance, the number of performances per month guaranteed—that is, one is paid for a certain number whether one sings them or not, and any performances over and above this number are paid extra. If a performance is lost by one's own fault, through illness for example, the *spielgeld* for that performance is forfeited. Three days' absence from the cast through illness, even though one might be scheduled to sing only once during those days, is counted as one *spielgeld*.

Illness is, in fact, almost a crime. In addition to losing your money you have to have witnesses to prove that you are really ill, for theater directors in Germany are a suspicious lot and take nothing for granted. If you wake on the morning of a performance with laryngitis, that dread enemy of the voice, or if you fall downstairs on your way to the theater and sprain your ankle, you must notify the theater before a certain hour in the day, perhaps ten or twelve or four o'clock, that you cannot sing that night. Your word for it alone won't do. Every theater has special doctors on its list, and you have to call in one of these, whether he is your regular physician or not. He makes an examination and gives you a signed statement that you are unable to appear, adding, if the disorder be serious, how many days it will be, in his opinion, before you can return to work.

It often happens that the man most experienced in treating your illness—the best throat specialist in town, for example—is not on the books as theater doctor, and then if you wish to be treated by him you sometimes have trouble with the theater doctor. In the theater in which I was first engaged I had a disagreeable experience of this kind. I was ill with bronchitis, and sent word to the theater the day before that I should not be able to sing Marta, in Faust, on the night scheduled for it. I had already committed the deadly crime of illness once before that season, and this time my defection was particularly annoying to the management because they had to get a guest for Faust anyway, and they would be forced to send posthaste for another to sing the Nurse. Their irritation with me was equaled, if not surpassed, by that of the regular theater doctor, whose professional honor had been outraged the last time by my insistence upon the services of a very clever throat specialist who lived in the town, and whose aid I had had the bad taste to prefer to his own. Between them I was the corn between the upper and nether millstones.

Next day the theater sent word that they would accept nothing but a certificate from their own doctor, and the doctor shortly after appeared at my bedside. I could hardly speak out loud, but managed to whisper a request that he would write me an excuse for three days.

To my surprise he began to hem and haw, and finally stammered out: "There is really no reason, in my opinion, why you shouldn't sing this evening!"

I was so furious I saw red. I sat up in bed, and whispered savagely: "You say I can sing to-night! Very well, get out of my room, and I'll go to the theater and sing this evening, with my voice in this condition, and you will be responsible for the consequences!"

He got up, twisting his hat in his hands and stammering something. I simply fixed my eyes on him and fairly glared him out of the room. Then I dressed like a hurricane and rushed to the director's office.

"I have come to sing Marta," I announced hoarsely.

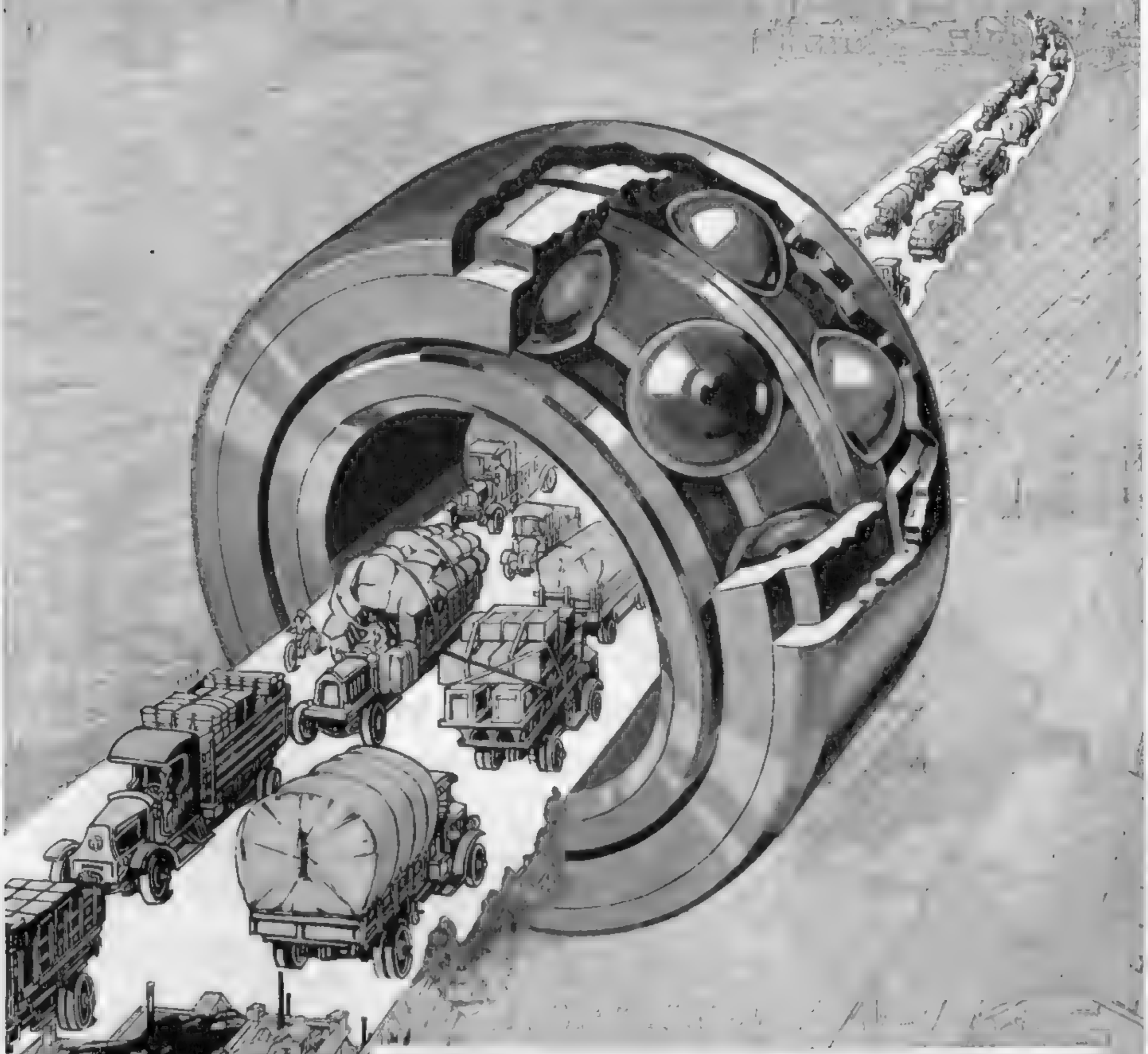
"Oh, dear Fräulein," began the director, positively scared by my pale face and furious eyes, "of course we don't want you to sing when you are so hoarse. Doctor —— was quite mistaken; please go home and take care of yourself. We'll get a guest for the Nurse at once!"

"Very well," I said; "I will go home if you say so; but remember, Doctor —— says I can sing, and I am ready to do so on his responsibility."

I went back after my illness to see the director, who to my surprise began to attack me violently about my absence. He stormed and thumped the desk and would listen to nothing I said. I tried to tell him he had no right to speak to me in that way, as I had really been ill, and had always done my duty when well. He raved back that I had not done my duty, and it seemed to me so futile to argue that I walked out without answering, and left him raving. I went home and stayed there for five days, and at the end of that time the director sent his secretary to explain and ask me to return to my duty. It was an awkward interview for him, poor man, so I let him off easy, graciously accepted the somewhat disguised apology and, as I was quite recovered and eager to sing again, signified my willingness to appear the following night.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles by Kathleen Howard. The second will appear in an early issue.

Solving the Transportation Problem



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THE SPILLED SALT

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MISS WINANS stood at the rail studying a strange craft half a mile or more to the north. She knew the old man on the bench against the cabin wall was looking at her; but men were always looking at her. The figure which her long, close-fitting tan coat inclosed was a perfect thirty-six; a soft turban-like hat fitted snugly down over her glossy black hair; her profile might have been copied from a classic coin.

Peter's Entrance Should Have Brought the Ladies to Their Senses, But Stella Was Beyond All Notion of Control

The strange craft excited a childlike curiosity in her mind. Not being burdened by any reserve of manner she turned to the old man and inquired: "What is that?"

He replied that it was a car ferry, plying from Sauganac on the east shore of Lake Michigan to Milwaukee on the west shore.

This was late in September and unusually cold for that season. Keen air made her cheeks pink and brought a sparkle to her full dark eyes. He liked her full face even better than her profile, so he explained how loaded freight cars were shunted on the ferry at Sauganac and carried across to Milwaukee. As she was evidently interested he went on talking to her about the lakes, until she stepped across and sat beside him on the bench, with no more reserve than an interested child would have shown. She exclaimed excitedly as he described the wreck of the schooner Annie Belle three miles above Sauganac in the fall of '86.

She was not at all interested in the old man himself. He seemed about seventy and not in first-rate health. He was tall and lean, with big stooping shoulders. His face was quite sallow and his eyes deep-set. He had a long fleshy nose which was curiously blunted at the end as though somebody had pressed a thumb against it vigorously when it was soft. But the most noticeable thing about him was a mustache which, after covering the territory usual to a mustache, grew down his square chin and fell beneath in dangling pendants. As though that were not enough he wore a thick goatee. A plaid ulster, which had seen much wear, was buttoned up to his chin. She noticed that one button was missing and another dangled by a thread. An ancient slouch hat was pulled down over his brows.

She judged that he might be an unprosperous farmer or perhaps worked in a livery stable. So when Sauganac's little white lighthouse with a red top rose over the starboard bow she exclaimed "Why, we're most there!" and ran away to get her bag.

Sauganac, as you may know, contains thirty-five thousand inhabitants and is the home of the Made-to-Order Bungalow Company—along with other substantial but less famous industries. Except that it fronts Lake Michigan its general aspect is much the same as that of any other flourishing Middle-Western town of that size. A block and a half north of the new thirteen-story First National Bank Building—that is, just before Main Street trends east and begins to trail off among ramshackle shops and sheds—a flight of steps leads down to Wassermann's Rathskeller, where a filling lunch of meat, potatoes, greens, pie and coffee may be had for fifty cents. It is a perfectly respectable place.

At half past twelve of the day following her arrival in Sauganac Miss Winans stooped gracefully at the top of the steps and gathered up the skirt of her long tan coat. As she was about to descend she chanced to see a long green automobile roll up the street. She recognized the distinguished make at a glance and knew the machine cost at least six thousand dollars. Huddled in the tonneau, in a shabby plaid ulster and with an old slouch hat pulled low over his brows, was the man who had explained the car ferry.

With an expression of extreme astonishment on her lovely face she exclaimed to her companion, "Say! Who is that old geezer? He come over on the boat with me yesterday. We made quite a mash on each other."

Her companion was a tall and gangling male, about thirty-five, short-waisted and with very long legs. A stringy black mustache grew meagerly on his lip, as though the soil might be sterile, and his grayish eyes were set close together. Her statement surprised and excited him.

"That?" he exclaimed. "Why, that's Peter J. Meagher!" And as they went down the steps he questioned her eagerly concerning the encounter on the boat.

There was cause for excitement. Not more than a quarter of a mile from Wassermann's Rathskeller once stood a long and squat brick structure with a sign over the door that read "P. J. Meagher's Machine Shop." Not more than a quarter of a mile from that stood a severely plain two-story frame house in a little yard inclosed by a picket fence, where the proprietor of the machine shop had lived for more than twenty years; where his wife and only child had died.

If one drove lakeward along the street on which this modest domicile had fronted, one came to the beginning of the Lake Shore Boulevard. Following that to its end—two miles beyond the city limits—one discovered a great stone house, in the Jacobean-Gothic style of architecture, with a dozen acres of landscape-gardened park round it. Peter J. Meagher had built the big house after the Lake Superior iron-ore lands—to which he had stubbornly clung for near thirty years, to the amusement of his sagacious neighbors—made him a millionaire.

Everybody in Sauganac and Western Michigan knew why he built it. Strangers always laughed heartily when the house was pointed out. Miss Irene Webster had made the building of the house a condition of promising to marry him. She came of a respected family in Detroit which had met with reverses; in fact, she was giving lessons on the piano in Sauganac and not prospering very much at it when Peter J. Meagher met her. She was perhaps a trifle bony and entering that stage of life when it is mentioned that one is not so young as one used to be. Yet she was considered pretty in her blond style. Certainly she was very ladylike, with sugary and languishing manners.

Peter built the great house. The date of the wedding was announced with appropriate display in the local newspapers—and even in Detroit and Chicago. Then Miss Webster eloped with the first violinist in the Sauganac Opera House orchestra an Italian who was known to have borrowed a hundred dollars for the journey to Chicago. In the seven years since then Peter J. Meagher had hardly spoken to a woman, save the angular and spinsterish niece who acted as his housekeeper. Also, he had sold his ore lands to a steel company for $2,300,000, as the official report of that concern set forth.

Therefore Miss Winans' companion couldn't get the matter of that encounter on the boat out of his mind. When he parted from her, after leaving the rathskeller, it made a warm turmoil in his brain. Normally he would have turned off Main Street at the first corner and followed Loomis Street until he passed a frowsy saloon and a bicycle repair shop, just beyond which he would have entered a doorway and climbed a dim pair of stairs to an upper hall, where also the light was poor, because the front window needed washing. The first door toward the front of this hall bore a large tin sign which read, "Ellis' Private Detective Agency."

But in fact he constituted the agency. Formerly there had been a stenographer in the front room and a business-like appearance of order both in that and in the private office adjoining. Now both rooms were unkempt and dismally empty. After ten vicissitudinous years—the last five of them spent in the employ of a private detective agency in Chicago—he had returned to Sauganac and established himself hopefully in that profession. But these last two years—since a wholly unsympathetic mayor and chief of police had been in power—the detective business had proved very disappointing. The principal reason why he retained the unkempt offices was that no other tenant had been found for them.

Instead of turning down Loomis Street this day, Ellis kept on up Main Street to the towering First National Bank Building, where he turned to the left—walking, as usual, with long-legged strides, his narrow face and thin shoulders thrust hungrily forward and with a smolder of speculation in his close-set eyes. He entered a four-story brick building at the rear of the imposing First National structure, and a decrepit elevator hoisted him to the office of Jenkin Cartwright, attorney at law, on the top floor.

Luckily, the lawyer was disengaged at the moment—sitting over by the front window of his private office, in

fact, in a roomy armchair, his short fat legs thrust comfortably out, the bosom of his white shirt wrinkling above his paunch and a double chin overrunning his standing collar. As usual, except in the warmest weather, he wore a black Prince Albert coat, spats and patent-leather shoes. Without troubling to change his pose he merely rolled his large head—with a noble brow—in the direction of the caller and said cheerfully, "Hello, Gus! Pull up a chair!"

Being seated at the other side of the window the detective began with a thoughtful earnestness: "Maybe you don't remember my telling you about an old friend of mine over in Chicago named Madge Brown. I thought we might get her to come over here and testify in the Merriweather divorce case, but she was scared of going on a witness stand. Probably you wouldn't remember it, since nothing came of it. She's a smart woman, but she's getting fat and she ain't as young as she used to be. This last year or so she's been selling de-lucks editions of Dickens and so on, but I guess the graft ain't any too good. She can talk with any of 'em, but I guess her fat and wrinkles stand in the way. She picked up a girl to start 'em going. She and the girl was over here at the beach a week last spring. I guess she and the girl had a sort of row. Anyhow, the girl come over here on the boat yesterday.

"This girl, you understand, would knock the eye out of a wooden Indian. She looks like the Queen of Sheba. She ain't got much sense, but with her shape she don't need much. She was just telling me that Peter J. Meagher was on the boat with her and he talked to her for more'n an hour."

The statement evidently roused the lawyer's attention, for he looked round with an interested expression, and with pudgy thumb and forefinger picked up the eyeglasses that reposed on his swelling vest—a sign of wakened mental activity.

There was, however, a strongly conservative strain in his composition and after pondering a long minute he observed dubiously, "I don't see how you could get any action on the old man. You see, he hardly ever goes anywhere any more—just sticks up there in his house."

Augustus P. Ellis had modestly realized his own limitations for an enterprise of this size and delicacy. His only hope lay in enlisting the superior abilities of his companion. He urged: "Well, you know he fell for the music teacher; and when it comes to looks this girl can look circles all round her. Two million dollars don't come along every day."

It was, of course, a tremendous lure—far beyond any stake that Jenkin Cartwright had ever thought of having, even conjecturally, within his reach. It heated his mind. Tapping a dirty thumbnail with the eyeglasses he remarked dreamily, "Stranger things have happened."

"Sure!" cried the detective encouragingly. "He fell for the music teacher, and this girl's got her backed off the stage for looks." Jenkin Cartwright had a sense of humor, and aside from its other attractions the idea amused him. "It might be worth looking over," he said. "It might be worth taking a chance at." Presently he added with amusement, "You know Peter goes down to Muckaloo to take those mud baths for his rheumatism now and then."

For more than an hour—fascinated by the idea of two million dollars—they sat discussing the difficulties of the case.

II

THE huge hotel and sanatorium at Muckaloo is surrounded by ample grounds, which contain many winding, shrubbery-bordered walks and pleasant resting places beneath the trees.

The sun had just set and mellow twilight filled the air. The evening star shone brilliantly in an opal sky and lesser stars were beginning faintly to twinkle. It was the latter part of November, but Indian Summer lingered benignantly in that latitude. Richly colored leaves still clung to some trees; more of them gorgeously carpeted the paths.

The elder of the two women rose from the bench. Without the stiltlike shoe heels, the pile of complicated red hair and the black-velvet hat, which stood up very high on one side like half of a steep gable, she would have measured four feet ten. Even with those artificial advantages her girth was wholly disproportioned to her height. Favoring her companions with a sirupy and significant smile she admonished them:

"Don't stay out late, children. Remember dinner is at seven. I'm afraid you'll take cold, daughter, without a wrap."

Clasping the imitation-pearl handle of her black-and-green parasol with a pudgy hand whose middle fingers were stiff with imitation-diamond rings, she made toward the hotel in a dignified waddle.

One of the children seemed about seventy. His white mustache grew down his square chin and dangled in pendants below, and he wore a thick goatee. But his sallow cheeks were freshly shaved; a new broad-brimmed hat sat well back on his head; a new overcoat with silk-faced lapels inclosed his spare frame, and a large solitaire diamond ring glittered in his red tie.

"Your mother's a sensible woman," he observed amiably to his companion, whose lovely head, crowned by glossy black hair, shone jewel-like in the mellow light.

"Yes, ma's all right," the companion replied without enthusiasm. But that was not what she was thinking. "Ma" had strictly forbidden her to chew gum, or speak to strange young men who looked like good fellows, or use slang, or cross her legs, or, practically, to do anything that a healthy young woman naturally would do to relieve the tedium of Muckaloo. Secretly she was very sore at ma.

Peter stroked his goatee and remarked gravely, "My mother was a sensible woman."

"That was nice," Stella replied politely; and at once an idea struck her—the idea, namely, of Peter's mother. It had never definitely occurred to her simple mind that Peter had a mother. She wondered over that a moment and thought, "I bet she was a sheep!" The faint line down the middle of her fair brow disappeared; her beautiful eyes lighted warmly; her red lips parted, showing white, even teeth, and a dimple appeared in each smooth cheek. But she remembered immediately and looked ladylike again, asking kindly "Did you like your mother?"

Whenever ma left them—except as Peter regaled her with reminiscences of his career—conversation was painfully apt to flag.

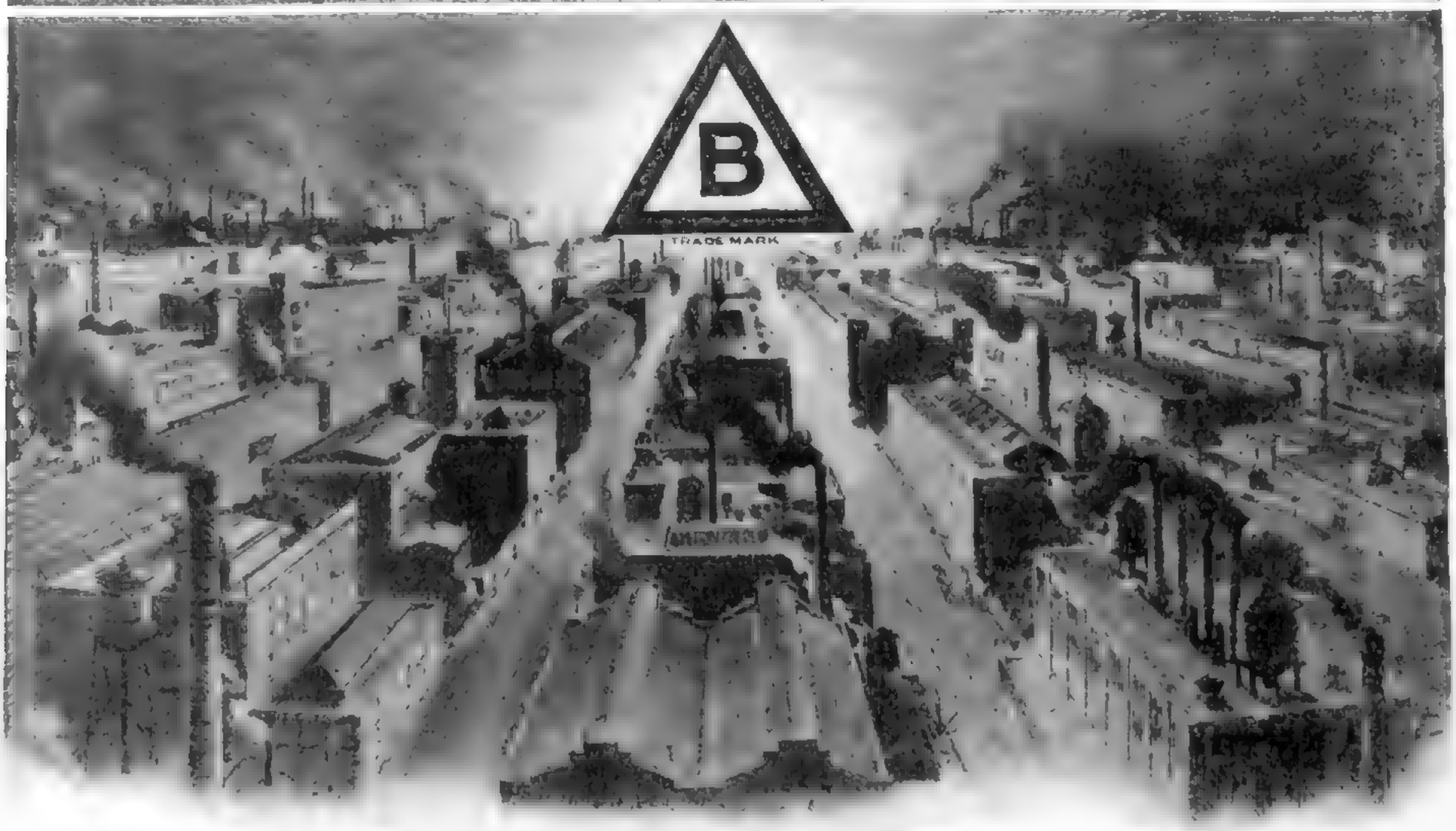
Stella, with ma's copious and energetic instructions ringing in her ears, was under an enormous restraint. In good part the instructions were superfluous. Peter J. Meagher had no objections to slang and was as free from prejudices concerning the rules of grammar as concerning the Nebular Hypothesis—for the same reason in both cases. But he also was under a great restraint.

Naturally a taciturn man, these last seven years—since the Irene Webster episode—had strengthened that habit in him. When he looked at the sheen of Stella's cheek, the white roundness of her arm and the supple flow of her figure his aged heart quickened its beat. He felt that Irene Webster had been the merest patch beside her. And Irene Webster's family was the merest patch beside overpoweringly elegant Mrs. Winans, with her social position in Philadelphia and her easy familiarity with the élite of the East.

Peter knew well enough how they laughed at him in Sauganac over the Webster affair and that his great stone house was a joke to everybody in Western Michigan. The gall of that knowledge was his constant fare. When he looked at Stella his heart beat up. If she happened to touch his hand getting into the car or suddenly turned her face to him he swallowed his Adam's apple. But he was seventy, when a sensible man ought to be done with those things. What really drove him on was a concept of vengeance and triumph. With superb Stella and her elegant mother in the great stone house the suckers at Sauganac would laugh out of the other side of their mouths. He'd show 'em whether the Webster affair was Waterloo for him! And yet, deep down, there was a persistent little

(Continued on Page 49)

"Don't Stay Out Late, Children. Remember Dinner is at Seven"



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So, by all means, get a motor car—for yourself and Uncle Sam. Any car is better than a slow, overcrowded "trolley," but common sense will dictate the wisdom of buying a good one while you are about it.

Take up the matter in the same careful way that you select mechanical equipment for your office or factory. Look for enduring *quality* rather than mere price. Buy a manufacturer's reputation rather than four wheels and a painted body.

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 46)

doubt as to whether, after all, he mightn't be making a fool of himself again. Of all things in the world, that which Peter most loathed was making a fool of himself. That is why the Webster episode had rankled so powerfully.

It grew darker. Many stars came out and the moon rose redly in the east. Stella's face was only a dim white mask in the dusk. Peter put a tremulous hand up to his goatee and swallowed hard.

"Stella," he said somewhat shakily, "I want you to marry me. You're the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"I'll marry you, Peter," Stella replied very collectedly; "but I wouldn't if I thought you thought I was marrying you just for your money. Ma told me once it was her husband's social position and wealth that dazzled her. He treated us rotten. I wouldn't marry you if I didn't think you'd be good to me."

"I'll sure be good to you, Stella! I sure will!" Peter affirmed earnestly. "I—I'd like to have it right away."

"The sooner the better for me," Stella replied, though ma had told her to put him off a while as to the date. "We better be going in now," she added.

They rose and stepped toward the winding path. Awkwardly Peter threw a detaining arm round her. She ached to slap his face, but yielded docilely and lifted her fresh lips. His spiky whiskers scratched her. They walked back to the hotel in silence, Peter warmed and trembly, Stella bursting with a general resentment. The cadaverous flavor of his salute lingered on her lips and she repeated darkly to herself: "I'm the goat! They're hanging it on me! I'm the goat!"

They parted on the ground floor of the hotel before the bank of elevators—she taking an elevator to the fourth floor, where she would dress for dinner, as ma rigorously insisted upon her doing, while he climbed the broad, curving flight of stairs that led to the red-carpeted acre of lobby, office and lounge on the next floor.

There was a flower booth near the top of the stairs, and a question—at once tempting and repugnant—had lain in his mind. Now he moved on beyond the booth, paused, stroked his goatee, looked round and sidled nervously back. But three chattering young ladies approached and he shied swiftly away. The young ladies lingered two or three minutes, then went down the stairs. Again Peter looked round. No one else seemed headed in that direction. He hastened over to the booth, leveled a bony forefinger at some roses and inquired the price.

The young lady at the booth had seldom served a customer who seemed so impatient. While she selected the flowers he milked his goatee and glanced uneasily about. Two men appeared on the stairs and the customer wouldn't even wait for her to wrap the box properly. Dropping a bill on the counter he seized the box and made for the elevators—carrying the box lengthwise under his arm as though to conceal it as much as possible.

Meanwhile Stella had gone to her ma. As Jenkin Cartwright was financing the enterprise "Mrs. Winans and daughter" occupied a sitting room, bedroom and bath suitable to their social station. When Stella entered the sitting room a rose-shaded lamp on the center table shed a soft twilight in it. The lady whom Augustus P. Ellis knew as Madge Brown was sitting by the table in a large plush chair. She had removed her uncomfortable shoes and her tight walking dress and her corset. As Mr. Cartwright had limited his investment to clothes that were strictly necessary she was wearing a greasy and tattered old blue wrapper. Being, so to speak, liberated and at large, her fat overflowed the immediate premises and her piled-up, amazingly frizzled hair had fallen into some slight disorder.

The sight struck trim Stella with a sharp disgust, exacerbating the resentment in her mind. The air of the room was tainted with tobacco and a spiral of smoke rose from a cigarette stub on the ash tray. Also two empty cocktail glasses stood on the table.

This was not unusual, for in the privacy of her apartment ma generally relaxed after the labors of the day. But to-day Stella found it especially annoying. She herself couldn't even chew gum, but ma could sneak away to indulge in cocktails and cigarettes. Maliciously withholding the great news that Peter had finally come across, Stella turned to the electric switch and threw on all the lights.

"What did you do that for?" the elder lady complained crossly. "Turn 'em off!"

The line down Stella's fair brow deepened. Instead of complying with the request she retorted: "If they could see you they would go out of themselves. You look like something that got spilled out of a garbage wagon."

Mrs. Winans herself was not in an amiable frame of mind that evening. She had been playing her part assiduously for a month, and with Stella's unfortunate intellectual limitations she might have to go on playing it another month. She had been thinking of that, discontentedly, as she sat smoking her cigarette. She rose with a peevish sniff and observed: "If looks would do it there'd be no need of my staying here. If you had brains enough to pour sand into a knot hole we could both go away."

Standing with her tattered wrapper agape and in her stocking feet Mrs. Winans was even less presentable than when sitting.

Two tempers at the breaking point are easily inflamed. A further exchange of compliments took place. Mrs. Winans used the word "fool." Stella said, "Stinking of whisky and tobacco!" The temperature rose as the conversation proceeded.

Mrs. Winans employed an epithet much more unseemly than fool. Stella stretched out a vigorous arm, clutched four muscular fingers and a thumb into ma's elaborate wig and tore it from her head. The other hand went out and shut firmly into the scant gray hair beneath the wig.

Thus Peter J. Meagher, approaching the sitting-room door with the box of flowers, was startled by a long high yowl of fear and anguish. He ran forward, pushed open the door and under brilliant illumination beheld his prospective mother-in-law—a truly frightful figure in her flapping greasy wrapper. Stella was pulling her hair with one hand while the other hand held her wig.

Peter's entrance should have brought the ladies to their senses. But for a month Stella had been powerfully holding in, rigorously repressing all her natural inclinations, meekly following unpalatable advice—and steadily generating suppressed resentment. Peter's cadaverous kiss had confirmed her dark suspicion that she was the goat. Having once let go she was beyond all notion of control. As for Mrs. Winans, fear, rage and panic simply threw her into hysterics. So—far from repressing themselves—the daft creatures took Peter into the scene and continued their quarrel at an outrageous height before him.

"Look at the old slob!" cried Stella in magnificent abandon. "She's been boozing, too!" She threw the wig in ma's face, laughing wildly.

"You'd be washing dishes or doing time if I hadn't picked you up, you rat!" shrieked Mrs. Winans in hysterical delirium.

The language on both sides was not only regrettable, but sometimes unsuited to print. Peter saw the cocktail glasses; smelled the tobacco. He was old-fashioned in such matters.

For a moment he stood speechless. Then he turned and tottered out of the door.

III

ON THE second afternoon following, Stella sat in Jenkin Cartwright's office explaining the misfortune to the lawyer and Augustus P. Ellis.

"I knew from the start it wasn't any good," she said darkly. "First day at dinner down there I spilled the salt. The luck was dead against us."

The men listened in dejection so complete that they hadn't even the heart to upbraid her. They realized also that upbraiding her would be quite useless. Their high hopes were dashed; and what with railroad fare, hotel bills and costumes, Jenkin Cartwright was out nine hundred dollars in cash.

"You didn't see Peter again," he ventured to suggest dully.

"No," Stella replied. "He went back to his room and had a fit and beat it for home yesterday afternoon." She chewed her gum a moment and observed—as one recalls a tragic experience—"Gee! If you'd seen old Madge with her wig off and all spillin' out of her wrapper you'd have expected him to keep on runnin' till he struck China!"

Without hope—and with frequent lapses into gloomy silence—the men talked the situation over, while Stella chewed gum with a fixed frown and answered such questions as they asked. She told them about the three days' tour round Indiana in Peter's car, which had immediately preceded the proposal of marriage. At one place in the narrative Jenkin Cartwright showed a glimmer of interest.

"Crown Point," he repeated and thoughtfully poked his eyeglasses into his mustache. "That's where the elopers from Chicago go to get married. How long did you stay there?"

"Just overnight," Stella replied; and the lawyer devoted a silent moment to reflection.

"It might be possible to frame up a fake marriage on that," he suggested, but not with conviction.

The conference ended with affairs in that posture; but the more Jenkin Cartwright thought it over the less ground for hope there seemed to be. If a claim of marriage should be made, undoubtedly Stella and her "mother" would be subjected to a scrutiny which the latter, especially, could ill bear. Beyond a dozen snapshot photographs of Stella and Peter together, which Mrs. Winans had thoughtfully taken, there wasn't an authentic scrap of anything that looked like evidence to support the claim. Regretfully the lawyer concluded it would be altogether too hazardous.

Not long after he reached that conclusion the Sauganac Daily News contained on the front page a two-column portrait of Peter J. Meagher, together with a properly displayed announcement that the eminent law firm of Steele, Winchell & Walling had drawn his will bequeathing almost his entire fortune to the founding of an orphans' home.

That appeared to settle it. The sweet dream of getting possession of Peter's millions was laid away with other forgone dreams. Mr. Cartwright devoted himself to his somewhat shady and modestly prosperous law practice. Augustus P. Ellis turned to soliciting subscriptions to the capital stock of a mostly imaginary automobile concern. Madge Brown had returned to Chicago and was conducting a matrimonial bureau, in daily fear of the post-office inspectors. Four different photographs of Stella Winans, to which four different names were attached, constituted one-third of her stock in trade. Stella herself, after some wavering, chose honorable employment as a cloak model in a department store which specialized in popular-priced merchandise. She regarded that as temporary, however, and still kept a small anchor to the windward—that is, she had Madge's promise of ten per cent of whatever spoils the use of her photographs brought the matrimonial bureau, and no one could tell but something better might develop in that connection.

More than ever Peter J. Meagher kept to his big empty Jacobean-Gothic house. Muffled almost out of human shape he took a daily ride in his big car, but rarely did the car come to town. Hardly anyone saw the old man, and it was rumored he was breaking up. A sportsmanly haberdasher laid a wager, in the Occidental bar, that he wouldn't last the winter out.

Every time that thought came into the minds of Jenkin Cartwright and Augustus Ellis it smote a keen pang to their hearts. Two millions, that had once seemed so close to them, now going to an orphan asylum! The lawyer was always carrying that poignant idea round in the back of his head and brooding over it in leisure moments.

Yet nothing further would have happened, only—the first week in March—professional business took Cartwright to the eastern part of the state. He alighted from the train at a country town from which it was necessary for him to drive five miles to a hamlet off the railroad. The country roads were hardly passable for an automobile just then, so he applied at a livery stable for a team and driver.

The livery proprietor was at a loss, for the regular driver was off on a trip and there was some doubt about finding a substitute. He went up street, however, and soon returned with an elderly and seedy person whose stubby mustache was dyed a metallic black as though with stove polish and lustrously contrasted with his gray hair. Cartwright's impression was that this substitute driver had been discovered in a saloon, and beyond the first careless glance the lawyer would have paid no particular attention to him. But it happened that just before the man muffled himself in a thick woolen scarf for the wintry drive Cartwright got a look full into his face, and immediately something struck him.

The man was big-framed and spare and his nose was red. But that nose was a notably long, fleshy organ and peculiarly

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blunt at the end, as though somebody had pressed a thumb against it with considerable vigor when it was soft. He had deep-set eyes and a square, rough-hewn chin. During the drive Mr. Cartwright engaged him in conversation and obtained his name.

He was very thoughtful indeed on the journey back to Sauganac and there—to the neglect of business—spent the greater part of a day in the big wooden armchair by the front window of his private office, his short, fat legs thrust out, his shirt front wrinkling above his paunch, his double chin settled in his collar. Then he sent for Augustus Ellis.

"That Meagher business has always stuck in my crop, Gus," he confessed meditatively when the detective was seated beside him. "It's two million dollars. A man can afford to take a tall chance for that. A framed-up marriage, now—well, I thought that all over; but it wouldn't go. There was nothing to hang it on except just the word of those two women, and anybody could shoot them all to pieces on cross-examination. There didn't seem a chance. But I've just been over north of Detroit. I had to make a five-mile drive there. The fellow that drove me is a sort of domesticated old hobo—hanger-on round town. And when you get square in front of him and look him full in the face he's almost a dead ringer for Peter J. Meagher. His profile don't show it much. But when you get a fullface view it's there. He'd have to have his nose chalked and a mustache and goatee like Peter's. You could get them made over in Chicago."

His eyes narrowed to mere slits and he gently tapped his dirty thumbnail with the eyeglasses. "You see, everybody in Sauganac knows Peter by sight and would swear to him. The old boy's going to pass out pretty soon, and there's two million dollars. A man can afford to take a tall chance for that. I want you to go down there and look my man over and see if he strikes you the way he did me, and then see if we can do business with him."

After Ellis had returned from the journey and reported favorably, Mr. Cartwright called in his confidential stenographer and factotum and began dictating: "I, Peter J. Meagher, of sound mind and memory, do make and declare this my last will and testament."

Consulting some memoranda that he had carefully prepared the lawyer dictated a number of small bequests, including an annuity to the angular niece. Then he concluded:

"All the residue and remainder of the property of which I die possessed, whether real, personal or mixed, I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Estelle Winans Meagher, and I appoint her, the said Estelle Winans Meagher, sole executrix of this my last will and testament without bond."

The matter of tracing Peter J. Meagher's signature to this document, from an original that Mr. Cartwright had easily procured, was comparatively simple. Of course the confidential factotum would witness the signature; but that was by no means enough.

Elisha Spry, agricultural expert for Sauganac County, had an office across the hall from Mr. Cartwright. He was a well-known, highly respected retired farmer who had accepted the public office partly from public spirit. His assistant was a highly respectable young man, son of a well-to-do farmer and graduate of the state agricultural school. At almost any time of any day a farmer or two might be in the office consulting Mr. Spry or his assistant. Jenkin Cartwright particularly favored that office, yet if it should fail him there were plenty of other respectable people about the building.

One cold and snowy afternoon late in March, Peter J. Meagher left the big stone house for his customary drive—as usual swathed in many wrappings and buried under blankets. The machine turned north, away from town—as Augustus P. Ellis, frozenly waiting down the road in a little car, duly observed.

Thirty minutes later another car, containing Ellis and another swathed figure, drew up at the four-story brick building behind the towering First National Bank. Still swathed out of all recognition the figure accompanied Ellis to the elevator.

About five minutes later Mr. Cartwright—with the air of a preoccupied, busy man—pushed open the door of Mr. Spry's office and peered in. Mr. Spry himself and a farmer whom Cartwright recognized as Hiram Teller, living four miles west of town, were talking.

"Busy for half a minute?" asked the lawyer genially as he stood in the open door, eyeglasses in hand. "I want a couple of witnesses to a signature. Would you mind stepping over? Only take half a minute."

It is the kind of courtesy which good-natured men perform as a matter of course. Spry and Teller followed Mr. Cartwright across the hall. Entering his private office they were surprised to see the familiar figure of Peter J. Meagher sitting over in the shadiest corner looking them in the face.

"Guess you gentlemen know Mr. Meagher—by sight, at least; most everybody round here does," said the lawyer breezily as he bustled to the other side of the office table, on which a typewritten, legal-looking document lay.

The surprised witnesses barely had time to mumble an acknowledgment when the lawyer thrust a pen into Mr. Spry's hand, saying, "This is Mr. Meagher's signature." And turning to the figure in the corner he demanded, "You acknowledge this to be your signature and you acknowledge this to be your will?"

The figure stroked its goatee and muttered an affirmative.

"Yes, right there on the dotted lines," said the lawyer to the witnesses; "and put down your addresses."

Half a minute later Mr. Cartwright—with profuse thanks—was showing them out of the office, and they returned to Mr. Spry's office in a state of mild surprise and excitement over this odd adventure of witnessing Peter J. Meagher's signature to a will. They talked about it at random for as much as a minute. But it was really no affair of theirs, and some other things were decidedly affairs of theirs—for example, that weighty matter of consolidating the three old-fashioned school districts in the Spry-Teller neighborhood. They had that very much at heart and were soon discussing it again. Three or four days later Hiram Teller happened to remember about the will and mentioned it to his wife—as one mentions that the Johnsons, over in Beverly Township, have a new car.

While Messrs. Spry and Teller were deep in their discussion of the consolidated school district, Jenkin Cartwright was sitting by the window in his private office smiling at the world, his heart sensibly warm with happiness and the blood running merrily through his veins.

The more he thought of it the better he liked it. Spry and Teller—intelligent, well-to-do, highly respected men—would swear positively and circumstantially that Peter J. Meagher had acknowledged the signature in their presence and declared the document to be his last will and testament.

Steele, Winchell & Walling might bring in handwriting experts till the cows came home; and for that matter Mr. Cartwright would have his own experts to declare the signature genuine—there was never any trouble about that. They might throw all the imputations they pleased at Estelle Winans Meagher and her female companion at Crown Point. They might point to the absence of any legal record of the marriage and ridicule the bride's story that Mr. Meagher had told her no marriage license was necessary in Indiana and she couldn't remember just where the clergyman's house was situated, because they drove there in the dark and she was a stranger to the town. They might exhibit their own will and insist that Peter J. Meagher meant to leave his fortune to an orphan asylum.

But they couldn't—Mr. Cartwright knew—overcome the positive testimony of two such witnesses as Spry and Teller. They wouldn't even dare insinuate that two such men had been bribed to commit an odious perjury. And if Peter J. Meagher formally declared, in his last will and testament, that Estelle Winans Meagher was his beloved wife, the absence of legal record of the ceremony would cut little figure.

Keeping as close watch as possible upon Peter J. Meagher became, therefore, Augustus Ellis' occupation. Meanwhile the quondam hanger-on at a livery stable had received five thousand dollars in cash, with a promise of twenty-five thousand more when the estate should be settled, and sent out to California.

Madge Brown was notified to hold herself in readiness and, partly to keep her from falling into the hands of the police in the meantime, Mr. Cartwright advanced her two thousand dollars. Simple-minded Stella was put off with an advance of one thousand and rigorously instructed in the part she must play.

Fortune seemed kind. Ellis' daily observations disclosed no cause for anxiety. On the fifteenth day of April Peter did not go forth for his usual drive; but Doctor Hazelton drove up to the big stone house and remained inside for more than an hour. About four o'clock he returned, accompanied by Doctor Pearson. At five o'clock Ellis—at Jenkin Cartwright's direction—telegraphed Stella to come over from Chicago at once so as to be on the ground. She arrived that night, and the Daily News of the following morning announced the demise of Peter J. Meagher.

Stella, Augustus Ellis and Jenkin Cartwright were sitting in the lawyer's office waiting a telephone message to Cartwright from a young man in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court. The message came—that Steele, Winchell & Walling had filed their will for probate.

It was the climacteric moment—the signal for action. Cartwright arose silently, put on his light overcoat and hat and drew on his gloves. A neatly bound and folded typewritten document inscribed "Last Will and Testament of Peter J. Meagher" lay on the table. The lawyer put it into his overcoat pocket and went out without a word.

Of course, as it bore a later date it superseded the will that Steele, Winchell & Walling had filed. Mr. Cartwright was going to file it and demand that it be admitted to probate.

Stella and Augustus Ellis were left alone in the private office. Both of them felt the dramatic suspense of the moment.

In their different ways they had been thinking very industriously of late. Augustus Ellis had been over to Chicago to see Stella four times. It was necessary to keep a provident eye on her and instruct her in the rôle she must play. Now, after walking restlessly round the room a little while, his narrow face and thin shoulders thrust hungrily forward as usual, he pushed a chair beside her and sat down and quite abruptly took her hand.

He had been thinking that he would marry her as soon as the will was probated—and then—possibly—possibly—he and his wife would have more to say about the manner in which that two million dollars was disposed of than Jenkin Cartwright would.

Stella calmly suffered him to hold her hand, and looked away. If Augustus Ellis had been on the other side he would have seen a twinkle in her lovely eyes and a slight movement of her red lips as though she wanted to laugh. Simple-minded as she was, she quite comprehended her companion's drift and knew very well that somehow or other the money must be handed over to Estelle Winans Meagher, beloved widow. Then—possibly—possibly—she would tell both Jenkin Cartwright and this monkey beside her where they got off.

Such thoughts were dancing in their respective heads as they sat waiting the lawyer's return, and when Ellis spoke sentimentally to her, squeezing her hand, she neither responded nor repulsed him. He was saying, "It's a fact, I'm dead stuck on you, Stella," when he hastily dropped her hand and sat up straight, for they heard the door open.

It was Mr. Cartwright. His face looked aged and melancholy; all its lines seemed to droop. Even his fat figure drooped. The typewritten document indorsed "Last Will and Testament of Peter J. Meagher" still bulged from his overcoat pocket. He moved slowly over to the table, dropped in a chair and pushed his hat dejectedly back on his head. Taking the will from his pocket he unfolded it and gazed sadly down at the bold scraggly imitation of Peter J. Meagher's signature—also at the signatures of Messrs. Spry and Teller.

Turning to his astonished companions he said tonelessly: "I thought I'd look that will over before I filed this one. I did look it over—and I didn't file this one. That will is signed with a cross. Peter J. Meagher suffered a paralytic stoke down there at Muckaloo—from the jolt you gave him. His right hand has been useless ever since. He couldn't hold a pen in it."

Again he looked down at the scraggly signature and the date—four months after the testator's hand had become useless. He was out about ten thousand dollars. Glancing dolefully over at Stella he remarked: "You certainly spilled the salt."

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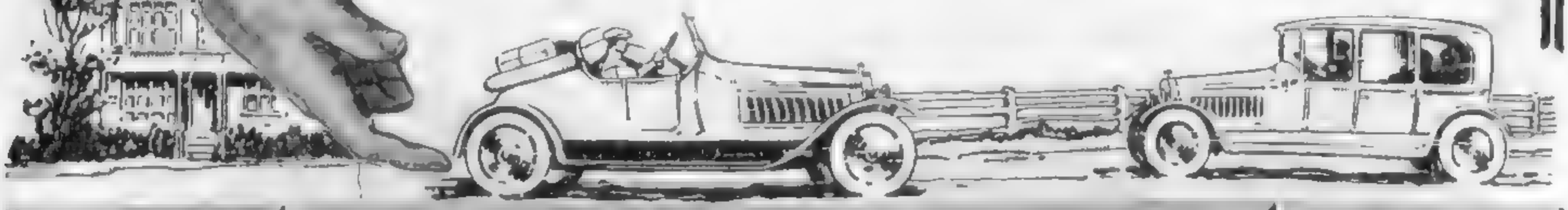

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COAL—NOW AND NEXT WINTER

(Continued from Page 13)

The mine operators were not to blame for the fuel shortage last winter; but with a solution of the transportation problem—and that desired end is likely of early realization—will come responsibility to mine owners. Two questions rise: Are the coal producers ready? Will they make good? Far-sighted coal-mining men are anticipating the coming test for the industry. They are familiar with the story of railroad blunders, and they know that a repetition of such mistakes by coal companies will land the fuel industries likewise in the lap of government ownership.

The larger and better managed coal corporations are keeping up repairs and renewals. The report of one important producer, just issued, is typical of all the more responsible companies. This concern in 1917 spent $895,000 for additions and improvements. The 1918 budget sets aside $1,500,000 for the consummation of plans and the purchase of equipment to increase output further.

Perhaps the greatest danger of failure in the mining end is the possibility of operators' permitting their narrow work entries and haulways to lag. This narrow work is absolutely essential to the proper underground development of a coal seam, but it is expensive and produces but little tonnage. Now with the demand for coal so insistent the operator is tempted to drive hard for tonnage, which policy soon places the mine in a most unfavorable operating position and increases the likelihood of squeezes and falls that mean loss of life and property.

Already we are obliged to record that the abnormal conditions of 1917 are reflected in the accident records by an increase of 21 per cent in fatalities compared with 1916. This was due to the necessary employment of green men in the mines and to the loss of so many experienced safety engineers and first-aid men to the army. The Fuel Administration will shortly recognize these dangers, and one remedy will require that at least one-eighth of the tonnage produced by any mine shall come from the development of narrow work. Restrictions on the handling of explosives are being increased. A stick of dynamite in a car of coal used for bunkering might sink a transport at sea.

The Food and Fuel Administrations were so hastily constructed they were for months only mushroom organizations. Such bodies must necessarily hinder before they can help. Big business dislikes interference; anything that disturbs the even tenor of its ways is objectionable. Doctor Garfield was not a prominent coal operator, but he had been in the coal business and was not without experience in the development and operation of mines. His earlier appointments were open to the criticism that the men selected were not engaged in the production and distribution of coal. No committee, however, could have been appointed that would have been more representative of the public or had the interests of the consumers nearer at heart, for the members of the committee came almost entirely from the ranks of coal consumers. This situation was disconcerting to the mine owners, but recent appointments, particularly in the departments of coal distribution and price investigation, have included some of the country's most experienced engineers and coal operators, which has tended to renew the faith and confidence of the mining end of the business.

The closing-down order of January seventeenth, and other of our unpleasant winter experiences, are now old stories. It may be interesting, however, to read a few remarks made to me by Doctor Garfield the day before this article was written.

He said: "The chief accomplishment of this administration has been the stimulation of production through the stabilizing of prices. I have had before me all the data covering prices of food and other necessities during the period of our Civil War. The task of collecting this information was the work assigned me by the President when I came to Washington as chairman of such an investigating committee in June. I have been gratified to see that the recent price placed on wheat by President Wilson was the price my committee had worked out. This work of research carried on during the summer showed us plainly that the certain and final outcome of a runaway market in any commodity is to wreck production. The work of the Fuel Administration has not been so much the reduction of coal prices to the consumer as it has been the prevention of exorbitant prices. To what height prices might have climbed if left unrestrained we can only imagine. It is therefore impossible to measure accurately what the administration has accomplished.

"We have smoothed out many difficulties between labor and capital. There is to-day only one district where differences exist, and that local trouble will be adjusted promptly. On assuming the rôle I now occupy I said to both operators and miners: 'We will have none of your controversies. Neither mine owner nor workman shall profit at the expense of the other during the war.' I have so far found both parties unselfish and patriotic.

"Concerning the oft-repeated criticism that I was responsible for slowing down coal production and that I hindered coal buying during the summer months let me say that I had nothing to do with fixing the first prices established for coal. Nor did I advise against buying coal at any time. I assumed office on August twenty-first, and a few days later suggested that the public purchase coal in the normal way. We did, of course, aim to subdue hysteria.

"Looking back, I am sure the shut-down of industry in January was necessary. I go further and say now that I believe firmly that even a wide embargo—which I could not then get—would have failed to accomplish the desired end. The embargo would have been too slow of action; immediate relief was vital.

"As to storing coal this summer and fall let me say to the public: Get all the coal you can buy; provided of course you do not exceed your actual needs. All restrictions on household purchases we trust will be temporary. If the situation is wholly clear and there is plenty of fuel for everyone the economies and curtailments now in effect will not be continued. We will, however, rigidly carry out our measures designed to eliminate impurities from the coal shipped. Concerning conservation, important savings must come from education and voluntary compliance. We cannot order or enforce the observance of specified household practices.

"The cardinal principle of my administration is to act according to my best judgment and not sit idle for fear of making a mistake."

Further expressions from Doctor Garfield indicated that he is opposed to the Administration's actually engaging in the coal business in any way other than to aid distribution. He is desirous that emergency coal piles be built up during the warm months to afford relief if need be next winter, but these storage yards are preferably to be planned and operated by the various municipalities and not by the Federal Government. It is likewise true that the Fuel Administrator is reluctant to classify industries as essential and nonessential. He is willing to concede preferential treatment for war work, but the country under his Fuel Administration may expect the curtailment of what is termed unessential businesses only as a last resort.

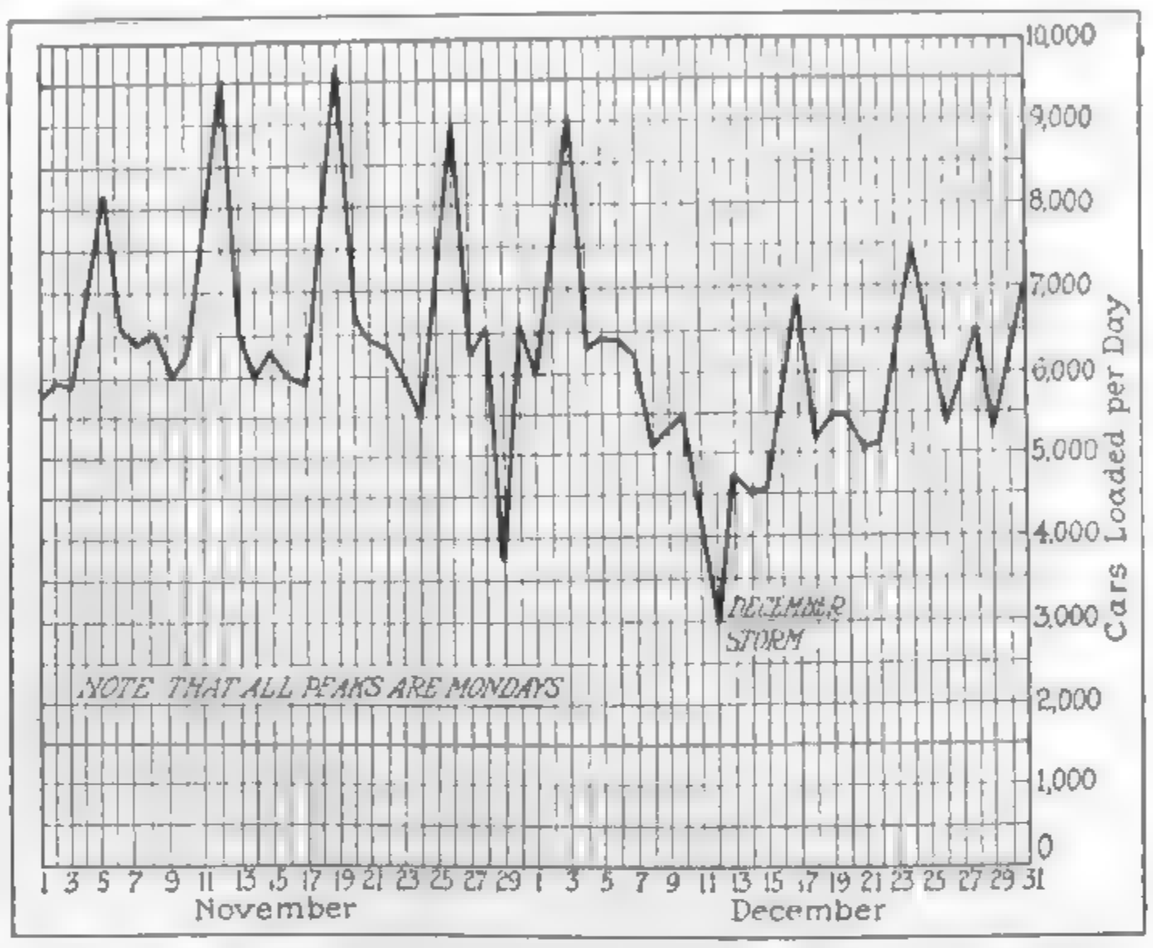
It is certain that before we enter on another winter the rank and file of coal consumers, big and little, will be educated in methods of economy in fuel combustion as they never were before. Such intelligence will be forthcoming in proper time, so I will confine my remarks briefly to broad plans that may so affect our national life as to justify our giving them early attention and discussion. This is particularly desirable, since the Fuel Administration has assumed to commence its new year April first, on which date important changes in general plans become effective.

Briefly summarized the aim of the Conservation Bureau of the Fuel Administration is to effect the following savings during the year commencing April 1, 1918:

	ESTIMATED TOTAL CONSUMPTION TONS	ESTIMATED ANNUAL SAVING TONS
1. In homes, 10 per cent	120,000,000	12,000,000
2. In industrial plants, including locomotives, 10 per cent	400,000,000	40,000,000
3. By substituting wood, 10,000,000 cords increase	.....	6,000,000
4. By using natural ice and consolidating artifical-ice plants	15,000,000	1,500,000
5. Daylight saving		1,000,000
6. Electric-railway saving by skip-stops		1,500,000
7. Consolidation of public utilities	35,000,000	2,000,000
8. Natural reduction building material, 20 per cent	20,000,000	6,000,000
Total		70,000,000

There is no doubt that household economies in the aggregate next winter will be large; so will the savings in all of our 250,000 stationary-steam plants. The strict inspection service now being inaugurated

(Continued on Page 55)



This Diagram Shows the Cars Loaded Each Day During November and December at Mines Located on Three Large Eastern Coal-Carrying Railroads. It is Plainly Evident There Would be an Enormous Increase in Coal Shipments if the Monday Allotment of Cars Could be Maintained All Week. The Effect of a Bad Storm on Shipments is Indicated by the December 12th Dip in Loadings

THE bicycle beautiful! Your dealer can now supply it in either the *America, Crown* or *Adlake* model.

A snow-pure *white head* always identifies these *bicycles beautiful*. See the patented dart finish on this white head.

For greatest riding ease there is the genuine, patented one-piece Fauber Crank Hanger—trouble proof, sweet running, always efficient.

Visit the America, Crown or Adlake dealer in your town. They are good men to know. Look for the trade symbols shown above.

Great Western Manufacturing Co.
La Porte, Indiana
World's Largest Makers of Bicycles

This snow-white head with patent dart finish on every America, Crown or Adlake

The Charm of Home Cleanliness

Shining enamel, glistening tile, spick-and-span cleanliness in every room is the natural result of using

Peet's Crystal White

This pure white family soap is the safe soap to use for all house cleaning, kitchen and laundry purposes. Unsurpassed for delicate laces and embroidered linens.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 53)

in the various cities will undoubtedly result in the discontinuance or modernizing of many uneconomical plants, and in the consolidation of other stations when such centralization can be effected to advantage.

In the matter of fuel consumed by railroads there is a great opportunity for economy. Like other industries, the transportation lines have lost men and have had to employ green hands as firemen. Since the railways consume 27 per cent of the total bituminous coal output, a saving of even 1 per cent will amount to more than 1,400,000 tons annually.

That a very material betterment in railroad fuel consumption is possible is evident from results obtained by one of our largest Eastern roads. The company in question saved 541 tons of coal on eight of its divisions in one week by increased care in banking and dumping fires at engine terminals. The firemen on this same railroad were informed as to just what the saving of one shovelful of coal per mile amounts to in the total of all operations. Other investigations showed that the standardization of exhaust nozzles would save the road 50,000 tons per year. The modernizing of old engines by applying new valve gear and superheaters would likewise save 20 per cent in the coal used per 1000 gross ton miles. Thousands of additional tons can be saved by not overloading tenders, by removing all coal from coal cars, by preventing the use of large engines on small trains, by reducing the number of stops of freight trains, by eliminating stops at the foot of steep grades, and by properly loading trains with respect to engine capacity. Bearing on this last-mentioned conservation plan it has been proved that an engine pulling two-thirds its load will burn nearly as much coal per train-mile as it will consume with a full-load rating.

Railroad Coal Economies

Summarizing the possibilities in saving on railroad fuel consumption it is enlightening to read the results obtained by this same railroad under new fuel regulations, compared with similar operations one year ago, when less care was observed. Actual performances in a recent month are compared with the same month in the preceding year. The figures disclose a possible fuel saving in passenger service of $628,140 a year, and a fuel saving in freight service of $751,128 a year. At this rate the total annual coal saving from better methods of firing and from improved equipment on this one system will be $1,379,268. Think what it will mean to the country if all railroads follow a similar plan and cast aside antiquated methods and out-of-date equipment.

Daylight saving by advancing the clock one hour is attracting considerable attention. The suggestion if adopted would result in a more favorable load factor for power plants in the winter months. This brings up the question of conserving coal through the curtailment of lighting. Every little economy helps, for we must win the war; however, in such times as the present there is always danger of our going to extremes. The amount of coal employed for producing electric light is but 1.9 per cent of the country's total output. Almost as much coal can be saved—10,000,000 tons—by maintaining the temperature of the interior of all buildings at 67 degrees instead of 70 degrees as by shutting off every electric light in America

There are other kinds of conservation besides the saving of fuel; we have such things as conservation of eyesight, conservation of life and limb and conservation of property—all of which are increased by a proper application of artificial light. Fewer city lights may mean more accidents from collisions at street crossings, and it must be remembered that our enemies over here do not fly above us in Zeppelins but walk among us and carry on their depredations under the cover of darkness. Even in London, the partial elimination of street lamps developed the fact that the danger to the public from street accidents was more serious than the menace from German airships. Many lights have therefore been restored.

When we plan to save even 1 per cent of the coal consumed by steam plants or railroads we are aiming at something worth while, but when we set about saving a very small part of 2 per cent of our output it is best that we make sure the economy is worth what it costs. There is no such thing as overillumination by artificial light. The brightest electric illumination in a building furnishes only a quarter the light that is afforded us by the least bright sunlight.

There is no doubt that the psychological effect of curtailing our so-called "white ways" was favorable. It reminded people we are at war; it prompted many to reduce lights at home; and it doubtless encouraged economy in the consumption of other commodities. But such an insignificant measure must not be permitted to create the impression that large savings in fuel are being thereby effected. A successful outcome of our war activities will not follow the diffusion of erroneous impressions.

Do not imply that I advocate disregarding small economies. I am sure it is just as wise for each individual to practice thrift in the purchase and use of light as in the purchase and use of food or clothes. We need more light when we are reading or writing than when we are not. Suitable reflectors permit the use of fewer or smaller lamps. Frequently cleaning lamps increases the illumination one-third. Painting reflecting surfaces white conserves light. A 25-watt lamp will save an ounce of coal daily. A 16-candle-power carbon-filament lamp replaced by a 25-watt tungsten bulb will save at least 2 ounces of coal each day. These are all sensible things to know and are rules worth following; but we must properly assign to all our efforts their true value.

The country will be flooded this summer with schemes to conserve coal. Some will succeed. A number of cities report that the skip-stop plan of street-car service is a success. Cincinnati engineers assert it results in a faster schedule with fewer cars and will mean an annual saving of 10,000 tons of coal. Other communities are discussing the advisability of substituting winter for summer vacations in the public schools. One estimate places the yearly consumption of coal in our 100,000 public schools at 20,000,000 tons, and figures a saving of 12,000,000 tons through the general adoption of the winter-vacation plan. The advocates of the scheme say winter vacations would mean less sickness among the children because there would be open windows instead of airtight schoolrooms. Opponents say the children would make less progress in the heat of summer and that in rural districts they are needed on the farms. I leave the reader free to his choice of opinion.

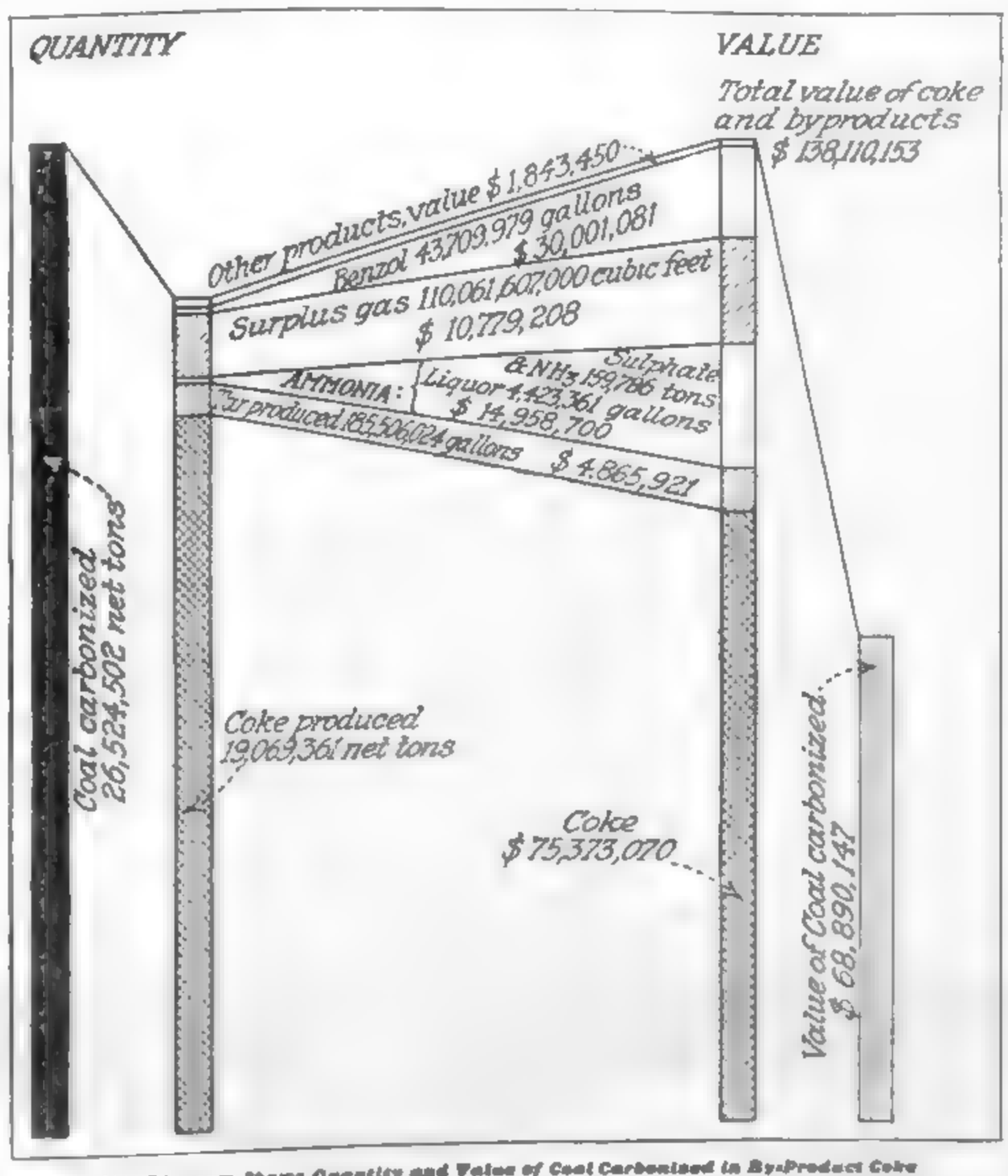
Cheap Deliveries by Motor

Fuel conservation is interesting, but we cannot do much in the way of saving unless we first get the coal into our bins. During the past winter most every city has been taught a lesson showing the need of emergency storage yards. Hundreds of communities will take steps to insure against local fuel famines next winter. New York City, with its millions of people, narrowly averted disaster from freezing, while at the same moment nearly 400,000 tons of coal were lying across the Hudson River in New Jersey terminals waiting to be moved. There was hardly a city that did not present its spectacle of icy streets with horse-drawn coal wagons stalled on every block. This is an age of motor vehicles and not a time to employ horses to haul coal through snowdrifts. If we do not provide against a repetition of last winter's coal-delivery experiences we shall be deserving of all the hardships we shall have to endure.

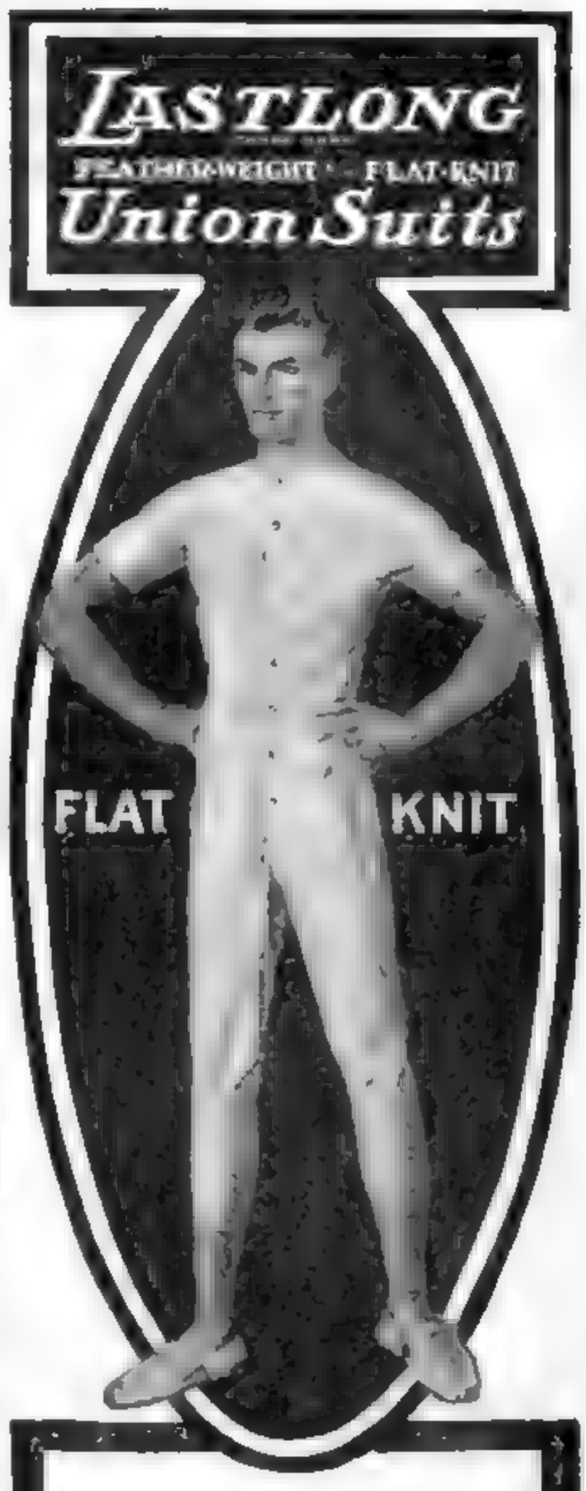
It is worth noting in this connection that one of the largest Government departments in Washington decided to investigate the problem of local coal delivery. Trucks were purchased and a coal yard was rented. The lowest bid price for delivery of the required coal tonnage was $1.46 per ton. The department's complete figures from August 16, 1917, to February 1, this year, show a delivery cost of approximately $.74 per ton. The total saving on 7216 tons delivered was $5174. It is likely all Government departments in Washington will follow suit. Coal delivery may not be such a problem after all.

The zone system that is just now being put into operation will afford more relief

(Concluded on Page 57)


QUANTITY
VALUE
Total value of coke and byproducts $ 138,110,153
Other products, value $ 1,843,450
Benzol 43,709,979 gallons $ 30,001,081
Surplus gas 110,061,607,000 cubic feet $ 10,779,208
AMMONIA: Sulphate & NH3 159,786 tons
Liquor 4,423,361 gallons $ 14,958,700
Tar produced 185,506,024 gallons $ 4,865,921
Coal carbonized 26,524,502 net tons
Coke produced 19,069,361 net tons
Coke $ 75,373,070
Value of coal carbonized $ 41,068,899

This Diagram Shows Quantity and Value of Coal Carbonized in By-Product Coke Ovens in the United States in 1916, and Quantity and Value of the Products Obtained. It is Evident From This Chart That the Coal Coked Was Converted Into Products Having a Value More Than Double the Value of the Raw Fuel



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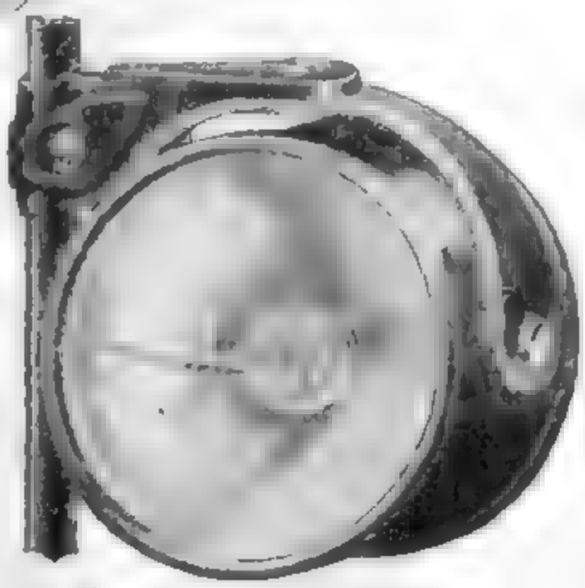
Learn at home, in spare time
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. P1384 Chicago, U. S. A.



Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $5

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1

Stewart Lens per pair $2

Stewart Warning Signal Hand-operated $3.50
(Motordriven type $6)

Stewart Autoguard for Ford Cars $7.50
(Western Price $8.25)
With Nickel Channel Bar $8.50 (Western Price $9.25)

Stewart Autoguard Tire-carrier for Ford Cars $11.50
(Western Price $12.50)
With Nickel Channel Bar $12.50 (Western Price $13.50)

Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Cars. Price, Complete $12
(Western Price $12.50)

Stewart Accessories For Ford Cars

When you buy accessories for your Ford car, get the best. Insist on having Stewart Automobile Accessories.

Costs you no more to get the best, in the first place. And, in the long run, it is cheapest.

Stewart Accessories for Ford cars are the best that your money can buy. There are none better sold at any price.

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As you surely value prestige—quality—service—satisfaction, you will choose Stewart Accessories for your Ford car. The very name Stewart on an accessory is your best guarantee. It is a safe name to look for.

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You need Stewart Accessories on your Ford car. They enable you to get more pleasure, better service, and greater satisfaction out of your motoring.

The Stewart line for Ford cars is complete. Note how varied it is. Examine the illustrations on this page. Each shows an accessory you need—an accessory that will make your Ford a better car.

Take the Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for example. This Stewart Product is an absolute necessity on any car. Observe that 95% of the automobile manufacturers use the Stewart Speedometer as standard equipment.

You are depriving yourself of half the pleasure of motoring if you have no Stewart Speedometer. You need it to tell you how far and how fast you drive. You need it to avoid arrest for speeding. You need it to check your gasoline and oil consumption and your tire mileage. You need it for following road guides. You need it wherever and whenever you drive.

The Stewart Instrument Board will "dress up" your car—adds to its appearance. Fills up that unsightly gap below the windshield. Brings the speedometer up into position where it can be easily seen. Rests tight against the steering column. Eliminates vibration from the steering wheel. Easily installed in a few minutes. No bolts, screws or brackets to fuss with. Clock, headlight switch, starter control and other accessories can be easily added. Made of wood with black satin egg-shell finish. Speedometer is mounted flush. Adds a finishing touch of elegance to the Ford car.

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Stewart Accessories are sold by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere

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60 Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Sedan and Coupelet models. Price, complete $15
(Western Price $15.50)

(Concluded from Page 55)

than is generally imagined. Coals from Colorado, Wyoming and the Southwestern States will be drawn east into the Mississippi Valley. These Western regions never have worked to capacity. While the East was crying for coal in January many mines in two Western States were idle for lack of orders. The Eastern coals will supply the East. The Illinois and Indiana coals will feed the industries in their own territory. No coal will be shipped long distances by rail except by-product and smithing coals intended for special war uses. Cross hauls will be eliminated.

Fortunately the coal industry is fast ridding itself of the profiteers who would damn it. Nothing could have been more serious than the laxity that permitted shipments of impure coal last winter. There is no good excuse that can be offered for the practice. Each addition of 1 per cent ash in the nation's annual coal output means that 126,000 more cars are required to move the same amount of heat values. Conservative estimates place the ash content in the 1917 coal output at from 5 to 9 per cent above normal. If this is true then the movement of coal during the year required from 600,000 to 1,000,000 more cars than were necessary.

To the consumer this question of dirty coal is serious. For example: With coal carrying 6 per cent ash, 8 boilers are required to generate 300,000 pounds of steam per hour. With 20 per cent ash, 19 boilers are required. Coal adulteration means more boilers, more firemen, increased fuel demand and more ash handlers. It is further true that as the percentage of ash in coal increases the percentage of combustible matter lost in the ashes increases. Coal forms 35 per cent of the total freight handled by American railroads. It is easy to see, therefore, that even a small increase in useless impurities in coal is a matter of much consequence.

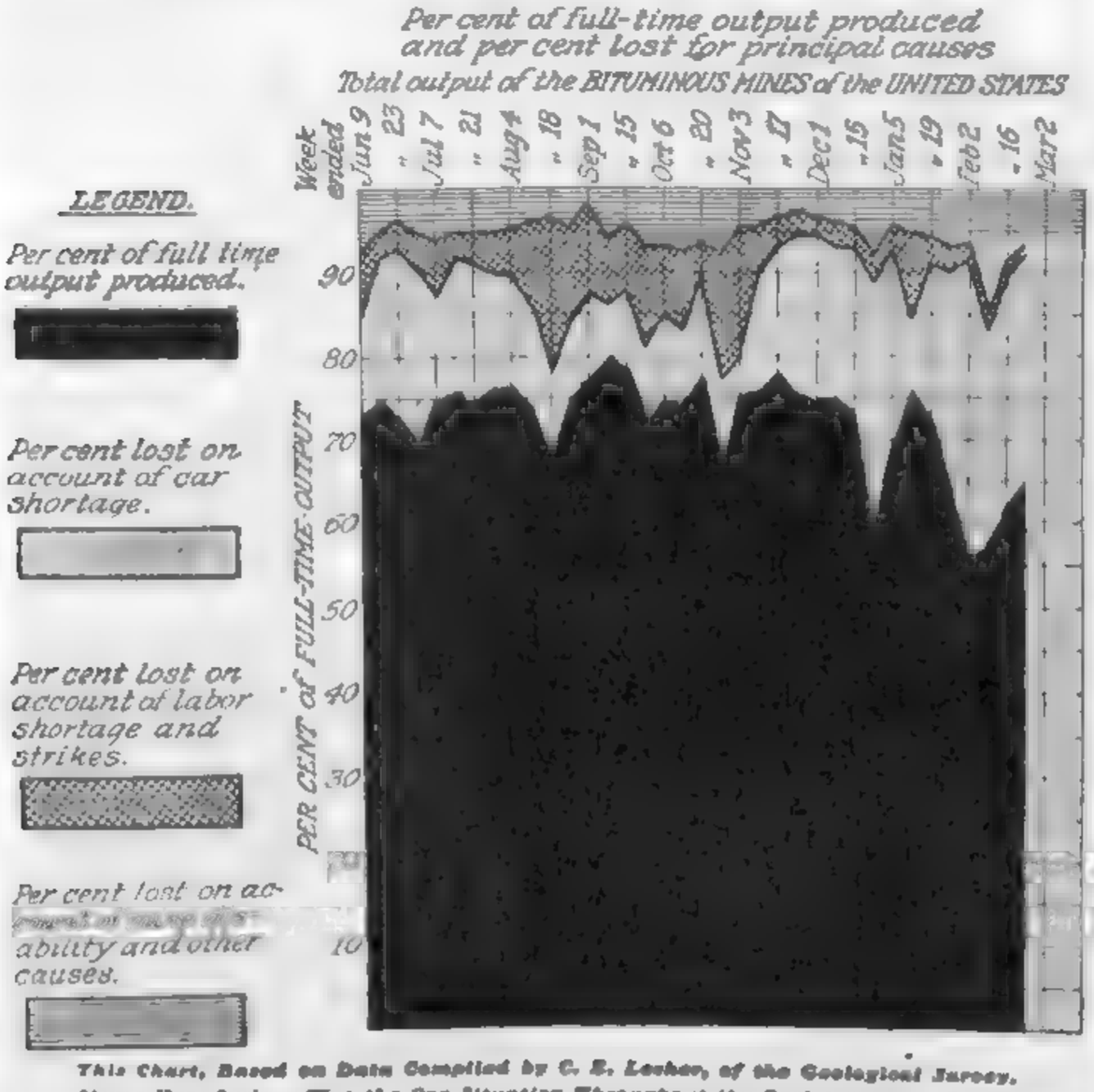
The remedy for the trouble is to be the establishment of coal inspectors and the closing down of mines that willfully permit the shipment of avoidable impurities. The operator, of course, does not load the slate at the working place in the mine. The trouble starts with the dishonest miner. It is gratifying, therefore, to repeat the words of John P. White, former president of the United Mine Workers' Union and now their representative in the Fuel Administration.

He said: "I heartily concur in your campaign for clean coal and have just entered into an agreement with my associates here, representing the operators, providing that the Union will back up the mine owner in fining, suspending or discharging any miner who is guilty of loading dirt, bone or slate into his mine car."

The chief aim of the Fuel Administration, aside from encouraging large output, is to get coal moving direct from the mine to the consumer's bin. In any locality where the consumer has difficulty in getting fuel the plan is to have such consumer state his needs to the local representative of the Fuel Administration, who will communicate all requirements to the national bureau of distribution.

It is conservatively estimated that notwithstanding the many economies proposed the nation's coal requirements this year will total not less than 720,000,000 short tons, or 60,000,000 tons each month. This means that we must produce about 13,000,000 tons of bituminous coal per week, which output has not been nearly realized any week so far this year. I believe the transportation problem will be solved before very long, and I am confident the mines will give us the necessary coal. However, that hopeful situation has not yet been realized, and it behooves us all to save in every sensible way possible. In many plants 16 drops of oil on a machine will save a full pound of coal. The 60,000,000 tons we lacked last year would have been offset if each person would have saved 40 ounces of coal daily. It is unwise, therefore, to ignore the small economies, that mean so much in the aggregate. If every householder would realize that each small shovelful of coal he fires into his furnace is equal in value to one-half pound of sugar or a small loaf of bread, it is likely more care would be exercised.

The Fuel Administration has a delicate task to perform. War industries must go on. Coal is vital, and should another shortage appear imminent this coming fall many businesses will be curtailed. The danger in such case is the possibility of setting back by a decade or more the development of various commercial arts that have reached their present plane of industrial efficiency through years of laborious effort. Supervision of fuel consumed in industrial plants and burned on locomotives will undoubtedly be made effective, but control of waste in households must depend on each individual. It is the duty of all of us to become better acquainted with the subject of heat, and one way to start the job is by hanging a few thermometers about the house.



This Chart, Based on Data Compiled by C. E. Lesher, of the Geological Survey, Shows How Serious Was the Car Situation Throughout the Entire Winter. In the Summer Months Labor Shortage and Strikes Had a Bad Effect, But These Causes Were Insignificant After November. It is Difficult to Determine How Low the January-February Dip Would Have Gone Had Not the January 17 Fuel-Closing Order Been Put Into Effect. Notwithstanding This Closing-Down of Industry, the Falling Off in Production Was Serious Up Until the First of March

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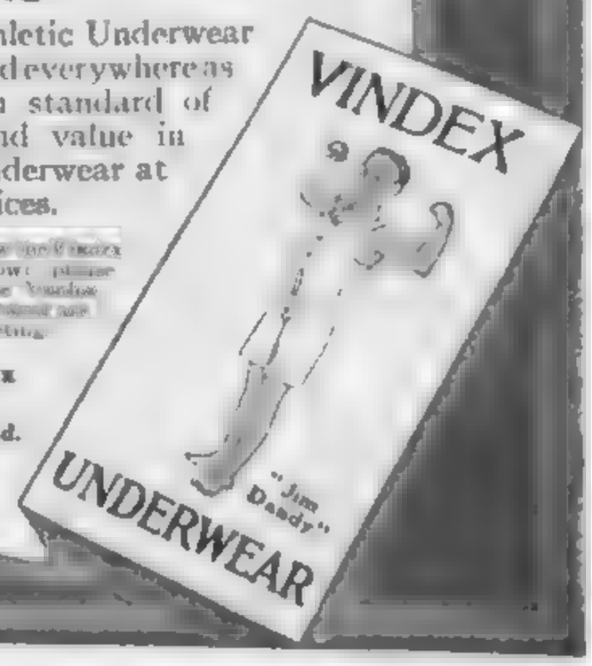

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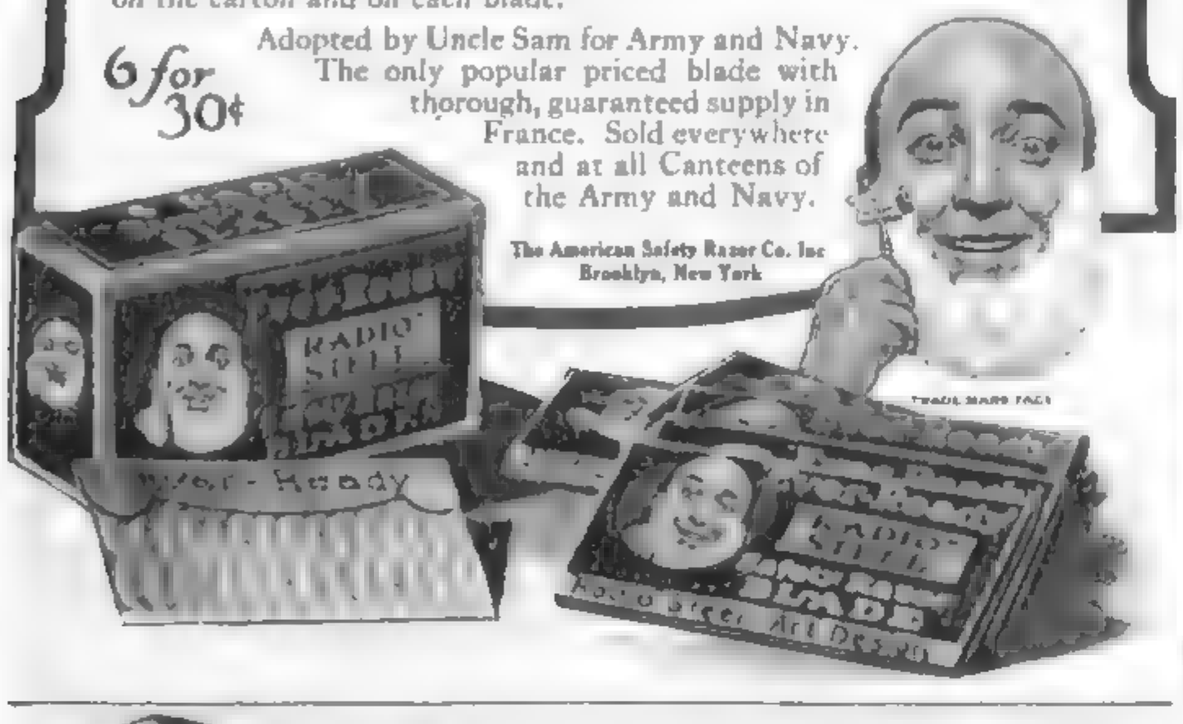

"An Old Club But It Looks Like New"

"When I put away my clubs last fall I had the locker boy give them a dose of 3-in-One. This spring they looked so good I now have him 3-in-One them every time after playing.

"First he cleans them thoroughly. Then he gets them bone dry—particularly the metal. Then he rubs the metal with a rag well oiled with 3-in-One. This positively prevents rust. Next he rubs the

3-in-One

oiled rag on the shaft. This keeps the wood from getting brittle and preserves the finish.

"Last of all, he rubs a good deal into the leather handle. This not only preserves the leather but keeps the handle soft. Makes it hold good when you grip it. Just feel that handle yourself. Isn't it great? And not a bit oily. Take my advice and keep your clubs young with 3-in-One."

3-in-One is a pure oil compounded of many uses. A great preservative of metal, wood and leather. Whether it's fine furniture or golf clubs. Contains neither acid, alkali nor grease. Just pure, highly refined oil

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FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. A postal will bring both.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 EUM BROADWAY, N. Y.

Making a Bear Living

By ENOS A. MILLS

GLANCING across a beaver pond one day, I saw a big grayish grizzly bear come out into a grassy opening. My presence was not suspected and I at once focused my field glasses upon him. Here and there he went, and when a grasshopper leaped into the air the bear—big, fat, awkward, lumbering fellow that he was—leaped into the air after it. He would strike the grasshopper with a forepaw, knock it to the ground and then pick it up with his teeth. Occasionally he advanced on all fours and slapped one of his forepaws upon the grasshopper before it leaped into the air. Once two grasshoppers flew up at the same instant. The bear stood still, located the spot where each had alighted and then paid his respects to them in turn.

About this time another bear came into the opening within a hundred feet of the scene of activity. He was a dark gray, almost black in color; but he, too, was a grizzly. After smelling here and there the second bear dug out something; I think it must have been a nestful of mice. A minute later in the edge of the tall grass he found a bumblebee's nest. This he ate in its entirety. Apparently two or three of the bees escaped, judging from the bear's rapid defense of his nose. Occasionally, as he walked about, he ate a huge mouthful of grass, taking three or four bites at a time.

Neither of these bears paid the slightest attention to the other. Though each must have known, both from scent and sight, that the other was near, they very successfully appeared to be oblivious of the fact.

"As hungry as a bear" is a statement of peculiar meaning. About one-third of the year a bear has a devastating appetite; another third he lives on short rations; and during the remaining third he goes on a food strike and hibernates.

What Bears Eat

Perhaps it would be well if we could think of the grizzly as being largely vegetarian. He digs up roots, feeds on weeds, tender shoots of shrubbery, fungi, mushrooms, berries, seeds, rosehips, pine nuts and acorns, and also eats bark like a rabbit and grass like a cow. However, the normal grizzly is an omnivorous feeder. He will eat anything that is edible: Meat—fresh, stale or carrion; wasps; yellow jackets; grasshoppers; ants and their eggs; bugs and grubs. Of course he eats honey and the bees. He also captures snakes, and many a rat and rabbit. He is a destroyer of many pests that afflict man, and in the realm of economic biology he should be rated high. I doubt that a dozen cats, hawks or owls annually catch as many mice as some grizzlies.

I endeavored to find out the kind of food preferred by two tame bears. A number of times I approached them with a plate upon which were cake, meat and honey. In my pockets I generally carried either turnips or apples. When close to the bears they usually stood on their hind legs to see what I had. If they caught the scent of either apples or turnips they thrust paws or noses into my pockets for these first, ignoring the dainties on the plate. Otherwise they grabbed whatever happened to be closest to them on the plate.

The food of a grizzly is largely determined by locality. Nearly all those along the streams of the Northern Pacific Coast feed chiefly upon fish, while those in the Bitter Root Mountains and British Columbia generally feed upon roots and plants. Those in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and the Southwest have a mixed diet.

I frequently followed a grizzly whose home territory was close to my cabin in the Rocky Mountains. One day he spent a few hours in digging out mice. On another he caught a rabbit. He ate a bumblebees' nest, and with the nest the grass, the bees, their young, their honey and their stings. In a homesteader's garden he dug out and ate nearly one hundred pounds of potatoes and turnips.

The aspens were in bloom—laden with swollen buds and juicy catkins. Many birds were feasting on the catkins; and, looking over into a near-by aspen thicket, I saw a grizzly on a ledge also feeding eagerly. He would reach for a limb, first with one forepaw and then with the other, bite off a few inches, and eat the twigs, bark and bloom. Occasionally he seized the top of an aspen with both paws, bent it down and bit it off. A similar fashion is followed in eating wild plums and chokecherries. The bears will reach up and pull down the top of a plum tree and bite it off, eating the small limbs, the bark, the leaves and the fruit. On another occasion I saw a grizzly browsing in a wild raspberry patch. He bit off the tops of the vines and ate them, along with the berries, the leaves and the thorns. Sometimes the twigs and terminal buds of the pine, the fir and the spruce are eaten.

During the first few weeks after coming out of the winter den much of the grizzly's food is likely to be of the salad order—juicy young plant stalks, watery shoots, tender bark, young grasses, buds and leaves.

One day I saw a grizzly approaching in a manner which indicated that he knew exactly where he was going. On arriving at an alder clump by the brook he at once commenced tearing off the bark and eating it. On another occasion I watched a bear strip off of a young balsam fir nearly all the bark within reach. I have often seen places where they had bitten and torn chunks of bark from aspens and cottonwoods. Though they also tear the bark from pine and spruce trees, I do not believe that is eaten as frequently as the bark of the broad-leaved trees.

Hard Work and Full Diet

In the Bitter Root Mountains the spring beauty, the dog-toothed violet and the shooting star, both tops and roots, appear to supply the grizzly with much of his food. In other localities he rarely, and possibly never, touches them, though they grow abundantly. Often in autumn, until the ground is frozen, bears dig out the roots of many kinds of plants. One of these, which they dig in British Columbia, is a wild pea—the Hedysarum.

All grizzlies appear to be fond of fish and in many places they are successful fishermen. I once saw one standing in the riffles of an Idaho stream, where he was partly concealed by a willow clump. In half an hour he knocked five large salmon ashore. With a single lightninglike stroke of his forepaw each fish was flung out of the water and sent flying fifteen or twenty feet. Rarely did he miss. Each of the salmon weighed several pounds.

A grizzly in the Sawtooth region, trying to catch some fish, sprawled out on a low bank by the edge of a stream. Holding himself with one forepaw he reached over with the other and felt under the bank beneath the water. He did this very much after the manner of a fat man. Commonly the bear makes a stand in driftwood on a bank, on a log that has fallen into a stream or behind a willow clump. Sometimes he captures fish by wading up a brook and catching, with claws or teeth, those that conceal themselves beneath banks and projecting roots.

A huge brown grizzly mother catching trout for her two fat cubs attracted my attention one day. The cubs waited on the grassy bank of a brook while the mother brought them trout after trout. The fish were sometimes caught by thrusting her nose into the water beneath the bank; at other times by reaching in with her paws; and at still others she knocked them out of the water as they endeavored to dash past her in the riffles. The cubs watched her every move; but they were not allowed to enter the water.

By a little mountain lake at the headwaters of the Columbia I found a pile of stale salmon beneath a number of large logs and stones. The salmon had been caught either in the lake or in a near-by brook during spawning time and stored for future consumption. A day or two later I returned and tracks showed that the bear had come back and consumed them.

The grizzly eagerly earns his own living; he is not a loafer. In two hours' time I have known him to move a mass of earth

(Concluded on Page 61)

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"You Hasn't Such Pretty Foots, Papa"

PERHAPS papa hasn't "foots" of classic contour—but those he has will look their best in Flexweev—the Everwear Hosiery that always fits so snugly at the ankle.

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Everwear TRADE MARK **Hosiery**

There is genuine economy in supplying the family's hosiery needs with EVERWEAR—it wears so remarkably well, thanks to its Flexweev texture and special reinforcement at toe, heel and top.

Even the sheerest silken Flexweev seems to justify its name—EVERWEAR.

You can get EVERWEAR *everywhere!* Doubtless your dealer has it in several weights—in many shades—in silk, lisle or cotton—for the whole family.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
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See that the next hosiery you buy bears the thrift stamp "EVERWEAR"

(Concluded from Page 58

that must have weighed tons, leaving an excavation large enough for a private cellar. When a large stone is encountered in his digging he grabs it with both forepaws, shakes and tears it loose from the earth and hurls it aside. I have seen him toss huge stones over his shoulder and throw large ones forward with one paw. Grizzlies show both skill and thought in nearly everything they do. They have strength, alert wits and clever paws, and commonly work at high speed.

Much work is done in digging out a woodchuck, cony, or some other animal, from a rock slide. I have come upon numbers of holes from which a grizzly had literally removed tons of stone. In places these were five or six feet deep. Round the edges the stones were piled as though for a barricade, and in some of them several soldiers could have found room and excellent shelter for ordinary defense.

A grizzly I followed one day paused in a grassy space to dig out mice. In reaching them he discovered a chipmunk's burrow. By the time he had secured all these he had torn up several square yards of sod. The place had the appearance of having been rooted up by hogs. In this fresh earth the surrounding trees sowed triumphant seeds, and here a cluster of spruces grew where grass had long held away.

While watching a flock of mountain sheep feeding down a slope just above the timber line a grizzly appeared on the scene. He came from the woods and was walking slowly upward. Unless the sheep or the bear changed course there must be a meeting. But the sheep continued to feed and the grizzly to walk upward. Suddenly the bear stopped and commenced digging—digging evidently for a chipmunk.

A stream of earth and stones was sent flying behind him. Occasionally, too, a huge stone was sent hurtling back. This activity roused the curiosity of the sheep and they approached within perhaps ten or twelve feet. They were lined up and eagerly watching the bear when he became aware of their presence; and, disliking their close approach, he leaped at them with a terrific "Woof!" The sheep scattered wildly; but they ran only a few yards, again united, and fed quietly away. The grizzly returned to his digging.

The misfortunes of other animals often provide a feast for the grizzly. In going over an area just swept by a forest fire I saw two grizzlies feasting, and there were feasts for numerous others. At one place the fire had destroyed the beavers' winter food supply and they were seeking home and harvest in other scenes.

A grizzly was wading in their abandoned pond and feasting on the dead trout that floated on the surface. Two black bears, despite terrible threats from the grizzly, claimed all the fish that came within reach of the shore, but discreetly kept out of the pond. During the second day's exploration of the burn a bear came upon me while I was eating from a fire-killed roasted deer. When I moved on the waiting grizzly walked up to feast.

A grizzly knows the location of every beaver pond in his territory. It is one of his favorite loafing and feeding places. Here he sometimes finds a stale fish or a dead bird brought down by the stream. Sometimes he eats a huge salad of pond lilies. Often he rolls and swims about in the water, enjoying himself immensely. But when beavers are gathering the harvest, especially if it is gathered at some distance from the water, he lies in wait for them and overhauls them.

He is ready, too, to seize upon any one of these unfortunate fellows who is accidentally killed or injured in gnawing down trees. Many a time I have seen the fresh tracks of a mother and her cubs on the muddy shore of a beaver pond, and sometimes the tracks of both black bears and grizzlies.

When there is an excess of food grizzlies make a cache of it. They will bury an elk in the earth. They will cover the carcass of a cow with numbers of logs, and nothing is more common than for them to cover a carcass with refuse consisting of twigs, fallen leaves, grass and trash. They will cover a quantity of fish with stones and logs.

A few become cattle killers; many eat what they did not kill. On the livestock ranges in the mountains of the West cattle die from many causes. They succumb to disease and to accidents. Winds proclaim carcass news and a feast to flesh eaters near and far. Bears have amazingly keen noses and often are the first to enjoy the feast.

A grizzly I was following caught the scent of a carcass that was more than a mile off. He stopped and sniffed; then changed his course and set off for the carcass. This was being watched; and as he was the first animal to arrive after the kill the owner of the cow concluded that he was guilty of the killing, and accordingly proceeded to kill him and to condemn all bears as cattle killers. Yet this cow had died from feeding too freely upon poisonous larkspur.

I was once trailing a grizzly through the snow when he came upon the trail of a mountain lion, which he followed. The lion had just killed a horse when the grizzly came on the scene. The grizzly drove off the lion. The following day, while having a second feast off the horse, he was discovered by a rancher, who at once procured dogs, pursued and killed "the famous horse-killing grizzly."

I have not heard of an authentic instance of a grizzly's eating human flesh. Numbers of hunters have been killed by grizzlies, but their bodies were not eaten; they were not killed for food. Many people have lost their lives from storms, accidents and starvation. Their bodies have lain for days and weeks in territory frequented by grizzlies without being eaten by them.

A prospector, his horse and his burro were killed by a falling tree. Grizzlies devoured the bodies of the animals, but that of the prospector was not disturbed. Human flesh appears to be the only thing a grizzly does not eat.

THE MOTOR TRUCK ENLISTED

(Continued from Page 11)

useless to motor traffic of all descriptions. In the case of the Cleveland-Pittsburgh road some recent improvement to the weak link in the form of the dumping of gravel has made it more passable. But it is typical of the national indifference to the main highroad as a national artery. The fifteen-mile stretch of bad road is almost equidistant between its termini. From the one side of it folks drive in passenger cars or motor trucks to Cleveland and, from the other side of it to Pittsburgh. And the men and trucks who must go from the one city through to the other are not a matter of any concern whatsoever to local taxpayers.

Recently the Federal Government has made an appropriation of $85,000,000 to be expended in bettering the national highways. Ten millions of this is to go to the roads in the national parks, and the remainder is to be expended in annual driblets for five years, apportioned to and in connection with the highway appropriations of the various states. But no definite system of highroads is contemplated under this act; no creation of single lines or trunks or systems which would be of the slightest national commercial or military value. The statute is hodgepodge. It is characteristic of the fine neglect which we have steadily given to a great national transportation possibility.

When the Council of National Defense was first created to help an overburdened Government with its problem of creating the material necessities for a war greater than even our imaginations might predict, it organized as one of its functions a division devoted to the development of transportation to meet the national emergency. But even this division for a time ignored the possibilities of the waterways and the highways. Recently it has given more careful attention to both of these means of communication. And in the case of the highroads it has appointed a Highways Transport Committee, headed by Roy D. Chapin, a practical and experienced automobile builder of Detroit.

This committee has gone to work on its problem with directness and with enthusiasm. It has helped plan practical routes for the movement of army trucks over the highroads from the inland factories which assembled them to the seaboard for shipment to France. It has made these opportunities for the training of whole companies

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YOU, of fifteen to twenty years, want your own style in clothes. You get it in Langham-High. Distinctive clothes expressing the High School spirit.

Ask your dealer to show you a Langham-High for your next suit.

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THAT clean, fresh feeling after a shave with a keen-cutting blade can be *yours*—if your razor frame holds a **Gem Damaskeene Blade**—tempered individually—give a smooth, "snappy" shave—*all* dependable, *all* good.

The Sealed Package 7 Blades for 35¢

In sealed, waxed-paper wrapped packages—moisture, dust and rust proof—each blade protected—seven blades to the set, 35c. 50c in Canada.

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New—Special—Compact, Khaki Service Outfit, includes Gem Damaskeene Razor complete with seven blades and shaving and stropping handles.

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"These are the Easiest Shoes on Earth!"

"If you want real style, as well as solid comfort, let me fit you to a pair of Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes which never need 'breaking in.' When you have worn them for a single day you will understand why so many men and women wear them exclusively. Their luxurious cushion inner soles act as shock absorbers to your body and give you the delightful sensation of walking on velvet."

The Original and Genuine

Dr. A. Reed CUSHION SHOES

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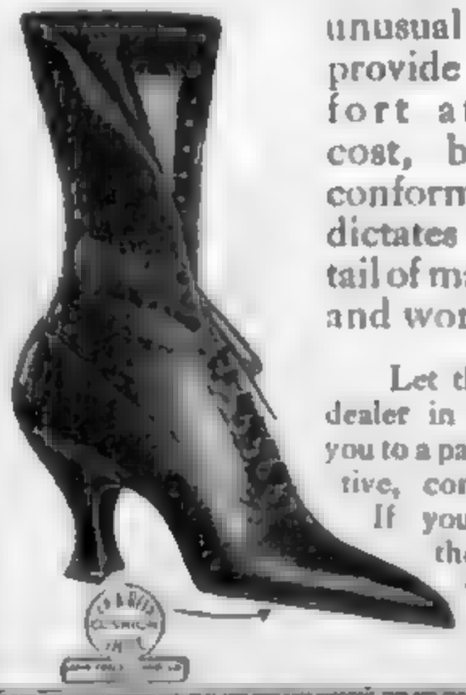

Both men and women prefer these unusual shoes, which provide extra comfort at no extra cost, because they conform to fashion's dictates in every detail of material, design and workmanship.

Let the Dr. A. Reed dealer in your locality fit you to a pair of these attractive, comfortable shoes. If you cannot secure them in your city, write us

of army chauffeurs. It has done even more—it has sought to popularize the use of these highroads for the commercial necessities of the land, and it has endeavored to use the motor truck in the solution of the critical terminal problem in many of its largest cities. Of all these things, more in good time. Consider, first of them, the motor truck. Apply the problem of the French transport behind Verdun to that of our own sector in Northern Lorraine. Then bring it more closely home: translate the Sacred Way from Bar-le-Duc to the great French fortress as the National Pike from Cumberland down to Baltimore or the Lincoln Highway from Pittsburgh across the state of Pennsylvania to Philadelphia.

These things have a more familiar sound, have they not? Perhaps you have traversed one or both of these roads in your own little old car. And if you have so done within the past few winter months you may have seen military motor transport in the United States; an orderly flow of trucks, not so close together as those at Verdun but making a far longer run of it; and the trucks themselves war trucks, destined overseas.

This truck was born in the mind of a young engineer in the Quartermaster's Corps of the Army—Major W. M. Britton. Long before we entered the war he was studying the use of the motor truck in the service of the Allies, and was converted to the idea of standardization—a truck with cylinder castings, crank shafts, cams, gears and gear sets, clutches and axles completely interchangeable for each of but two or three classes of vehicles. The idea was appealing. The United States Army, with sixty-five types of trucks in its service on this side of the Atlantic and six on the other, was compelled to carry a vast stock of individual repair and wear parts, the most of them not interchangeable between the cars of different manufacturers. The confusion of these parts was bad enough here; to have to duplicate this confusion over there was out of the question.

Major Britton knew what the railroads accomplished long ago in standardization; how more than 2,000,000 freight cars upon their rails were long ago so simplified as to running parts and accessories that a car repair shop of even moderate capacity was able quickly and easily to repair any car of any railroad in the United States or Canada. He knew how the automobile business up to the present time had failed, chiefly because of its enormously rapid growth, to accomplish any real standardization; despite the fact that the success of the greatest individual automobile plant in America has been built almost entirely on the sweeping success of its methods of that very sort. He decided that, despite the great success of the various types of American trucks in the armies overseas as well as in our own, the highway transport reliance of our own army must rest in a perfectly standardized truck. And he succeeded in winning the support of the War Department to his radical idea.

Progress Toward Simplicity

You know how the standardized Liberty motor for our airplanes was evolved; how specialist engineers, who were at the head of their profession—experts in ignition, in carburetion, in combustion and the like—were brought into conference and asked to give their best thoughts and best energies for the good of their country; and finally how two engine experts took these ideas, were locked in a room of a Washington hotel—in theory, at least—and emerged with the plan of the Liberty motor—a gasoline-combustion engine without a peer in this country; if indeed with an equal in any other country.

Our standardized army truck was evolved in much the same fashion. Committees were appointed from the various manufacturers of parts and they worked out the truck, as the motor had been evolved. There was a committee on chassis, one on steering gear, one on axle, one on engine cooling and another on transmission. They worked separately at first, and then at the right time in concert. And early in July of last year they evolved the standard truck.

Come with me to an army office in a shabby house in a Washington side street, which has been converted, almost overnight, into an office building. We find in one of its front rooms the man who to-day is charged with the production of these trucks for the army. He is a man whom you cannot easily forget. His name is Christian Girl. It adorns one who seems to deserve an unusual name. For he is by no means a usual man. To-day he is a big and prosperous manufacturer of automobile parts in Cleveland; yet from the twentieth to the twenty-eighth year of his life he was a letter carrier.

"I liked it," he says, speaking of his previous service for our Uncle Samuel. "For one thing, it made me on time."

And we thirty minutes late for our appointment for an interview! We hastily change the subject:

"The Liberty truck?" we begin.

"Call it the war truck," he corrects. "It's simpler."

"The standardized truck?" we begin again.

"Call it the simplified truck," he again corrects. "It is a better way of putting it. We were called here in September. On the tenth of that month we placed an order for two sample trucks—one to be assembled at Rochester, New York, the other at Lima, Ohio. They were completed in thirty days and rolling on their way toward Washington. They were successful trucks. We decided to build 10,000 more—and as quickly as they could be built. We asked every manufacturer in the land to bid, and as quickly as possible. It was not a job for corner blacksmiths; it was one for the first production plants in America, and our bids and drawings went to these. In the end we divided the order between fifteen plants which we had surveyed carefully in order to establish their capacity and their capability. We fixed an average cost of about $4000 a car. The price really is flexible. It includes the overhead cost of these very offices and our drafting rooms as well. We compelled the high bidders to come to the low figures. But in order that no man should lose in making trucks for his Government we provided a minimum profit of five per cent and a maximum profit of twenty. Later the War Industries Board reduced this maximum profit to fifteen per cent."

Some Enormous Contracts

It is expected that the first 10,000 trucks will be finished by August 1, or soon after. The delivery of the entire order was set down for July 1, but the assembling plants at work upon them have been greatly delayed in getting both men and raw materials. It is believed that this first order will be succeeded by others—perhaps as high as 30,000 or even 50,000 in a single group. In the meantime some of the manufacturers of established makes of American trucks are calling the War Department's attention to the splendid records which these machines already have made both overseas and upon the Mexican border. They do not want these abandoned entirely in favor of the standardized—or simplified—truck. And I do not think that they will be abandoned. For many army purposes they cannot be equaled.

"We could have done as much with the established makes of American motor trucks as with the standardized truck," says a friend of mine who is a large manufacturer of them. "The army has purchased our trucks, both for its Mexican campaign and to get its flying start in the present war—and it has liked them. England and France have gone on record as saying that two makes of American motor cars are the finest in the world for army purposes. England tried to standardize motor trucks and failed in the attempt. And we stood ready in this country to standardize not only our accessories but many other things—screws and nuts and bolts, for instance."

To which Mr. Christian Girl will reply that if England had only had more time she probably would have been able to standardize her trucks with complete success. In this country we actually have had the time to do this one thing systematically and right. It has been a real economy to do it that way. Girl is confident that the final results will justify the radical step; and he steps quickly to another phase of the problem.

"What truck could we have adopted?" he asks you, and then proceeds to answer by calling your attention to the vast difference of opinion as to the comparative excellence of the various makes.

"Suppose we had chosen any one of these," he continues; "would that manufacturer have been ready to put in machinery for a government order of 50,000

(Continued on Page 65)

MUNGER "Always Tight" Piston Rings

When piston grooves become slightly worn it is impossible to fit any rings in them gas-tight without first truing-up the grooves. With each complete outfit of Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings is one *oversize* ring for each piston (to be used in worn grooves) and a Munger Regrooving Tool with which worn grooves can be straightened quickly and accurately without resorting to expensive lathe work, and without even disconnecting the piston from the connecting rod. Every car owner and repair man will appreciate the great saving of time, labor and money effected by this simple method.

The MUNGER "Always Tight" expansion joint

As soon as other rings begin to wear they begin to lose compression.

This is not true of MUNGER "Always Tight" Piston Rings. They remain *permanently* gas-tight because the patent process of peening them makes them conform to the shape of the cylinder—and because the *"Always Tight" Expansion Joint compensates for wear as it occurs* without leaving any opening through which gas can escape. This wonderful expansion joint makes Munger Rings practically permanently gas-tight.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
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Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man

This is Royal No. 0162

No Other Easy Chair Has These Famous Comfort Features

You might discover equally soft and tempting *upholsterings*

—or designs appealing equally to your sense of the beautiful and artistic.

—or variety likewise satisfying your every requirement of style and pocketbook. But

—for your poor, tired body in *any position*, you can never find equal *chair* COMFORT—*outside of a Royal!*

For no other easy chair has Push Button and Leg Rest! These great comfort features are found *only* in

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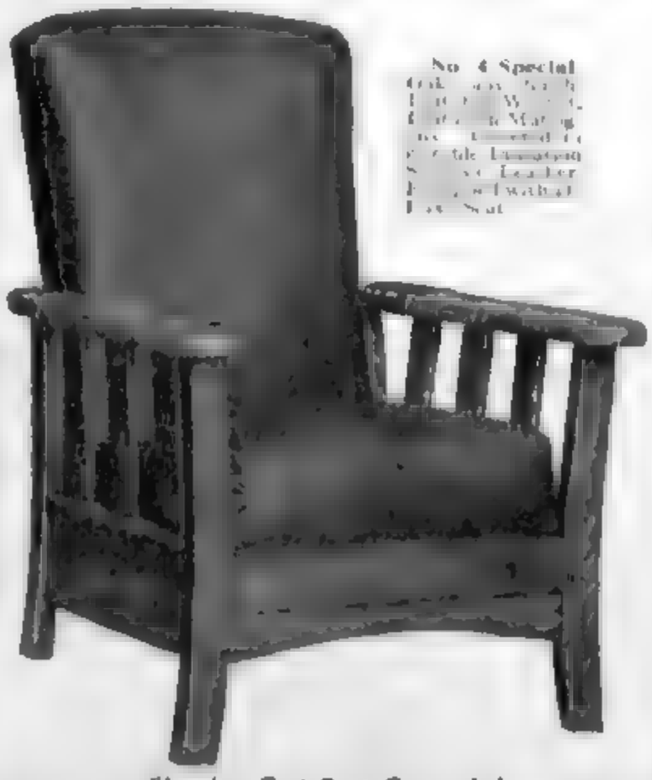
The World's Easiest Easy Chairs

Pushing the button releases the back, which then assumes any desirable position, where it is securely locked upon release of button. Another button pressure and the back quietly returns and is automatically locked in original position.

You can rest in a Royal in any position you desire, from upright to full reclining. In *every* position you are comfortably supported. No tensed muscles—no cramps—no strains. Your head is supported. So are your shoulders. And your back. And limbs. You can entirely relax! But—

—when you wish to stretch out or to again sit upright, you do not have to jump up and fumble with some clumsy contraption. Just push the button concealed in right arm of chair, and the back *reclines*, or *rises*, as you desire. You don't have to pull up another chair to rest your legs on. Pull out the Leg Rest as shown in use by woman above, and Rest—Rest—Rest!

Leg Rest, or Foot Rest, out of sight when not in use.



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More Than 1000 Different Styles $17.00 to $100.00

In attractive designs, both Modern and Period. Handsome tapestries, velours, genuine or imitation leather. All finishes of oak and mahogany.

Durable, dependably constructed—absolutely nothing to get out of order—will give years of satisfying service. Fully guaranteed.

Every genuine Royal has the name stamped on Push Button.

For Sale at Leading Furniture Stores Special Inducements Now Offered!

Go to your dealer today and see a Royal demonstration. Ask about the new De Luxe seat!

The two SPECIALS shown opposite are beautiful examples of Royal quality, and next week, to further introduce Royals, they will be offered at Special Prices and Terms by leading dealers everywhere. Offer is limited. See your dealer at once.

Right now, write for FREE booklet, "Conscious Rest." It tells you a delightful way to see Royals without obligation to buy.

THE ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO.

1109 Chicago Street — STURGIS, MICHIGAN

No. 5 Special

Showing Foot Rest Concealed

(Continued from Page 62)

within a few months—or even 30,000? And how would his fellows have regarded the thing? No, sir, we have done the best. We have evolved a truck foreign to all and therefore common to all. And we shall ask them all to proceed in its building. It is not a copyrighted device, not a patented one; and when the war is over every manufacturer in America will be entitled to build it—in as large or as small quantities as he desires."

Girl has tremendous faith in the truck. It illumines him. He describes with enthusiasm each of its details—its double spark plugs, its double gasoline tanks, the great strength of its axles, of its transmission members too—all the essential portions of its frame. And he speaks with real pride of the fact that governed down to twelve miles an hour it has performed 4.86 miles to the gallon of gasoline. The new simplified motor truck is made in a small "AA" type of 1500 to 2000 pounds' capacity, in the "A" of one and a half tons' capacity, and the "B" of from three to five tons' capacity. It is this last type that has formed the entire first order of 10,000 cars. It is a powerful truck, the chassis without the body weighing 8250 pounds, and the entire weight carried upon thirty-six by six single tires in front and forty by six dual tires in the rear. It has worm-driven gear and is propelled by a four-cylinder engine—each cylinder four and three-quarter inches in diameter and with a six-inch stroke. Its special features are technical, but highly interesting to any man who makes a study of the motor car. For one thing it possesses two spark plugs to each cylinder. The danger of missing fire and stalling—perhaps under shell fire from the enemy—is thereby almost entirely eliminated. And its accessories—lamps, brakes, carburetors, all of them—are as completely standardized as its other parts.

To bring these trucks—and the many hundred that preceded them while the standardized car was still in the making—from the factories in or near the Lake district, in a winter when the land was experiencing the worst rail-transportation congestion in its history, was a problem in itself. It was a problem that we have seen specifically tackled by the Highways Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense, acting in direct cooperation with the Quartermaster's Corps of the War Department. It was a perplexing question. The trucks had priority orders. But the railroad lines were blocked. That was all there was to it. Priority orders availed nothing. You could hardly move coal on priority orders, let alone even as important war munitions as motor trucks. And winter was already upon the land.

Long Runs on Close Schedules

Then it was that the Highways Transport Committee had its opportunity—and seized it. Chapin, its chairman, was positive that the trucks could be brought through from Detroit to the seaboard under their own power. He called attention to the fact that a big motor-tire concern in Akron was running a daily service between its factory and its Boston service station, 740 miles distant. The schedule of that service lies before me. It shows the freight truck leaving Akron at six o'clock each morning, passing through Pittsburgh, 120 miles distant, at six-thirty o'clock the same evening; through Bedford, Pennsylvania, at ten-thirty o'clock the next morning and into Chambersburg at seven-thirty o'clock the second evening. On the third day Lancaster is reached at five A. M., and Philadelphia at noon. New York is 504 miles from Akron by this road—in the main, the Lincoln Highway—and is reached at ten o'clock in the evening on that third day. And the truck is due in Boston just twenty-four hours later. In other words, eighty-eight hours, night and day, is required for the trip, including the ten stops of but thirty minutes each. Two men go with each truck; while one drives the other sleeps. They eat at the half-hour stops, and telegraph their progress back to Akron from various designated points. And the service operates with the regularity of the Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago.

It was the regularity and efficiency of this service that made the War Department lean toward Chapin's plan. It recalled that a little more than a year and a half ago, in a practice test, it had sent more than 500 officers and men in thirty-three motors from Douglas, Arizona, up to the Roosevelt Dam and back, a total distance of 655 miles. The test was divided into seventy-mile daily runs, breaking camp each day at noon and pitching it again about dusk. A hundred miles a day could have been made quite as easily. If the command had gone afoot fifteen miles a day would have been a fair average, and thirty-four more days would have been required for the journey. And the trip by rail for the command would have cost, at the prevailing mileage rates of Arizona railroads, $11,272.80 for fares, as compared with $641.35, the cost of the gasoline, the lubricating oils and the repairs for all the trucks during the entire test.

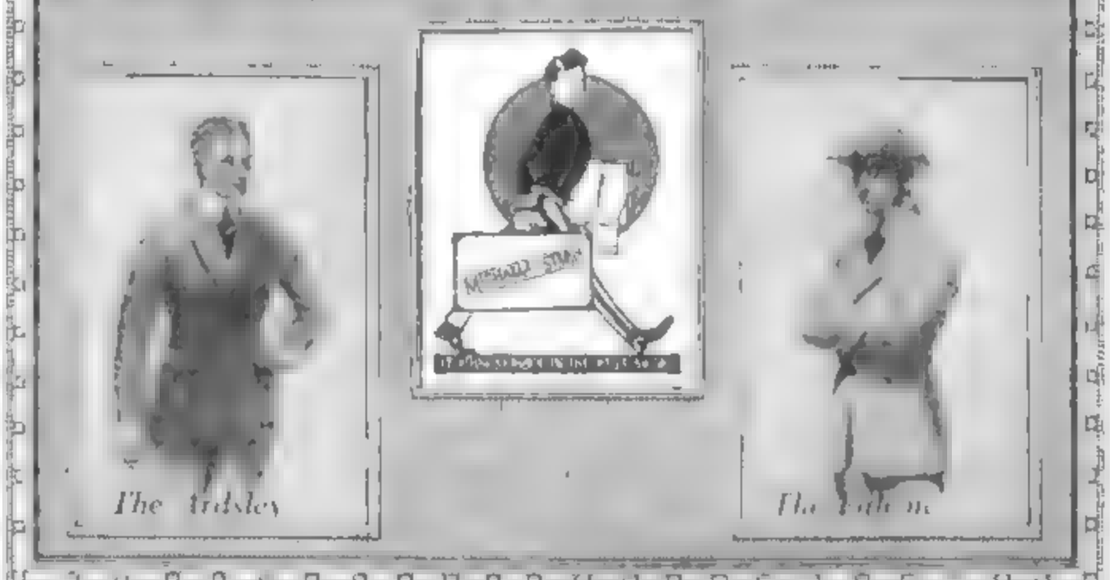
Before the regular motor-transport delivery service of the army began between Detroit and several other Michigan cities close round about it, and the seaboard, Chapin arranged for his committee to send pathfinder or scout cars out over each foot of the proposed route. These cars did more: They examined alternative routes. And so thoroughly did they do their work that one car in particular crossed the state of Ohio three times before it found what it was willing to consider the very best possible route for the military movement. This car carried bridge experts and highway experts in its tonneau. They made careful examination of every bridge and culvert, for you cannot afford to take chances with heavy trucks. And the small bridges, even on important highroads through the country districts, frequently form the greatest problem in the interurban use of the motor truck in the greater part of the United States.

A Simple Idea Perfected

Some of these bridges had to be shored up, and in some cases—notably the hole between Cleveland and Pittsburgh that has already been described—temporary repairs had to be made to the highway itself. As a rule these were financed locally by the awakened public spirit and latent patriotism of the communities. In the case of a particularly bad place on the Detroit-Toledo road, however, the state of Michigan dug into its war-emergency fund and appropriated $35,000 for an improved detour road—for the use of the motor-transport companies.

For the idea, once tried out, has to-day become a regular part of the military transport service of the United States. A motor-truck company—thirty cars and seventy-six men, two men to the car and the extra officers and mechanics in a few light automobiles—is now leaving Michigan cities each day; and it arrives at an important Atlantic port five hundred miles distant eight days later—upon almost exact schedule; and this despite the fact that the service has been performed in Northern States through the hard winter months of the hardest winter that we have known in many years. Sometimes it has been difficult to bring the big war trucks through the snowdrifts—and in zero weather. But Chapin and his associates have found in almost all the states that this military pathway crosses laws which compel the county or township authorities to keep the roads open—no matter how severe the winter. It has rarely been necessary, however, to invoke these laws, for the patriotic spirit and imagination of the little inland communities, to whom the war heretofore has been a very remote and impersonal thing, have been tremendously stirred and thrilled by the repeated sight of great, sturdy war trucks, manned by boys in khaki, and moving slowly forward in perfect military discipline and order. Flags have flown all winter long for the boys in the motor trucks, and there has been comparatively remote necessity of billeting for meals—the tendency in many of the big towns and the little is to offer the boys seemingly boundless hospitality.

At the seaboards the trucks go into the holds for transport to France. Not always quite so easily as it reads here, for, as you all know, the ship capacity has not kept pace with our ability to manufacture munitions of every sort; and recently the tendency toward congestion of materials in our embarkation ports has increased rather than decreased; until some very far-seeing men have wondered if we are not making munitions altogether too rapidly, and if we would not do better to cease fretting about the so-called nonessentials and begin to keep the business pot steadily boiling by devoting more attention to them.



BUY wisely! Insist on VALUE FIRST.

The war has made it a national duty to make every dollar bring the outmost return.

FOR over one-half century the products of Michaels-Stern have been distinguished for their *greater* value. And so it is that this year, more than ever, it is important that you should know

MICHAELS-STERN
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

Their thorough tailoring and tested fabrics assure you of splendid fit and long wear. *Send for Style Catalogue.*

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothes.

Whenever you see a news item you want to keep, CICO will put it in a scrap book for you.
This is the adjustable CICO Brush. The handle slides thru the safety cap which keeps the bottle closed and the fingers clean.
Torn music is repaired in a jiffy with CICO. Always have a bottle handy.

CICO* PASTE
Always Ready for Instant Use

You want this new liquid paste because it's always ready when you are. There's no water well to fill and there is no waste. It never gets hard and lumpy. CICO is one of the

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and it sticks best when spread thin. Paste problems just naturally disappear when CICO appears on your desk.

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The Carter's Ink Company
Boston · Chicago · New York · Montreal
Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons. Send for free Carbon Sample.
*Pronounced "Sy-ko"

Multiplying Man's Power

Removable from Base for Continuous Work

YOU do not remove the work from the "YANKEE" Vise, but move the vise itself—for the various operations, on bench, drill-press, milling machine, planer, etc.

So, you see, the "YANKEE" Vise is needed in every shop—no matter how many other vises a shop has; wanted by every machinist, tool maker, motor mechanic, or good metal worker in any line—because it works in ways and places impossible for other vises: Multiplying Man's Power!

The "YANKEE" Vise is machined square, for use on end or either side as well as upright; and is provided with a V-grooved steel block (as illustrated) for holding round and irregular shapes.

As a time- and labor-saver, this vise is in a class with "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills and "YANKEE" Automatic-feed Bench and Chain Drills.

1. "YANKEE" Vise set on surface plate and holding steel under for accurate center marking.

2. The centers on the cylinder are also re-marked, being punched for drilling.

3. "YANKEE" Vise (with work) removed from bench drill press. Holes are drilled absolutely true.

4. "YANKEE" Vise, still holding the work in original alignment, fastened to bed of milling machine.

"YANKEE" Vise No. 1993 with Swivel Base. Price, $6.50

Body 1¾ by 2¾ (wide) by 3". Hardened steel faced jaws; open 3¼". Vise held to base by set-screw. Cam throw lever locks position.

No. 993. "YANKEE" Vise without base. Price, $4.50.

Your dealer can supply you

Write us for free "'YANKEE' Tool Book" of drilling, tapping, boring, and screw-driving tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

You can dodge railroad congestion by using the highroad; but there is no such easy way out for dodging sea congestion. Ship space is not only the guiding factor but the dominating one.

And you cannot pack a three-ton or a five-ton motor truck in a cubby-hole in a corner of the deck. You will do well to get thirty or forty of the cumbersome things along with the other freight in a cargo transport of 10,000 tons' capacity. And the quartermaster will scratch his head many times before he completely solves the problem.

At the worst, however, he will do better than the men who sent several thousand motor trucks to Russia and packed many hundreds of them in soft coal to keep them from bumping and banging round the vessel. It would have done them far less harm to have been bumped a good deal, for the soft coal grimed its way into the bearings and mechanical parts in a way that made it practically impossible ever to remove it entirely or to get the full efficiency out of the motor.

"We don't do things that way in the army," says the quartermaster captain in charge of embarkation, with a little pride in his tone. "Look at that!"

The Journey Overseas

It is the first time that this particular transport has ever headed her nose overseas. In another hour the last of the hawsers that hold her to the pier will be cast off and her new propellers will be churning the salt water. Already they are cutting away the runways in which 700 horses, unknowing victims of the god of war, have been led to their stalls in the bowels of the great new ship. And because horses must have forage, in France as well as on the voyage, the wide spaces of the open hatchways forward and aft are filled with hay; and in the hay, packed as neatly as a smart boy packs glassware in a box filled with excelsior, a dozen or fifteen big olive-drab war trucks; and within their big boxes in turn much other freight. For from the time they left the West the big war trucks have been in business service, carrying an appreciable load of tires, accessories, repair parts, and in many cases army munitions not directly used in motor-truck operation.

When the big gray transport finally ends her maiden voyage and permits herself to be tamely roped to a new yellow American wharf in an ancient French seaport a heavy unloading crane, mounted upon a railroad flat car—the whole contraption the product of the brain of a Yankee, and actually manufactured in South Chicago—will reach down into the opened hatch, pick out the war trucks one by one and set them out upon the wharf. The chauffeurs who crossed with them or ahead of them—our boys, if you please—will dust off the hay and pour into the lubricating cups oil from Franklin, Pennsylvania, and into the big double tanks gasoline from Bayonne, New Jersey. A little water for radiator and batteries, a tug or two at the clutch—and the truck is in motion and ready to be off.

The company forms three sections, or rams, of ten trucks each, just as it formed in Michigan, and moves forward over a French road, as we saw a little time ago French motor-transport companies moving up the highway to Verdun. The boys at the steering wheels had their hard training on the Lincoln Highway—each had at least two trips from Michigan to the seaboard before he was permitted to come overseas. And now in place of Elyria or Beaver Falls or Gettysburg, little French villages with huge churches rising from out of the ancient houses; and poplar trees along the lovely roads instead of the red-white-and-blue markers on the telegraph poles or the maples of the Pennsylvania hills.

The entire motor-transport service overseas is in general charge of Brig. Gen. Harry L. Rogers, chief quartermaster of our Expeditionary Forces, and in direct charge of Col. F. H. Pope, assisted by Maj. Barrett Andrews. General Rogers and Colonel Pope were on General Pershing's staff down at the Mexican border; Major Andrews until recently was a New York publisher. All three men have given the motor-transport problem intensive and extended attention. Pershing himself has made it the subject of searching study. It was the commanding general himself who discovered that the old-time army practice of having each separate function possess its own transport service would never do overseas under the stress of war. And so he made prompt arrangements to pool the entire motor-transport service of the whole Expeditionary Forces under a single responsible authority. Which was good military science, good transportation practice and good ordinary business sense. So that to-day when the engineers are not particularly busy but the quartermaster wishes to haul forage, the services of a lot of trucks are his.

Under the old arrangement a dozen, two dozen or even three dozen engineers' trucks might be resting idle on the very day that the quartermaster was short of carrying for his hay. The old plan had some advantages. They were more noticeable under a great plenitude of motor transports, but disappeared completely under the shortage of transport service with which our forces had to struggle at the beginning.

To keep the motor-transport service of an army such as we are sending to France means transportation carefully organized and correlated. It does not mean motor trucks run as taxicabs or private cars. It is a service comparable with that of a railroad whose trains must run in an orderly fashion and under the single control of a responsible head—only the units operate upon highways instead of tracks. And just as a railroad—our United States Military Railroad in France itself as a single instance—must have shops and many of them, so must our motor-transport service have shops—and many of them.

And chief of all these to-day is Intermediate Number 1—situated approximately halfway between the seaboard and the Front, and known sentimentally and popularly to the men of the M. T. S. as Central Park. In this huge garage, with parking space in front, several hundred expert mechanicians are already employed, and some 1200 trucks a month can be not only repaired but completely rebuilt. The widespread garage has tremendous supplies of extra parts and accessories, as well as complete machinery equipment, light tools and heavy.

It is a source of great delight to such Frenchmen as have been permitted to visit it, for France—as everyone who has had an opportunity to visit her very well knows—is a hand-made country, and we are a machine-made one. And therefore a garage where practically all the repair work and rebuilding is machine-made is going to be an example not lost upon the keen-witted and imaginative French.

The Measure of Men

For lighter repairs to the trucks in the service of our Expeditionary Forces there are two types of repair shop: One which, mounted on the chassis of one or more motor trucks, can be placed, properly camouflaged, fairly close to the front lines, and which, manned by extremely swift-fingered and capable mechanics, can make emergency repairs; and the other, generally set up in a barn or abandoned building in some country town a few more miles back of the town, for the prosecution of repairs which may take two to three weeks. If more complicated or permanent repairs are needed the truck may go, under its own power, back to Central Park.

It all seemingly is very simple; and yet it is the simplicity that comes from almost perfect organization—and forethought. And it will grow even simpler when our standardized motor trucks in quantities begin to invade France. For at the present time the very multiplicity of repair parts and accessories—against which Major Britton protested so vigorously—because of our American inability to standardize these, has compelled Pershing to zone his section into several districts, in each of which a distinct make of American truck operates almost exclusively.

And, after all, one finally must measure motor transport as he measures railroads or aëroplanes or ships—in terms of men. No, not the men who ride in them but those who operate them. For the eighteen men who ride in the ton-and-a-half or the twenty-four who ride in the five-ton affair—and ofttimes ride from forty to eighty miles in a single day—have the easy part of it. The driver must stick by the job. If the shell fire becomes a little uncomfortable he still must stick by the job. He cannot run his big truck into a dugout

(Concluded on Page 68)

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests - No. 4

Tube-Life

You have often noticed that ordinary gray rubber bands grow brittle with age — especially if exposed to heat and the sun's rays.

So with inner tubes. The heat developed in tires, while driving, and the disintegrating effects of time render many inner tubes brittle and porous, thus destroying their usefulness.

The test herein described was made by Michelin engineers to help you determine the durability of various makes of inner tubes.

Each of the tubes shown was made by cementing half a Michelin Tube to half a tube of another make—this other make being different in each case.

The tubes were then run to destruction on the road under normal conditions. One by one the other sections blew out while the Michelin sections remained intact.

Although this test was repeated many times the results were always the same—confirming what most motorists already knew from personal experience, that the rubber in Michelin Tubes possesses greater length of life.

This longevity of Michelin Tubes is due to a *secret* process of compounding rubber, discovered long ago by the house of Michelin—which has been making rubber goods since 1832.

Michelin Tubes are used by the great majority of motorists today—and have proved themselves most durable and economical.

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what mileage he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada

Cornell-Wood-Board Used in Barracks and Quarters at

Camp Custer, Mich.
Camp Funston, Kas.
Camp Taylor, Ky.
Camp Lewis, Wash.
Camp Cody, N. M.
Camp Travis, Texas
Fort Ringgold, Texas
Fort Leavenworth, Kas.
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Fort McPherson, Ga.
Camp Gordon, Ga
Camp Grant, Ill.
Camp Dodge, Ia.
and Elsewhere

Cornell-Wood-Board Used in Barracks and Quarters at

Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Camp Logan, Texas
Camp Doniphan, Okla.
Camp Sherman, Ohio
Fort McIntosh, Texas
Fort Brown, Texas
San Benito, Texas
Del Rio, Texas
Eagle Pass, Texas
Mercedes, Texas
Columbus, N. M.
Fort Bliss, Texas
Yuma, Ariz.
and Elsewhere

Building Better For Uncle Sam and You

Millions of square feet of Cornell-Wood-Board have been used by the United States Government for walls and ceilings in constructing Army Cantonments and Naval Training Stations, all over the country. The gigantic task of providing comfortable, substantial buildings quickly and satisfactorily was made possible by Cornell service in making deliveries of this superior interior finishing material.

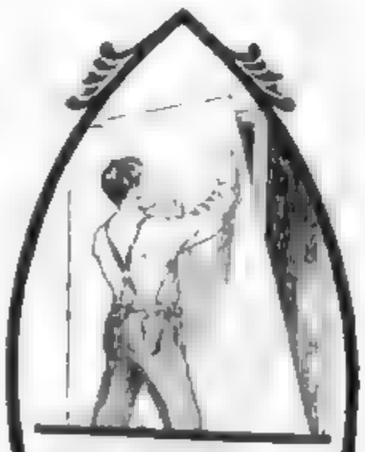
Cornell-Wood-Board

Excels for Walls, Ceilings and Partitions

Repairs, Alterations or New Work

Industrial workers, too, in the Nation's Service, at Shipyards, Munition Plants, Steel Mills, etc., are being provided with permanent, well-built homes, made attractive by Cornell-Wood-Board. Business executives confronted with housing problems find it an important factor in the conservation of time and labor.

Sanitary, Economical, Durable and Easily Applied, Cornell-Wood-Board is the ideal material for your own requirements in repairing, alteration or new work. Comes in convenient sized boards. Nails direct to old walls or over the framework. Resists fire and moisture. Will not warp, crack, split or buckle.



Cornell-Wood-Board Easily Put Up Lasts a Lifetime

The uses for Cornell-Wood-Board are unlimited. The following list conveys an idea of its universal adaptability:

General Uses:

Residences	Schools	Summer Cottages
Garages	Churches	Hotels, Clubs
Stores	Farm Buildings	Offices

Special Uses:

Window Displays	Keep a Bundle
Motion Picture Sets	on Hand for
Exhibition Booths	Emergencies

Ask your local dealer for Cornell-Wood-Board. If he cannot supply you, write us, mentioning his name. We will send our booklet, "Building Better," and full details of our Free Design and Decorative Service. Whether you are remodeling your home or constructing a whole industrial city, we can help you.

CORNELL WOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY (A 760)

Dept. 24—173–175 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Australian Division
325–331 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

Mills: Cornell, Wis., U. S. A.
Operated by Water Power
Generating 20,000 H. P.

New Zealand Division
324 Lambton Quay, Wellington

Cornell-Wood-Board was used in the Industrial Homes shown below and effected a saving of 15 days' time in construction.

Living Room finished with Cornell-Wood Board

Cornell-Wood-Board makes attic space livable

(Concluded from Page 66)

and he must not desert it. Under the rules of his service he must restrain his uneasy fingers from a perfectly American desire to be forever tinkering with its mechaniam. He must be a good soldier—and obey. And he must learn, too, that obedience for him means more than ordinary military restraint, more than the ordinary strict discipline of the army. It means that he must keep his place in the line as the trucks go forward—the nose of his radiator within fifteen feet of the rear of the car ahead, for that is our American practice overseas. He may have been a taxicab driver at Times Square, New York, or in the Loop District of Chicago, but he learns that in the motor transport service cutting ahead is not merely an offense that brings reprimand; it is much more likely to be a court-martial affair.

All he has to do is to obey orders and run his car as evenly and as well as possible. The men in charge of the movements of the troop trains will do the rest. That is their job. They will lay out the schedules and find the freight. They will police the road and keep it free for him. Remember what I told you about the traffic police along the road from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun. The roads which lead to our portion of the Front are similarly policed. And the authority of the policemen is law.

A moment ago we were speaking of the possible aid which the civilian motor truck might have rendered the nation in the recent transportation crisis. I referred to the French and German method of subsidizing these trucks and so having them ready when they were needed. It is a fairly simple plan and wonderfully efficient. In times of peace we had a regular army and a national guard. Recently we have seen the regular army in our motor trucks—the big olive-drab three-ton troopers marching in military formation to the seaboard, going aboard the transports here, and forming in line again for military service in France. How about that national guard in motor trucks? Why isn't the plan simple—and efficient?

Has anyone down at Washington given it proper thought?

The problem has been given to that same Highways Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense that worked out the routes for the military traffic so ingeniously and so very thoroughly indeed. It is a huge problem—in size approximating our railroad system itself. But our national system of approximately 275,000 miles of railroad would not operate very long if the right of way were not efficient—if roadbed and rails and bridges were not adequate and in good repair. And you know now that the roadbed and bridges of our national-highway system have long been neglected and generally speaking are neither adequate nor in repair. In certain sections of the country—particularly the North and East and California—they are fairly complete and efficient. In many more sections they are not. And until this condition is corrected, until a national problem and a national weakness are taken up and properly corrected it is quite useless to talk of the motor truck as a serious factor in national distribution.

Long-Haul Truck Problems

The success of the motor truck in intercity transportation seems to be in inverse ratio to the distances which the goods are to be transported. A motor truck, under normal peace, probably can be operated profitably in ordinary high-grade interurban traffic between cities that are not more than eighty miles apart. And the shorter the distance the more profitable becomes its operation, until, as I shall show you in an instant, its greatest efficiency is shown in terminal relief.

The problem of the motor truck on long-distance haul is chiefly one of labor. A freight train employing some six men will carry some 3000 tons. It would take from 800 to 1000 trucks—and at least as many men—to carry that same weight upon the highways. And even with return loads assured the business in normal times seems to be a difficult and somewhat precarious one. In Germany, just before the war, some experimental road trains were in use—a motor truck and ten trailers—the entire train being operated by two or, at the most, three men. A generator, driven by a gasoline engine in the motor truck or locomotive, created power, which was transmitted by a cable to the trailers, each of which had a small motor for its own propulsion. The scheme was ingenious but hardly practicable. Yet it would not be fair to say that it might not be the beginning of a really efficient highway idea.

At the beginning of this article I asked what 30,000 or 50,000 motor trucks, registered with the Government and correlated and operated by it in emergency, might not have accomplished in the critical congestion situation upon the railroads of the Northeast during December and January last. That situation, like most of the railroad congestion during the past few years, was chiefly a problem of badly clogged terminals. The roads, despite the handicaps of bad weather in the open country, were able to do fairly well in bringing coal and other freight into their city terminals; the real problem was to unload the cars in those terminals promptly and so send them back for reloads, while making space at the same time for others coming in. This was not done. Hence the trouble. The Director-General of the Railroads took prompt action as soon as he came into office and doubled the demurrage—or standing time—charges which the consignees are compelled to pay for delay in unloading cars destined to them. But it was a situation not to be solved by mere penalties. Few shippers were either carelessly or purposely delaying unloading their freight.

Store-Door Deliveries

Chapin and his associates of the Highways Transport Committee at Washington have seen these things, and fully realizing them have sought to bring a national aid to this neglected problem. They have found as still another cause of railroad-terminal congestion, in addition to narrow city streets, frequently without proper traffic regulation, in addition to half-filled trucks and wagons—the time-honored system of this country by which a railroad notifies a consignee of the arrival of freight, generally making the notification by mail and awaits his coming. To meet this last important phase of our vexed freight-transportation problem in the United States they are to-day engaged in a plan for store-door delivery of freight of every sort, in the larger cities of the land at least. Under this plan the city-trucking concerns, properly organized and bonded, would take the freight out of the terminals as soon as it was received and would carry it direct to the recipient. The first the consignee would know of it would be when he saw the truck back up at the door of his shipping room.

Impractical, you say? Not a bit of it! It is simply applying the methods of the post office or the express company to the freight service of the railroads, to the immense benefit of all persons concerned. Such methods, correlated and intelligently and systematically directed, the substitution of motor trucks of large capacity for horse-drawn wagons of small capacity—are certain to bring tremendous reform in the much-neglected terminal situation in this country, a reform which is bound to be reflected in better transportation all the way across the land.

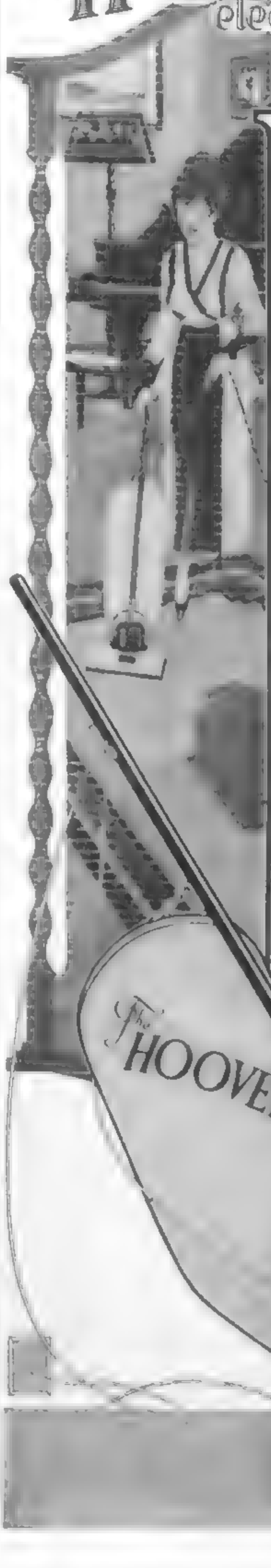
Impractical?

Was it impractical for great congested cities—such as New York or Boston or Chicago—to institute street-traffic regulation ten years ago, on the very eve of the coming of the passenger automobile? Where would these cities—a hundred lesser ones as well—be to-day without such street-traffic regulation?

And yet the problem of terminal regulation is to-day hardly a greater one than that was in its day and generation. The motor truck may and probably will prove a tremendous factor in its solution. It is futile to expect that it will be a substitute for the railroad with its smooth rails, its easy grades and its low proportion of human labor to the tonnage carried.

It is not fair even to expect remedies that have served, and served mighty well indeed in a war crisis, to be efficient or economic methods in the times of peace that are to follow. Give the motor truck its due. Recognize its value as a fighter conscripted and put into khaki, utilize it to the utmost in momentary seasons of rail congestion, give it decent highways so that it may develop its highest efficiency and service to the nation, but do not expect the impossible of it. It still is in the infancy of its development.

The HOOVER electric suction sweeper



It actually BEATS OUT the Dirt!

Only *beating* rids floor coverings of sand and grit deeply lodged therein. Such imbedded dirt wears out carpetings; it breeds germs.

Only a Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper dustlessly beats out all that grit. Whether carpetings are oriental, domestic or grass we GUARANTEE the Hoover process to add to their life.

We GUARANTEE the Hoover to sweep up—dustlessly and instantly!—the most stubborn-clinging lint, threads, hairs and litter. The Hoover is GUARANTEED to straighten nap. This brings back colorings.

Only the Hoover—in one easy, time-saving operation—does the foregoing *in addition* to "vacuum cleaning."

For only the Hoover has a *Combined Beating-Sweeping Brush*, not stationary—like a pushbroom, not slowly revolved by floor rollers—as in carpet-sweepers, but speedily revolved—over 1,000 times a minute—by the electric motor.

WRITE for dealer's address and booklet "How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner—It explains the BIG DIFFERENCES in electric cleaners. Free.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
World's oldest, largest and most successful makers of electric cleaners
Box 24, New Berlin, Ohio

X-Ray View of Hoover patented Combined Beating-Sweeping Brush. Note belt attached to motor.

Hot Water for Your Country Home

DON'T forego the comforts of civilization just because you live in the country. Equip your home or camp with a

NEW PERFECTION KEROSENE WATER HEATER

which any good plumber can connect at small expense to your circulating water system. Hot running water whenever you want to heat it—without the bother of firing up a range or furnace.

The New Perfection does the same work as a gas heater at about one-third the average fuel cost for artificial gas. Simple, durable, safe—nothing to get out of order. Made in three-burner and one-burner sizes. Thousands in use.

With a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and this water heater, your kitchen is completely equipped—summer or winter—and you are independent of the coal or wood range with all its dirt and drudgery.

Write for free catalogue describing New Perfection oil-burning devices.

DEALERS NOTE: This new business will interest gas fitters, plumbers and hardware dealers. Write for details.

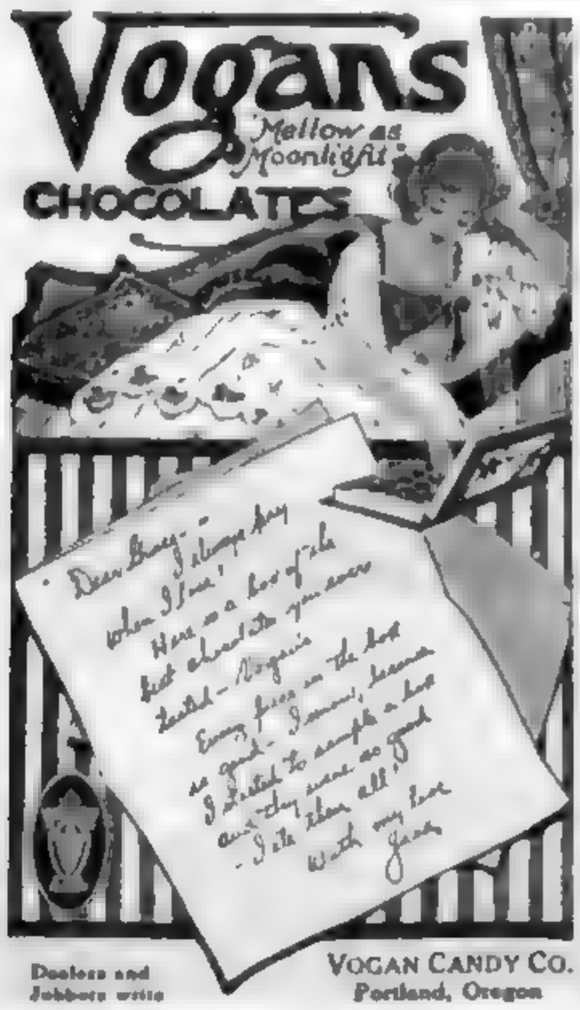
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

7141 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Vogans

Mellow as Moonlight

CHOCOLATES



Dealers and Jobbers write

VOGAN CANDY CO. Portland, Oregon

NEVER AGAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

in black and white on a folded blank in the archives of the income-tax bureau. It has literally paid me to stop drinking.

It has paid me in savings through economy of time, and through a startling cessation of interest in various forms of amusement that cost a great deal of money. It has paid me in affirmative profit. And it has cost me, to balance, many, many "friends." To elaborate:

In the first place it has saved me comparatively little in bar checks. I remember a line from the physiological textbook we used at school: "The stomach has a capacity of about three pints, and is capable of some distention." It seems that after I had accustomed myself to drink a pretty regular amount of liquid each day the custom had to continue. Following my principle I still buy drinks for other men if they want them. The result of this is that my bar checks are lower by not more than ten dollars a month than they were formerly. Call it a hundred dollars a year. No, I wouldn't have stopped drinking to save that much! But when you consider the element of time!

Now the use of alcohol is a habit with infinite ramifications. If a man so desired he could get himself beautifully intoxicated in about twenty minutes, at an expenditure of not more than forty cents; but that would be vulgar and disgusting and eminently unsatisfactory. All gentlemen are *per se* gentlemen of leisure. The buyer of drinks may not display haste; the recipient must not. They must be leisurely, for the obligations of the code are sharply defined, and hospitality must match hospitality. Two men—two drinks; three men—three drinks; four men—diplomacy or a headache. This excepts, of course, the occasional ceremony of drinking on the wing, when all signs fail and the cashier is especially alert. In my day I also stood and burned time at bars, and sat and tossed away time at round tables. I observed all the niceties of the function of communal drinking; for I had seen apparently sensible men take affront at trivial incidents connected with these encounters, and I had learned that almost any man would sooner be bilked of ten dollars in cold cash than have the fifteen-cent drink he has bought for a friend received too lightly or too indifferently. I had learned that in the routine of conviviality there are various stages at which a man simply cannot leave the party without causing resentment to the momentary host. I had learned that the purchase of a drink by someone else is as salt eaten in an Arab's tent. And I had squandered hours and hours when I really wanted to go home—and so did everyone else—merely for the sake of preserving an ancient formula which is a hundred per cent blather.

Six Thousand a Year

An hour and a half a day I have saved out of the unmeasured extent of my life. If I choose I can go home this much earlier; otherwise, I have the leeway at my office. And this total time economy, figuring it by mean averages of income and productive hours, has amounted to six thousand dollars in twelve months. I do not put this forward as a possible saving; I declare it is an actual saving. It's on the books, audited and vermed. Every day of the year I can see visible tokens of the fact; every night I can survey the sum of what has been accomplished, and credit a definite portion of it to my resolution. The money has been earned, the tax has been paid. And this is only the item attaching to those regular sessions at lunch time and in the late afternoons; it doesn't include the time spent at chance meetings.

Those chance meetings are a farce unto themselves. Two friends come face to face at a street corner, exchange the usual amenities, and regardless of the time or the temperature go off together and have two drinks. Frequently it happens that neither of them is thirsty, that neither of them is tolerant of the hiatus in a busy day. They would smile contemptuously at the suggestion that instead of drinking two cocktails they might much better go into a dairy restaurant and eat two ham sandwiches; but they will allow the wastage of their energy to become cumulative by celebrating in alcohol instead of protein.

It has amused me to study objectively these street-corner reunions. It has amused me to detect the similarity between a fortuitous rendezvous of two men and a telephone conversation between two women. When the verve of the women begins to flag they take to interjecting the semi-apologetic "Well, dear," and presently one of them blurts out her good-by and hangs up the receiver. When the men grow restive one of them, having no receiver to hang up, sighs inwardly and says: "Well, come on in and have a drink, will you?" The motive is identical—stalling for a get-away!

It would be absurd for me to claim any appreciable saving of money from such accidental congresses. But time I've saved in bulk; and you wouldn't believe how easy it is to hang up the receiver, once you get the knack of it.

Would I have quit drinking for six thousand dollars? Well—that's different.

How One's Tastes Change

From the chauffeur's seat on the water wagon the world has an astonishingly altered aspect. Viewed from the shifting perspective the color scheme of things grows dull, and the gilt and tinsel look like gilt and tinsel and not like gold and silver. The melodies which passed as the music of the spheres are plainly the strains of a none-too-well-trained orchestra. The fabric of ephemeral pleasure shows up threadbare, and the jokes from the sidewalk are lacking in true humor.

During the past twelve months I have discarded entirely the tired-business-man species of entertainment. It doesn't get across to me. I haven't automatically become a highbrow, but I've become acutely critical. I sit in the capacity of an arbiter. Types of comedy that used to affect me with hilarity don't wring so much as a smile from me. I am no longer sensitive to the cruder situations. I am, however, vastly affected by my neighbors, and I don't like the majority of them. I don't like the spirit of the revues; I don't thrill to the music; I don't respond to any intellectual appeal, because there isn't any. And this repugnance wasn't premeditated; it came with utter spontaneity. My tastes haven't changed; the analogy of the condiment still holds good. I thought I liked the T.B.M. shows; as a matter of fact when I was drinking I was merely transferring to them the same sort of artificial enthusiasm that I would have given to any other riotous diversion. I followed the mob. And now the musical comedy and the Welsh rabbit are relegated alike to the cannery.

As a natural corollary I have lost interest in cabarets and in late performances at roof gardens and in cellars. To a man who isn't drinking the midnight revels are horribly cheap and blatant. Like a faithful metropolitan I used to consider these shows as the proper wind-up of a cheerful evening; I've lately come to the conclusion that I must have been both blind and tone deaf. One of the instinctive arguments for dallying in the city after the final curtain was that I was hungry and that I did thirst. I used to confirm this belief by eating a supper and lubricating it generously. As an experimental psychologist I have lately tried the pleasure of going after the play to a conservative restaurant, where the food is excellent and the music is missing. And I had to drink black coffee to keep from falling asleep in my chair!

Far be it from me to strut as a Puritan, but I have finally got both my eyes wide open. I won't whip my nerves into activity when I know that I am desperately in need of sleep. I won't eat a lot of stuff I don't want and pretend that I am being entertained by a vaudeville that bores me. I know perfectly well that if I had three or four drinks I should applaud it. But I'm not drinking; and so here's another thousand-dollar credit over the period of a year.

Socially, too, I am more critical; but I am also more criticized. It's one thing to join in the jollity of a big party; it's quite another thing to ignore the punch bowl and to watch the crowd. I am fond of dancing and I like to see other people dance; but when four out of every five men and women at a really exclusive occasion start out with a few gills of champagne to enliven them, and I am and remain cold sober, it sets me thinking. Fortunately there are intermittent dances at which the punch is an incident instead of the chief incentive. I am glad of that, because though I vowed not to indict other men for obeying their own inclinations I forgot to insert a clause about women; and somehow I'm thoroughly downcast when I see women drinking. This new viewpoint of mine has caused me to forgo about two-thirds of the social functions which formerly I attended, and has encouraged me to withdraw from five separate organizations which exist mainly for divertisement of a style that depresses me. Credit—twelve hundred dollars.

The remainder of the gross profit is affirmative. Of course it's a small matter, but I did close one deal that would have been impossible under the old conditions. It was with a rank prohibitionist who won't trade, if he can help it, with men who drink. And the business was highly competitive, and the purchaser told me in plain English why he favored me. He held that my whim, as I called it, or my sanity, as he called it, was a variety of insurance to both of us, and he felt that at least I could give him a minor safeguard which the other applicants couldn't. That completes the sum; I have profited to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. But assuming that somehow or other I might have gained this reward by some other means, has the cost been excessive? Has it been worth while to suffer as I have suffered, and to lose the friends I have lost? That is the ultimate discussion.

A Married Man's Friends

Friends, I suppose, can be most conveniently divided by a married man into four classes: The first is composed of men who are hardly above the status of casual comrades—men with whom one is perfectly willing to drink in public. The second division includes men who are on the whole qualified for one's own society at all times, but not for one's home. The third contingent comprises the men one is willing to introduce to one's wife, with the certainty that no apology is later to be demanded. The fourth class is made up of the men one confidently invites home to dinner.

Early in the year I comprehended that I was about to undertake a reclassification of my friends. I knew this partly by information and partly from observation. I knew that men were about to reappraise me. I knew that to a few cynics I should seem to be a renegade and a backslider, and that to others I should appear as a deterrent—not because my personality or theirs had altered but simply because I preferred to drink my carbonic-acid gas unadulterated by anything but water. I knew that some men refuse to believe that one who doesn't drink is altogether human. I knew that many men object to the presence of one who isn't drinking just as much as they are.

But I wasn't in any way prepared for the shake-up which suddenly occurred; and I never dreamed that the choice would be largely my own. I thought that little by little I should be thrust out of the graces of the epicureans; instead, I resigned. And I resigned when I learned, to my profound sorrow, that out of those four classes of friends practically none but the members of the third and fourth groups could longer interest me or hold even the nominal respect which keeps men amicable.

Within a fortnight I was really staggered to observe how many men, whose companionship I had never enjoyed excepting within a radius of ten feet from a bar, addressed me by my first name. Within a month I was conscious that I resented a familiarity which heretofore I had assisted in making grow. I began to be more formal in my own salutations; I was annoyed by what I had once put down as skylarking and now regarded as horseplay. I was repelled by the sight of men drinking too freely; I had a feeling that they were doing a shameful and a grossly culpable thing. I felt that they were approaching uncleanliness; and when I saw them ever so slightly under the influence of alcohol I was nauseated, not in reaction to the individuals but to the condition. And it was this feeling—though I had determined to regard drinking without prejudice—which cut off the majority of my friends.

I am sorry that I have lost these men, for I liked them. Nevertheless, I discovered

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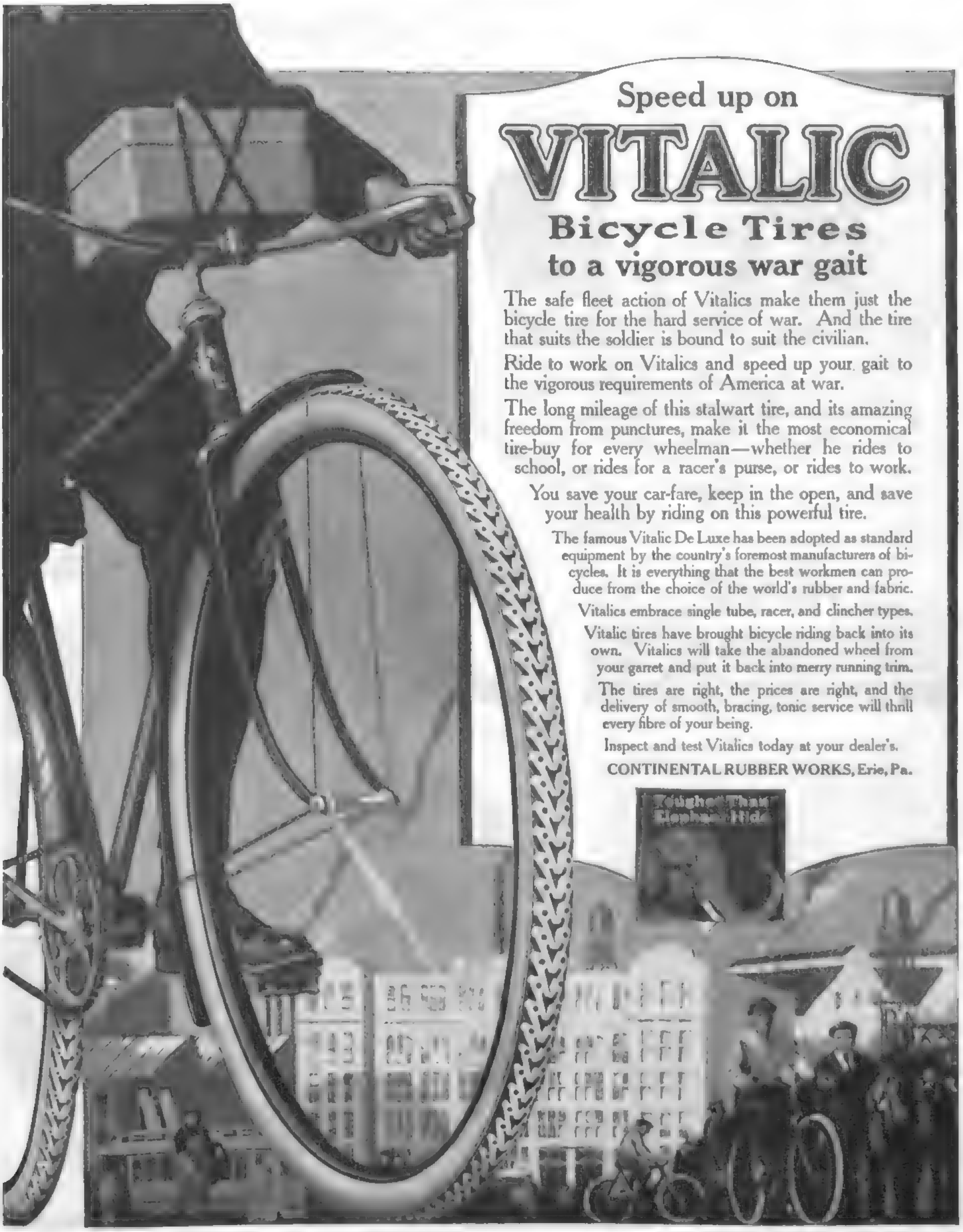
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Lee Union-Alls *are One Accessory He wouldn't be Without*

THE TIRE FIXED, BUT HIS CLOTHING RUINED

UNION Lee MADE
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LEE UNION-ALLS are insurance against ruined clothing. Put a suit under a seat in your automobile. When the inevitable puncture occurs or something goes wrong underneath the car only a jiffy is required to slip on your UNION-ALLS to protect yourself against dirt and grease from head to feet. You'll also find LEE UNION-ALLS invaluable for working on your car at home or for odd jobs about the house. And when touring nothing can equal LEE UNION-ALLS for comfort, convenience and economy. Don't let another day go by without adding this famous suit to your motoring equipment. At all good dealers'. But remember there is only one UNION-ALL—THE LEE. Don't be deceived by imitations and substitutes.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY

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(Concluded from Page 70)

that I had liked them only when we were all jovial together; now that we fail of a unified spirit we have no interests in common. I think they're irresponsible and incoherent, and they think I'm an ecclesiast. We can't even converse for half an hour; the effort is embarrassingly patent. Gradually — and regretfully — I have receded from the old gatherings; and I have written a large number of friendships off the books.

It hurt to do this but I had to do it. It was inevitable. A man who's on the wagon can't possibly retain his quondam sentiments with respect to drinking or to men who drink beyond even the very first marker of moderation. Furthermore, one teetotaler can cast a shadow over the fun of half a dozen drinkers. Nobody is thoroughly happy. Often I have offered to buy a transient drink for an acquaintance who as soon as he understood my own policy wouldn't drink at all. For no sound reason he was dimly embarrassed; he didn't like the circumstance. Similarly men who have invited me to drink with them have been either disconcerted or discomfited to hear me order a soft drink. There was a damper on the situation. So in a group of drinking men the one who reserves himself to his own impulses is an utter extinguisher, and he is neither welcome nor content.

Consider the Price

This applies, as I have said, only to the men of the first and second divisions. Strictly speaking, they weren't friends of mine or it would matter to none of us what I have done with my volition; but I had counted them as friends, and I had enjoyed their company, and I feel as though the fault of separation is all mine. In place of them I have made a new set of friends; slightly older men, less active and less impetuous.

Suffer! I should say I do! Twice a day, on each of those three hundred and sixty-five days—I never but once took a drink before breakfast—I have sat down to table and strangled my appetite, and thought of what I might possibly order to ennoble the food I was about to consume, and felt myself plunged into gloom. I have watched other men until it was an even chance that I should forcibly leap upon them and rob them. I have choked in an arid throat, and wondered how many more minutes, how many more seconds, I could hold out. Often I have taken up a neighboring glass and inhaled the aroma. And then I have been baffled and perplexed, because invariably the odor is foreign and a bit unpleasant. No matter what it is, it conveys no reminiscence. It is all I can do to distinguish, with my eyes shut, between one spirit and another; and as for grades of excellence, I am once more an amateur. The suffering I speak of is purely imaginative; it's a sort of ideal torture; it has nothing whatsoever to do with the physical constituents of the drink; it's a nervous phenomenon. And yet I suffer, but less and less every day.

Why? Primarily because I am no longer independent. I am profoundly irritated by the consciousness that I can take a drink if I want it, and that I don't really want it, but that I want to want it! The taste has gone; the habit stays. In combating the old tendencies I am sometimes burdened by the reflection that I am displaying not strength but weakness; and yet I am positive that if I ever live for a short time in an absolutely prohibition community I shall forget all about the days that were and the evenings that have gone by. I am sure that it is only the sight of alcohol that annoys me, the constant reminder that it is ready to my hand. In my office or in my home it never occurs to me. As it is, the resolution has lasted a brief year and I am not drinking to-day. The price in gross is difficult to determine; the price to-day is trivial, and the game is worth it.

Consider what is the price to-day. I am awake early, with a clear brain and a clean tongue. I go to town and work until half past twelve. When I go to lunch I go to lunch. If I am alone I lose no time; if I have a friend with me we waste none of the minutes that other men are devoting to preliminary cocktails at the bar. Having finished we go about our business, leaving other men still engaged in desultory conversation to while away the interval between reorders. At five o'clock I have a solid hour preserved to my own uses; a year ago I should have consecrated it to nullity of thought and frequency of highballs. I go home without apprehension and without regret. I am not alarmed to meet anyone; no one is going to say that he met me and my breath, both in fine fettle. I have a clear evening ahead of me; I am capable of work as decisive as my work in town. And at ten o'clock I am sleepy! The pressure of alcoholic stimulus has been removed; I am less nervous, less excitable, less tense; and I am normally tired. I want rest. I go to bed and I go promptly to sleep, and when I wake again I shall have none of the demoralizing handicap of a hangover; I shall have no apologies to make to anyone; I shall have another placid and energetic day. At that price the thing is a bargain of bargains!

There is constantly some danger of assuming a holier-than-thou attitude toward men who keep on drinking. This, all things considered, is the most vexatious phase of my sort of prohibition. To a man who has never tasted alcohol, to a man who had been restrained by his principles of morality, I can grant the right to hold himself morally superior to some men who abuse the privilege of freedom; but how can I so regard myself? I have no horror of alcohol; on the contrary I have—or did have—a pronounced fondness for it. I am prevented neither by religion nor by education from continuing the use of it. My choice was made out of a blind faith in an unexpected theory. Who am I to preach or to lecture? I frankly envy men who are able to drink moderately; as for myself, an extremist, I must either drink continuously or not at all. I see no more harm in an occasional drink than I do in an occasional game of poker; but I believe that a professional gambler is just as much a foe to society as a consistent toper. The difference is a matter of degree.

But just as it is humanly possible for a professional gambler to be personally a very likable chap so is it possible for a heavy drinker to be a valuable and a delightful friend. The analogy, however, holds further—your gambler won't be so likable when he's actually engaged in gambling; your heavy drinker won't be so delightful when he's had a bit too much and you yourself are cold sober. So that my sorrow on beholding the acts of my old companions is primarily selfish; I am sorry because they have shut me out of their life and I have shut them out of mine. As for their immortal souls I am highly uncertain. I know from experience that advice and warning, except from a practicing physician, are as futile to a normal man as philosophy to a bar fly. I don't believe that these old friends are ticketed for hell; I am quite assured that many of them are very useful citizens. My judgment of them is based largely upon my analysis of myself; I grudge them none of the pleasure of drinking, but I think that they haven't weighed the price of it. I don't believe they are eternally to be damned; I do believe they are irrevocably condemned to gout or to some other equally primitive ailment. And mighty few of them realize what is thought of them in their presence or what is said behind their backs.

I know a successful young man of thirty-five—a man with a large income, a small family and a taste for the hospitalities. In other years we drank about alike; now, since I have stopped, I am for the first time aware of what is said about him, and I am reasonably sure that the same things must have been said about me. Every word, every deed, every gesture of his is subject to remark and to a comparison of standards. If he laughs heartily at dinner women exchange meaning smiles; Harry has had one cocktail too many. If he makes a slightly florid remark to a woman she tells how Harry bestowed a maudlin compliment upon her. If inadvertently he trips on a rug or brushes a piece of furniture it's because Harry has passed the bounds again. If he is gay he is flushed with wine; if he is solemn he is called sodden. Let him be seen drinking a half glass of sherry and rumor magnifies it to a cask of amontillado. And I will take my oath that Harry has never been drunk in his life.

When I look back and imagine what people must have said about me—well, the price doesn't seem so very high, after all!

Ready for Prohibition

I am glad to be out of that class. I believe firmly that one of these days we are to live in an era of national prohibition, and I want to be unscathed by the statute when it passes. In the meantime I don't feel any holier than the other men, but I do feel more sensible. I feel that I have done what is the best thing for me to do and that I deserve credit only because I realize what I have done, and because I knew in advance what I was going to do and why I was going to do it. And I should like to have all those other people follow suit, not because it is righteous and respectable but because it pays.

And here is the most amazing fact I have to offer; it has to do with reputation. For a calendar year I have eschewed alcohol, and I have taken some pains to let it be known that I am not drinking. Every day of my life I meet at least one acquaintance who asks me to drink with him—that is, the persistence of a year has hardly made an impression upon my little world. Some men whom I see five days a week don't even know yet that I have stopped drinking. Within a week I have been accused point-blank of excesses, and gravely warned to reform. And if this short-sightedness can endure, if a year's renunciation hasn't erased the earlier record, if I haven't yet accomplished the task of establishing the sincerity of this decision of mine, how concrete must have been that former reputation? How far did it extend? How was it described? How many friends did it lose me, and how much business?

That is what bothers me and makes me gladder than ever that I'm through.

THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 5)

in their cooperative societies. They had experienced, it must be remembered, about forty days of liberty in 1905, before the Czar lulled them into quiet by granting them the constitution which gave them the Duma; they had even organized a council of workmen, similar to the present Council of Workmen and Soldiers, and the spectacular Leon Trotzky gained his early experience as a president of that organization.

The Russian business man or employer who watched his working people depart from their toil on a certain Saturday evening in February of 1917, when the demonstration against the Czar was under way, saw a new lot of human beings return the next Monday and Tuesday mornings. Out through the factory gate that Saturday men passed a worried, harassed and exploited lot of men and women. Next they were the proud possessors of the knowledge that the employers in Russia after those days knew that the wages of the working people were far below a living standard before the revolution. All the power of the government, all the power of the police and most of the influence of the church were against any independence on the part of the masses of Russia's working people. The employees who returned to work the next week were free workmen and women. For them the revolution was not merely a change in government, it was a change that touched them at the core, in the home, in the factory, on the farm, in their individual relations and in their very selves. It made a different kind of man or woman, boy or girl out of every human being in Russia.

While the Russian business man was wondering over the week-end what the revolution would do to Russia and to his business, the Russian workingman woke on the day after the revolution, pinched himself and said, "Where am I and who am I?"

The first part of the question was easiest to answer. He was still in Russia. But to answer the latter he required more thought. It is easy to imagine from what happened later just what sort of soliloquy the Russian workingman with his somewhat Asiatic psychology might have had on that great occasion.

Wakening from his dream of freedom to find it true he might have said, in wonder:

"Who am I?

"Ivan Ivanovich." Which was only a mere name. He demanded something more definite in the way of self-identification.

"Yes, Ivan Ivanovich is my name. But who am I in this new world? What part of it am I?

"Why, I am Ivanovich the machinist."

And right there, when it came to the matter of occupation, the Russian stopped asking questions of himself. He classed himself immediately not as a resident of any particular city, not as a member of any branch of the Russian family, but by his profession, his occupation, his form of toil. Was woman, maker of lace, cross-cutter, foreman, forelady, watchmaker, all stopped to ask forth to seek their soul and to join forces with them in the hope of getting more out of life in the new world than they had got in the old. It was not in the streets and in public halls that the Russian workingman and workingwoman talked over the problems of the revolution. It was at the factory, the office or the laundry, or in some hall where his kind gathered.

If the average Russian had not had a sense of professional or occupational consciousness the Russian business man would probably not have gone through the unprecedented ordeal that all but destroyed him. If the average Russian had been satisfied with a political revolution and had waited for a change in government to bring more justice and more comfort and cheer into his life and home, the Russian business man might possibly have worked out a means of saving himself.

But the average Russian hurried to his factory or his shop or his counter at the beginning of that new week, determined to [illegible] something or vote on something, to pass some sort of resolutions about something, to get some kind of committees on something to work doing something; and the Russian business man discovered before noon that the world had been remade.

From the very first minute of that first working day the Russian factory owner or employer didn't stand a chance against his employees. They organized with a bang! They knew just how to organize; for years some of them had been preparing for just such an emergency. The workmen, instead of beginning work at whistle blow, began voting; they shortly had elected workmen's councils in the various factories. These councils took over the factory and notified the manager, the owner or the board of directors that thereafter the factory and the business would belong entirely to the working people. They seized all the records of the company, including the pay rolls, and put committees to work analyzing the finances of the business. As far as I could learn, this action was taken in every factory in Russia.

The workmen's council usually informed the manager that if he attempted to close the factory his life would be forfeited. This was [illegible] in cases where the factory was owned by foreigners. The heaviest part of the task of Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador to Petrograd, was, as he told me in conversation, "to attempt to protect the property and lives of British factory owners in Russia."

A *primeritelnaya kamera*, or workmen's court of justice, was part of the workmen's organization in every factory. It consisted generally of three workmen, one foreman, one manager and one clerk, the last usually an expert bookkeeper whose services were commandeered for interpreting the books of the company so that the workingmen's committee could get some idea of costs, overhead and [illegible]

The astonished Russian employer before whose very eyes this kind of organization was performed, had reason to believe that particulars of its force would be used against him. He did not expect far-sighted but the whole body of the factory crew would desert him. It was incredible that clerks, managers, foremen and experts would [illegible]. The workingmen [illegible] that secure of the factories. But they did. It became for the Russian workers in factories what the state had been for the factory owner, a matter of life and death. They had to [illegible] the great movement. Some of them as well as great manufacturers and bankers were in exile for their refusal. But the leaders of the workingmen were able to win over their whole [illegible] by [illegible] rather than force, and they finally devised a scheme that was [illegible]

(Continued on Page 77)

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

YOU want
You wan
preserve shap
lored Such

This picture in the

Chicago

Copyright, 1918, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

They're stylish; they last

Our clothes do the economizing for you

long service in clothes; but mere durability isn't enough
smart style and good fit To last long, and look well; to
, fit, style, our clothes are of all-wool fabrics, well tai-
clothes save; they cost more per suit, but less per month

You're worth more to yourself in such clothes because you look it
Our label is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

e window shows you where to buy *Spring Style Book on request*

Hart Schaffner & Marx New York

From the painting by Leon M. Gordon

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Purposeful questioning of every item in production costs has brought about a rapidly increasing use of sprocket chains having the Rex Griplock feature.

Today thirty-one per cent of our chain output is Rex Griplock, because the strength it gives to transmission and conveyor chains has proven profitable to thousands of careful purchasers.

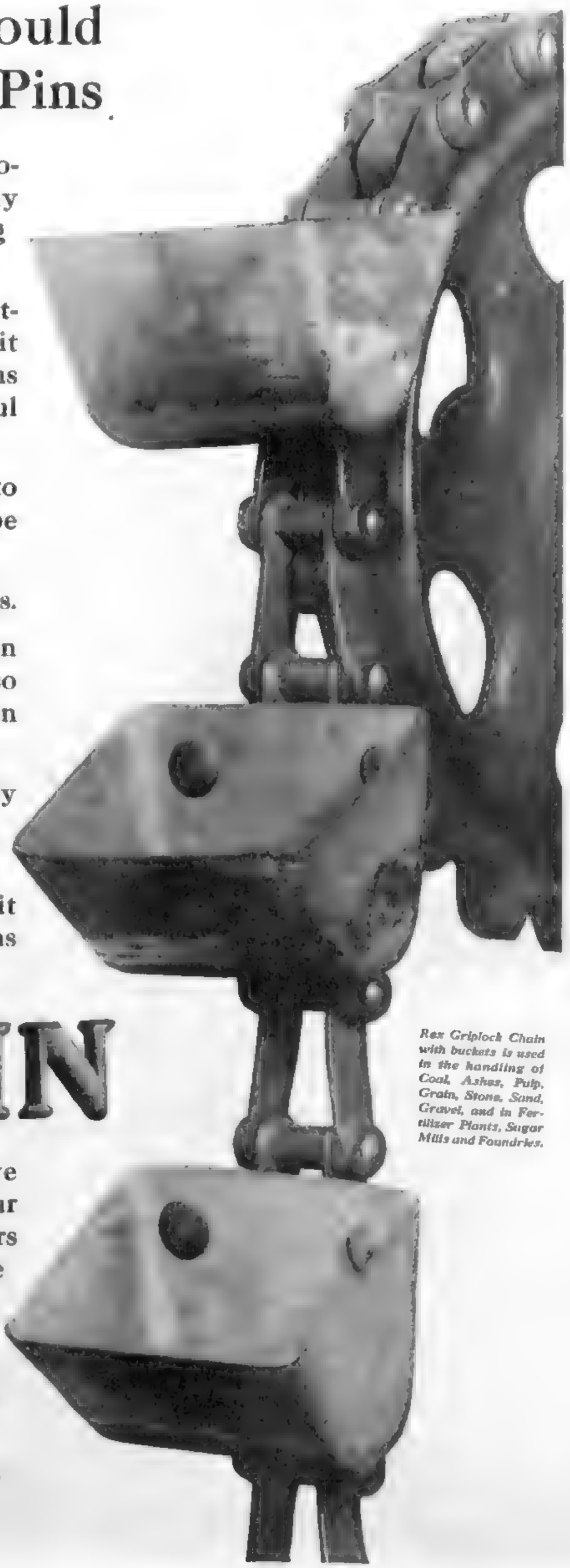
It makes such chains last longer. It helps to maintain pitch more constantly than can be done when the pins must bear all strains.

Chains should be stronger than their link pins.

In consequence every Rex Griplock Chain has its side bars linked with each other so accurately and strongly that they form a chain without having the link pin inserted.

Then the link pins are put in to fortify the union and to take up the initial part of every strain.

This feature is so simple and useful that it seems almost unbelievable that Rex Chains alone should have it.



Rex Griplock Chain with buckets is used in the handling of Coal, Ashes, Pulp, Grain, Stone, Sand, Gravel, and in Fertilizer Plants, Sugar Mills and Foundries.

REX CHAIN

It is, of course, the most important exclusive feature recommending Rex Chains to your consideration; but there are many others which help you to lower costs and reduce shut-downs and delays.

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 73)

to have this effect. This scheme was no more and no less than having the government order that all income tax imposed on factory managers, foremen and experts be returned to them. This was an easy thing for the factory committee to do, as they were represented in the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, which was practically the ruling power in Russia.

The decree was made in accordance with the advice of the workmen and soldiers, and hundreds of the white-collared employees in the great factories suddenly found themselves in possession of neat little sums which had been returned to them by the government. I talked with one high-salaried factory manager who had been informed that the sum of thirty thousand rubles, which he had paid out of his salary as war income tax, was awaiting his pleasure. He had not collected it and as an Englishman he hesitated to do so, feeling that it ought to go for war purposes. But he did not dare to tell the workmen's committee in his factory that he had spurned the fruits of their kindness and thoughtfulness.

I knew of a draftsman in a factory who had eight thousand rubles in income tax returned to him by the government. The sum was large enough to enable him to break up his home in Russia and take his family back to the neutral country which was their home. He had never before in his life been eight thousand rubles ahead of the game.

While the factory owner was standing helpless at one side watching his workmen conduct the factory, raise their own wages and keep their own accounts of the business, business men in other lines were also suffering through the new independence of their employees. The owners of small stores, for instance, were faced by insurmountable problems. While the clerks in men's-furnishings stores, for instance, were striking for a fifty per cent increase in wages, the increase to go back to the beginning of the war, the laundresses were striking for higher rates for laundering stiff collars and shirts. The clerks won their strike. Presumably they should have been satisfied, inasmuch as some of them received not hundreds but thousands of rubles in back pay. But a few days after they had returned to work I entered a haberdasher's shop in the Nevskii and asked for a collar.

"I cannot sell you a stiff collar," said the clerk. "We have some very good soft collars."

I pointed to an elaborate display of stiff collars in the shop window and asked why I could not buy one of them.

"We cannot sell you a stiff collar," he repeated. "The laundry women's union is asking for higher prices for doing up collars and shirts, and the haberdasher clerks' union has voted not to sell any laundered articles until the women have won their strike."

The Washwomen's Strike

Out of curiosity I canvassed the shops in the business district and discovered that laundered collars were not for sale in the city of Petrograd.

"When washwomen and necktie-counter clerks stick together in a strike you've got some unionizing!" said an American from Philadelphia, who had come to Russia to sell railroad engines.

I attended with my interpreter a meeting of laundresses and washwomen in Petrograd. It was conducted according to Russian rules of parliamentary practice, and I have never seen a session of the American Congress conducted with more regard for parliamentary rules.

When the question of what wages should be demanded had been settled the matter of hours was brought up.

"I want to work only a few hours a day," said one washwoman. "There is more in life than work. I want time to meet my friends and to make new ones. I want time to talk and study and read."

Another woman rose to her feet and was recognized. She represented another school of thought.

"What I want is not more time but more work to do at higher rates. I want to make so much money while I am young and strong that I can save some every week. When I am old and tired I shall not want to work for a living. Then will be the time to talk and read and enjoy one's friends."

We departed before the discussion was ended; it lasted far into the night. It was only one of the thousands of elementary problems—really, fundamental problems of life—that invariably came up in all discussions in all circles in Russia after the revolution.

I do not know how the discussion ended, but I fear the short-hour supporters lost out, for a few days later on the desk in my room I found a typewritten note signed by the head laundress in my hotel. We had been without clean laundry for ten days, and any note from the laundress was welcome. It ran in effect:

"We have only partially won our strike. We have gained higher wages but not shorter hours. We will therefore do the laundry, but we will not do it as well as heretofore."

And they didn't.

Labor's rule was ironclad. Not only employers but the public as well were under the yoke.

"I want a fire in my fireplace," I said to the corridor man in my hotel on my first morning in Petrograd.

"I cannot make it for you," he said through my interpreter. He would make no explanation; he admitted that the making of fires was among his duties, but no fire would he make. He refused to take a persuading tip.

Why the Printer Stayed Away

I hunted up the proprietor of the hotel.

"Wood is very expensive," said the proprietor. "It will cost you ten rubles a day to have a fire in your room."

I told him I wanted the fire regardless of cost, and he called the corridor man.

"Please make a fire in Room Fifty-Six," said the proprietor.

The corridor man refused. He was the lowest paid employee in the hotel, and before the revolution he would have scraped and bowed and carried out the smallest or largest orders in the hope of a small tip. I had offered him the equivalent of a day's wages for a fire, and he had declined; he likewise declined to carry out the orders of the hotel owner.

The proprietor shook his head hopelessly.

"He says that your money doesn't make any difference, whether you pay it to him or to me," he explained. "He says that there are lots of people in Petrograd who are cold and have no fires, and that you are not entitled to be warm just because you have money. I cannot help you."

A month before this proprietor literally would have kicked this man bodily from the hotel; to-day he only gave a shrug and permitted the man to remain.

But if the possession of mere money did not entitle me to warmth there was something that did. When a Russian socialist friend from New York entered my cold room later in the day and heard my troubles he looked up the corridor man and told him that I was an American correspondent who was studying socialism in Russia, and writing about it.

"We want him to see socialism at its best, and we want to keep him warm while he's writing in his room," explained my friend.

I had a roaring fire in my room very shortly, made by the corridor man, who was now all smiles. And thereafter fires were a daily occurrence, though I was not called upon to pay the proprietor's charge of ten rubles a day.

Strangely enough it was to Australia that the Russian working people turned for guidance in trying to set aright the conditions under which they had been working. "The Australian system" became a phrase that was heard at every turn. Conditions which I have described prevailed for the first two months after the revolution; they were more or less chaotic, with the laboring classes making indefinite demands and striving for indefinite conditions. Like Bryan's silver plank of "Sixteen to one," the "Australian system" was debated everywhere among working people in Russia. Booklets appeared on the streets, purporting to describe the "Australian system." Speeches were made by alleged experts, setting forth the beauties of the "Australian system" in factory management.

The appearance of this general interest in the system of factory management in Australia was a signal of hope to the Russian factory owners. The working classes had started off the revolution by seizing all the factories and trying to operate them themselves. They failed at this. Though they were the masters of Russia and controlled the government, so that all necessary laws were at their disposal, the working people of Russia after two months of seizing everything they could lay their hands on in the way of increased wages and the means of production discovered that they were taking everything out of the business life of Russia and were putting nothing back into it.

Though they held possession of all the machinery and though, through the help of the government, they were able to pay themselves almost any sums in the way of wages that they demanded, they came to the realization that there was something in business besides the mere material, tools and paraphernalia. That vague, indefinite, elusive thing called goodwill; the personality which successful business men put into their affairs to make them a success; ideas which keep a business alive and growing; management which directs massed human effort—these were things that the Russian workingman could not get his hands upon, even though he had the whole seizing power of the government behind him.

I knew a printer in Petrograd whose workmen decided that his five thousand dollars a year profit ought to be divided. They organized a committee and notified the printer that they would take over the business. The printer agreed with apparent cheerfulness; secretly he was glad enough to be freed of his business with the inordinate demands of his workingmen. The employees gave a farewell dinner for him on the night he departed for a holiday in the Crimea, which is the Florida of Russia. For a few days the printing shop ran busily. Then came a deadlock; business ceased coming in. Jobs were nil. The workmen held a meeting and voted that they must have some new orders. The entire crew laid off and canvassed the city for printing jobs. Then they discovered the value of goodwill and the potency of the personality which their former employer had put into his business. Within a few weeks they had telegraphed to the printer to return, on a high salary. He declined. They followed this up with an offer to return to him his entire plant. This he declined. A third telegram begged him to return and let bygones be bygones. "We'll be without jobs if you don't come back" was the gist of the plea. Some weeks ago I saw the windows of this printing shop boarded up; the printer had refused to return.

When Everyone Gets a Raise

It was such experiences as this that caused the laboring people of Russia to begin to realize that their efforts toward improving their conditions by force or threats of force were unavailing; that higher wages and shorter hours and the control of the factories were no more beneficial than had been the removal of the Czar. They were not sticking together; coherence in a general plan was impossible. When the shoemakers struck for higher wages and shorter hours they jubilated over their new gains. Standing alone as shoemakers they really seemed to be winners. On pay-day an envelope three times larger than they had ever seen before was a cause for rejoicing. They carried the fattened envelopes home to rejoicing wives and toasted the new day in Russia. Everything would have been fine except for just one thing: Other workmen in other trades struck too. When Mrs. Shoemaker went to the store to buy cotton cloth she found she had to stand in line many hours because the cotton mills were running on short hours; when her turn came to buy she discovered that the price had gone almost out of sight. The laboring folks in the cotton mills had beaten the shoemaker to it. They had struck for shorter hours and higher wages, and Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, out of their fattened envelope, had to pay Mr. Cotton Miller's raise. And Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Miller when they came to buy shoes found that a large share of the contents of their increased pay envelope had to go toward paying the raise in wages which Mr. Shoemaker had gained.

Everybody got a raise and everybody spent his raise in paying off somebody else's raise—that is, everybody but the farmer, who had wheat and who was not permitted by the government to sell for more than a certain price. He, needless to say, refused to enter the game. He had to pay the New-Dawn prices for the necessities of life, but he didn't receive New-Dawn prices for his grain. Wherefore he helped to add complexity to the problems of the hungry Russian workingman by refusing to sell at all. Skobelov, Minister of Labor and member of the Society of Workmen, in an address on July 10, 1917, told the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council:

"There are more unorganized than organized strikes in Russia. These have disorganized industry and resulted in robbery of the government. For the government itself must pay and is paying for all the increases that you have demanded. You have shut the experts out of the factories. You have even killed some of them. You have seized factories and driven away the owners, and not having any money you have had to close them."

The Pravda, Lenine's daily newspaper, continued, however, to urge these unorganized strikes. James Duncan, of the American Federation of Labor, member of the Root commission to Russia, attempted to tell the Council of Workmen and Soldiers something of the organization of unions in the United States and of their success in controlling child labor and gaining better conditions for workers.

"What do we know about union labels and child labor?" said the Pravda, referring to Duncan's address. "What we want for everybody is two hours' work a day, and no more."

The workers, as their hopes of a millennium through strikes became more and more remote, began to adopt the motto "Each group for itself." Groups in various occupations began to split apart.

Industrial Chaos

Certain engineers, firemen, clerks and experts in a large plant in Petrograd became incensed with the workmen because of their lack of energy in producing rubber goods for the soldiers. They held a meeting and passed resolutions demanding that the common workmen ought to rouse themselves and hurry to Russia's aid. The next morning when these patriots appeared at the factory gates they found that their passes to the factory had been canceled; armed workmen, always on guard, prevented them from entering.

Immediately five hundred more engineers, chemists, experimenters and experts in the factory joined the two hundred outside the gates. They declared that they were bourgeois and that they would not work with the mad proletariat in the factory. Thus one class of workmen struck not against an employer but against another class of workmen.

"I never saw workmen work so hard as those everyday workmen did during those first few days, after the white-collar boys went out," one of the managers of the plant told me. "They got the engines started in the morning somehow and the wheels to turning. They puddled round in the vats of rubber, and workmen who had seen the chemists and the experts treat the rubber in the vats with various chemicals declared confidently that it would be easy enough to imitate them. They attempted to do this. They collected various chemicals in what they guessed to be the proper proportions and attempted to treat the rubber. There was several hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rubber in the vats, which it was certain the workmen would spoil. As it was all intended for military use the managers of the factory, which was under government control, sent for Skobelov, Minister of Labor. Skobelov appealed in vain to the workmen to permit the experts to reenter the factory and care for the precious rubber. He told of the Russian soldiers in the wet and mud who needed rubber goods. He told of the dire need of auto tires at the front. The workmen were obdurate, and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rubber was ruined before the workmen came to their senses and agreed to permit the engineers and others the right to return to their work and to enjoy without penalty the right of free thought and free speech."

In the Alexandrevsky electrical shop at Kronstadt the workmen shut out the owner and all the experts for seventeen days, claiming that they were bourgeois. The business fell behind sixty thousand rubles in this space of time, in addition to the loss of material due to the lack of expert supervision. When the workmen realized that the business was dying before their eyes they begged Alexandrevsky to return with the experts; which he did.

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Actual photograph of one of the Goodyear Cord Tires now in heavy truck service for the Dodge Furniture Company, Akron, Ohio.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

The Worth of Speed and Range

JUST two things make the motor truck more efficient in its field than the horse and wagon: these are speed and range.

Just two things bar the motor truck from a far wider field of usefulness: lack of speed and lack of range.

Given these two qualities in sufficient degree, the motor truck might very ably supplement the overburdened railroads and waterways, or even compete formidably with these major forms of transportation.

The chief obstacle to such employment for the motor truck now, is the solid rubber tires with which it is commonly equipped.

Solid rubber tires—and we make them—unquestionably are satisfactory for slow-speed short hauls through congested districts, but they exclude the truck from high-speed long-distance work.

The vibration set up through the imperfect cushioning solid tires afford in such service soon batters even the strongest truck to pieces.

This swift depreciation, coupled with high gasoline and oil costs, in most cases makes long-haul rapid-transit by truck unprofitable.

Tire equipment which could cancel these disadvantages while increasing speed and radius, would do more for the motor truck than any other one thing.

Such equipment *now is available for every motor truck user*—in the Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks shown on the opposite page.

These are *pneumatic* tires made especially for heavy truck service—with a carrying capacity greater than that of the ordinary truck itself.

They quicken the speed of the truck, lengthen its range, save tremendously in gasoline and oil consumption, and cut depreciation to the minimum.

They disencumber the truck of every hindrance to full utility, and in the sternest service make it ride like a limousine.

Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are in no way an experiment—they are a development of fifteen years' time.

They are the practical expression of an old Goodyear idea, brought to final success *only through the perfection of the Goodyear principle of cord tire construction.*

The extra speed and range they afford the motor truck means faster deliveries and more of them each day—more profitable operation over a greater area.

Except in the most constricted service, it means a lower cost per ton mile than now is delivered by the solid rubber tire.

Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are serving in heavy-truck duty in more than 200 cities in America today, to the profit and satisfaction of the men who are using them.

A fleet of four transports ranging in capacity up to five tons and regularly plying over a 1500-mile cross-country circuit, is attaining speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour on them without damage to the roads or the trucks.

They are delivering results in interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of foodstuffs and of fragile wares, in all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit, which are little short of amazing.

On your own trucks they will make returns to you in speed, endurance and economy not to be expected from any other carrier.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

SERVICE

An officer of the Mechanical Transport division British W. D., telling of his experiences with tractors in France, said:

"YOU know we use a lot of Holt 'seventy-fives' for snaking up the 'nine point twos' and ammunition wagons. You cannot imagine worse operating conditions for a tractor—everything from bumpy going over broken stones to soft clay slush well mixed with sand. The dust and slush are the worst because it gets into the bearings. Occasionally an upper track carrier wheel would drop off—shaft cut clean through by the grit which gets into the plain bearings if they are not constantly oiled. It's marvelous how those Hyatt bearings stand up in the lower wheels. They are right down in the worst of the dust and muck and carry the entire weight of the tractor. They are always running and get precious little attention in the field.

"There is an old man at the Base Repair Shop who takes care of all the Hyatt bearings in all the tractors in service. They bring each tractor in about once in six months or so for a general going over. The track wheels are given to this old man who removes the bearings, carefully scraping and brushing out every particle of grit. Sometimes he has to take the cage apart to get at the dirt in the hole through the rollers. After he gets the bearing clean and cage reassembled he swills them about in a pail of paraffin, dips them in heavy oil and reassembles them in the wheels. They're just as good as new. I don't suppose he has thrown away a pail full of broken bearing parts since the war started and very few, if any, new bearings have been needed for repairs."

□ □ □

Every Holt tractor, models 75 and 120 built at Peoria, has 24 Hyatt Roller Bearings in the "CATERPILLAR" track rollers. These models have been Hyatt equipped for the past eight years and today there are over one hundred thousand Hyatt bearings in every day use in Holt tractors alone in service in all parts of the world. Repairs or replacements of Hyatt Bearings have been less than one-fourth of one per cent in all this time.

Because of this remarkable record of service the Holt Manufacturing Company have specified Hyatt Roller Bearings throughout on all of their recently developed tractors, most of which are designed for military purposes.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NEWARK, N. J. DETROIT, MICH.

HYATT

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In the Sevrugov spinning mill near Moscow the workmen demanded that the plant be turned over to them. The boss complied. The committee, in a spirit of kindness, agreed to keep him on the pay roll for a month until he could find another position. At the end of four days the stores of cotton were exhausted. The owner of course had notified the cotton storehouses that he could no more be responsible for orders for raw material which came from his plant. When the workmen sought to buy new supplies they found they had no credit and no cash. After two weeks they called the manager back and, greatly relieved, returned the plant and the business to him.

They had discovered what all the striking laborers of Russia were learning—that is, the truth of the old adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The brow of the self-crowned laborer was just as sensitive to the sharp edges of the heavy headpiece as the forehead of a royal blue-blood. The pressure of the crown gained daily. Soon there was not money enough in Russia to meet the demands of the workingmen in the Russian factories. At the Moscow conference M. Nekrassoff, Minister of Finance, made a statement in which he pointed out that after the revolution the cost of the war had jumped from thirty millions to seventy-eight millions of rubles per day. The entire national revenue of Russia before the war was sixteen thousand millions of rubles a year; after the revolution the war cost in Russia, owing to advance in wages, was thirty thousand millions of rubles.

"The demands of the workers at the Putiloff factory"—one of the chief ammunition factories in Russia—"alone," he said, "mean an increase of ninety millions of rubles. At the same time productivity of labor has decreased. The quantity of coal taken from the Donetz basin has fallen off fifty per cent. On the railways in July alone two hundred and fifty thousand freight cars less than the normal were loaded, and twenty-five per cent of the locomotives are out of order. It has become necessary to reduce the quantities carried on the railroads even of articles of the most urgent and primary necessity. The taxes are not coming in. The land tax is thirty-two per cent below that of 1916. The tax on town property shows a loss of forty-one per cent; on inhabited dwellings, forty-three per cent; the industrial tax—'war profit tax'—nineteen per cent; the war tax, twenty-nine per cent; the inheritance tax, sixteen per cent; and insurance dues, twenty-five per cent."

Overworked Printing Presses

"The excessive expenses of the state are paid for solely by issues of paper money, of which the quantity issued in 1915 was two hundred and twenty-three million rubles; 1916, two hundred and ninety million rubles; and the first two months of 1917"—just before the revolution—"four hundred and thirty millions of rubles per month. From March 1"—after the revolution—"to July sixteenth the average was eight hundred and thirty-two millions of rubles per month."

Without taking sides on the question of capital and labor one must, after seeing at first-hand the situation as it developed in Russia, declare in all frankness that though the disintegration of the Russian Government produced one crisis in Russia the disintegration of the morale of the laboring classes produced in large part the evils which the people of Russia are suffering to-day.

For instance, there is the matter of shoes. To buy a pair of shoes in Russia these days you go first to the police station nearest to your home and prove to the policeman that you must have a pair of shoes. If after investigation he satisfies himself that your need is a personal one and that you do not intend to buy shoes on a speculation he gives you a permit to make the purchase.

With this permit you go about the town from shoe store to shoe store. Their shelves are empty, often they are closed, the clerks are absent. You are not hunting a pair of shoes; you are only seeking some shoe shop where in the near future they hope to receive a consignment of shoes. When you find such a shop you present your police permit and are given a numbered card. This card shows you your turn in the shoe line. But your shoe line will not form for weeks. You pass the shoe store daily to see whether the shoes have arrived. At last you see a line of people before the door. That's not your line; these are only those who have the low numbers. Each day in the window of the shoe shop is posted a schedule of ticket numbers. At last you discover that a week hence shoes will be sold to the five hundred persons who have numbers in your group.

It is not on that exact day that you appear in the shoe line; indeed if you are wise it will be the morning of the day before. You will hire someone, if you are well-to-do, to hold a place in the line for you, because you are not sure that your particular size of shoe will be left. There is no way of telling, either, because you cannot enter the shoe shop to ask questions until your turn comes. I have seen a line of women in Petrograd wait forty-eight hours—from Saturday morning until Monday morning—sleeping on the sidewalk during the night, to have an early chance with their number cards. If at last you get into the shop and discover that they have a pair of shoes even somewhere near your size, you take them joyfully and pay from ten to twenty dollars a pair. It has required perhaps six weeks or two months to make the purchase.

In the matter of cotton goods: I have seen a line of five hundred women sleeping throughout the night on the sidewalks and standing patiently through the day in the Kremlin inclosure at Moscow, waiting one hundred and more hours, for the chance to buy three yards of ordinary white cotton cloth; so desperate were their home needs.

And at the same time the great Zindell cotton mills in Moscow were idle; the ten thousand and more employees were on two-thirds wages, and being paid largely out of government funds with money which M. Nekrassoff's printing presses were running off as fast as they could be operated.

Up to the Railroad Men

Here were working women needing cotton cloth desperately, and wasting thousands, hundreds of thousands of hours, waiting to buy even small strips of it. And here were thousands of mill hands on reduced wages waiting to be called back to the mills to go to work.

And in Vladivostok the Zindell firm had thousands of tons of raw cotton, which they had bought at high prices in Egypt, had carried in ships, a fabulously expensive journey, by way of Colombo and had hoped to get to Moscow by rail. In Vladivostok also were thousands of cases of shoes for suffering Russians.

And what was the matter with the railroads?

True, the wood choppers had not cut enough wood to supply the Russian roads, but that was an irremediable error of months long gone. True, many locomotives were out of order, but thousands of them were still in good condition. What was the matter with the railroads; what kept these shoes and this cotton from the Russian people?

In the main it was the Russian railroad man. Not the Russian railroad man in general; not the union of Russian railroad employees, but the comparatively few railroad men who operated the Trans-Siberian Railway.

When the American railroad commission came to Russia and discovered at Vladivostok the huge stores—perhaps the largest mound of supplies ever gotten together in any one spot on earth—they determined their first efforts must be directed toward getting these supplies moved into the interior of Russia.

They learned upon looking into the Trans-Siberian Railway system that the average division on the line was about seventy miles; that each of these eighty divisions was run as a separate railroad, and that a locomotive drawing a train of cars unhitched at the end of the division and waited for another locomotive from the next division to come and pick it up and carry it along. All railroads are run on this system, but American divisions are on the average almost one hundred and fifty miles long. The American railroads had put their finger on a weak spot in the great transcontinental railroad line of Russia. If the Russians would double the length of their divisions they could greatly increase the carrying power of the railroad and move the stores of supplies at Vladivostok in one-half the time they were taking.

When this plan was laid before the Department of Railways it was seized upon with delight. The Russian officials promised that it would be carried out immediately. They saw how all the idleness and waiting and suffering among the poor in Russia might be decreased by exactly one-half, and they immediately ordered that the Trans-Siberian divisions be doubled in length.

Then up spake the railroad men on the Trans-Siberian—the engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the conductor. They made their decision instantly and they would not change it. I sat in the dining room of the Workmen's and Soldiers' palace with Charles Edward Russell of the American commission while he pleaded with members of the Workmen's and Soldiers' railway committee to get them to beg the Trans-Siberian railroaders to think of the women and children of Russia and of the German hordes that threatened the safety of their native land, and to change their decision. But it was all in vain.

They said simply that if the divisions were made one hundred and forty miles in length "we'll have to sleep away from home of nights, and we've decided not to do it."

Management in those early days of the Russian strikes was abhorred; to be under orders of any sort appeared intolerable. In one factory in Moscow where the chemists, experts, engineers, firemen and foremen had refused to come to work because of the inordinate exactions of the factory hands the workers at a meeting decided to make peace with all the white-collar element in the factory, with one exception: They were willing that everybody should come back to work except the foremen.

"We will have no foremen over us," they declared.

The strike was finally adjusted on that basis.

"We would have blown up the whole world," said a resolution passed by the workmen, "if they had tried to put foremen over us again."

The foremen, it might be mentioned, were not particularly anxious to return; some of them, however, came back to work in the ranks, for while a foreman in this factory received three hundred and eighty rubles a month the workingman received six hundred.

I went to the Sestoretz rifle factory, some miles out of Petrograd, late last fall and was admitted to the factory grounds by presenting my press pass to the palace in which the All-Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers met in Petrograd. This pass was sesame everywhere in Russia, even to the Front; it exceeded a military pass in potency. A soldier of the Red Guard—armed factory hands—escorted me to the office. Here, where the manager of the great factory used to sit and where the Russian officers who conducted the affairs of the factory had held forth in the old days, I met a blond, whiskered man in a black cotton shirt and working clothes. He spoke excellent English.

A Bolshevik From Broadway

"Glad to see you," he said. "I used to live in New York and I understand Americans very well. I am the president of the Sestoretz Council of Workmen and Soldiers. Is there anything I can do for you?"

In the four corners of the office were stacked rifles and ammunition. A black flag bearing a Russian motto stood in one corner of the room, ready for use in a parade.

As I looked at the rifles he said:

"Funny thing happened the other day here. A lot of Cossacks came out from Petrograd to disarm the Red Guard. They had armored machine-gun cars and they came out prepared to fight. We didn't fight them. They came up into the office here and put me under arrest. Then they took all the rifles away from the Red Guard. They let me go free, and off they rode. Wasn't that silly of them to take our rifles?" he asked.

"Why silly?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see, we make rifles here—hundreds of 'em every day. What's the use of trying to take rifles away from us? The other day they took a lot of rifles away from the sailors over there." He pointed across the bay to the island of Kronstadt. "As soon as the sailors told us they had been disarmed we simply loaded up a boat with rifles which we had just turned out and sent them over to Kronstadt. Whenever we need ammunition we send word to the workingmen's committee in some ammunition factory and they send us all we need.

"We keep in touch with each other, you see. Why, last Sunday almost six thousand of us went over to Kronstadt for a picnic. The sailors entertained us and somehow they got enough bread to feed us all. We had a fine time. Crowd of fifteen thousand. Speeches in front of the cathedral and lots of talk. We've invited some of them over to our factory next Sunday. We can't take care of very many, because it's hard to get bread to feed them, but we'll have plenty of cigarettes and lots of interesting conversation.

"A lot of the talk," he added, "is about how factories ought to be run. A committee runs our factory now," he explained. "We have foremen whom the workmen have to obey."

A Lily-Fingered Secretary

"How many hours do you work a day?" I asked as he led me through mazes of American and English machinery in the great shop.

"Six," he said. "That's enough for anybody."

It was ten minutes after three in the afternoon and the shops were empty, the machinery idle.

"They've all gone home," he said. "Isn't this fine? They're resting or working about their homes or playing with their children."

He went up to a peg on the brick wall and took down a greasy hat and coat. I noticed that his fingers were long and slender and his hands white and soft.

"Here's my bench and my machine," he said as he put on his coat. "I've been too busy to work here for a long time, but I'm ready to work whenever I get a chance."

"What is your trade?" I asked him as we left the building.

"Well, my last job was a secretaryship. I was a secretary of a union in New York City."

"I'm practically the general of this place and the mayor of the town," he said. "Thousands of Petrograd families have their summer homes out here along the bay. They're bourgeois. They get the Cossacks for me, but it's my job to get bread for them. And I do it too. I don't hold any grudge against them. They don't have our viewpoint, and that's all there is to it."

I walked with him to the gateway of a plain frame house, where, he told me, he was "baching it" until his wife came from America.

"She'll be surprised to see you holding so much power," I suggested.

"Oh, I've written her about it," he said simply, proud as a child.

He extended to me a faultlessly clean white hand, and his slender, unmuscled fingers wrapped about mine in a parting shake.

"Are you a Bolshevik?" I asked, detaining him with my grip.

"Yes indeed!" he said.

"Why is it that so many of the Bolshevik factory organizations in Russia are headed by men who have been in America?" I asked.

"We learn practical politics in America," he said. "I was in New York politics for years. We're learning how to work this thing out in Russia. We've made a lot of mistakes, but we'll find the way after a while. Well, so long."

As I write this I look from my window on the high floor of a Pittsburgh hotel. Below me in the murky haze of a rainy evening the four arches of a bridge stretch four gray lines across a mass of shadow and lurid reflection in the Monongahela waters. That bridge was born in a tiny corner of the brain of one man; it was built by many men. Glares of opened furnaces here and there over the city light the almost muddy atmosphere. Those furnaces and factories lived in the mind of one man before they were created and operated by the masses of men who swelter about them this murky evening.

That one man! That one brain, where ideas are born! Everywhere I went in the new Russia I found that he was being left out. Things must be born in this world, even great material things like bridges and roaring man-slaughtering factories. Can they be born in the massed brain of thousands of socialized men?

The massed men plus the one man equal progress.

Either minus the other equals—what? Russia is trying to answer. Will she find out that the two must be partners if either survives? Shall one be king over the other?

Our new world is too new to give an answer.

Tire Dealers:

We are selling 74% of our tires to previous purchasers. *Are You? Would you like to?*

STRANGE as it may seem, the Sterling Tire Corporation is in business with the primary purpose of earning dividends for its stockholders.

But we believe that this purpose is best served by giving to tire users the greatest possible mileage per dollar, and by giving our agents (dealers) a proposition which, because it is fair to them and their customers, will result in constantly growing sales and continuously increasing prosperity.

To the man who looks solely at the price per tire, we have nothing to offer.

We know that low-priced cars, fitted for the service to be demanded of them, may be better for many users than higher priced cars, but no matter what the grade of the car, no owner can afford to use inferior gasoline, inferior oil or inferior tires.

We believe that true tire economy comes from running the very best tire that can be built—and in taking proper care of that tire.

The fabric— the rubber— the construction—

Tire endurance comes from definitely known things—there is no mystery about it. It depends primarily on the tensile strength of the cotton fabric (or cord) used in its construction—and there is no mystery about that. It is a matter of buying the right quality from the spinners and testing each roll before it is used.

All the grades of crude rubber known to commerce are open to every tire manufacturer—the strength, resilience, toughness, vitality of each grade is known. The tire maker buys according to the grade of tire he intends to make—there is no mystery about that.

The principle of tire construction is about the same in all tires. The fabric, or cord, is built up diagonally like the trusses on a bridge—to withstand strain in every direction.

Every wide-awake tire manufacturer knows exactly how his principal competitors build their tires and the quality of materials they use.

So it all simmers down to the question of what grade of tire the maker *intends* to build.

We have the firm conviction that it is impossible to make a tire too good. We buy the best cotton cord and regular fabric we can get, and if the spinners ever find out how to produce cotton yarn of greater tensile strength, we will buy that.

Sterling Tires are built with extra thick rubber layers between the plies of fabric—with a heavy, practically pure-gum cushion—with a thick, tough, sturdy tread. The extra quantity and quality of the rubber reinforces the fabric, makes the tire last longer, and prevents many punctures.

The heavier tread on Sterling Tires almost invariably outlasts the carcass. It is this combination of an extra-heavy tread with an extra-strong carcass which enables Sterling Tires to yield their higher mileage.

Their extra sturdy construction makes it pay to repair them—and we do repair them free of charge whether they have run one mile or ten thousand.

They are guaranteed 5000 miles (30 x 3½ and 31 x 4—6000 miles), and average much more. One customer averaged over 10,000 miles for a full year on 500 cars—but that is about our best record.

We want every Sterling Tire to give the utmost mileage at the least cost per mile, and our hundreds of commercial users who stick to Sterlings year after year, do so because their records show lower cost per mile than they have had from other tires. Lowest cost-per-mile—not lowest price-per-tire.

74% repeat orders 90% in business use

74% of all Sterling Tires sold in 1917 went to those who had used them before.

90% of all Sterling Tires now running are on business cars—salesmen's cars, delivery cars, ambulances, trucks—up to 3-ton trucks, on which 40 x 8 Sterling Pneumatic Vacuum Bar tires are used in preference to solid tires, because they cost less per mile and because their greater resilience saves jar on the car and its load.

Wanted: like-minded partners

HERETOFORE practically all Sterling Tires have been sold direct to the car owner through our own factory sales branches, because we felt that, up to a certain limit of production, we could give better and more intimate service to our customers in this way.

Our branches are now scattered from St. Louis to Boston and from Washington to Chicago. This gives us twenty-eight (28) distributing centers from which we can give service to dealers and assist them in giving service to their customers.

We are now prepared to give the exclusive sale of Sterling Tires and

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

Sterling Seamless Red Tubes to one dealer in each town where we do not maintain branches. The word "dealer" hardly describes what we have in mind—our desire is to establish a connection which will for all practical purposes add to the number of our branches. What we want is not simply a man who will sell a few Sterling Tires, but one who will really join the Sterling family and give Sterling service.

Sales possibilities of Sterling Tires

We seek the opportunity to demonstrate to the right man in each town that the Sterling system of selling tires is the right one for permanent and satisfactory business. We have demonstrated in our own branches, in cities of various sizes, that car owners are well satisfied with a high grade tire sold on a basis of super-service and a commonsense square deal. Concrete evidence of this may be given in the sales figures of one town of 103,000 inhabitants, and in another of 400,000 inhabitants. In Springfield, Mass., in 1915, sales of Sterling Tires were $36,916.60—in 1917 they were $95,135.31. In Newark, N. J., the 1915 sales were $81,249.40, and 1917 $140,368.87. These are neither our best nor our poorest records.

Our experience has proven to us that we can open a branch in any good sized town and within a few months secure our share of the tire business of that town. What we have done can be done as well, or better by a local man who believes in quality tires and who will duplicate the service we give in our branches. Quality—service—low-cost-per-mile—these are the things on which the Sterling business has been built up—these are the things which will give the exclusive Sterling dealer in any town his share, or more than his share, of the local tire business.

We believe that every owner of every car in America would best serve his own interests by running nothing but Sterlings—that is what we honestly believe—it is just as well that everybody does not think the same, because our production capacity for 1918 will allow for only a 60% gain over 1917—and we will not contract to supply more than we can produce.

The complete Sterling line

Sterling Tires are made in both cord and fabric types, and with two styles of tread—the grooved or "European" tread, and the Non-Skid Vacuum Bar, the latter being an exclusive Sterling feature—patented.

We also manufacture the Sterling Red Seamless tube, the purity and quality of which is evidenced by the fact that a section will float in water. Sterling Red Tubes are built in a way in which no other tubes are built—they are made of a sheet of rubber rolled over upon itself to produce a four-ply lamination—the splice is vulcanized, not cemented, the valve patch is vulcanized over the splice. We control the patents on the machines and vulcanizers to produce tubes of the Sterling quality.

STERLING GUARANTEE

THE guarantee on Sterling Tires is as follows:

"The guarantee on these tires is intended to represent, and does represent, practically unlimited service and satisfaction to the tire user. For the sake of establishing a basis of adjustment and replacement in case any tire should prove defective, we fix upon 5,000 miles as normal average life except 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 tires, which carry 6,000 miles guarantee. What we actually do is to repair these tires free of charge from the day they are put on the car until they are finally sold for junk, so long as we believe repairs are justified by the condition of the casing. If you cut the tire the first day you run it, we repair it free.

"The only condition we make under this guarantee is that the car owner shall co-operate with us by bringing back his tires for prompt repair as soon as small cuts or punctures appear, and that so long as repair is possible we shall have that privilege. Adjustments on the 5,000 or 6,000 mile basis to be made when we know a repair to be inadvisable."

The *Vacuum Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

WE solicit inquiries from dealers who think they might like our way of doing business, and from car owners, to whom we will supply the address of the nearest Sterling dealer. As the busy season is just ahead, we suggest that you write us today.

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION

(Established 1908)

Rutherford, New Jersey

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	53 Central Avenue	CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street	NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street	ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
BALTIMORE, Md.	1705 N. Charles St.	CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue	NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 55th Street	RUTHERFORD, N J	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street	DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue	PATERSON, N. J.	53 Ward Street	SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue	HACKENSACK, N.J.	Main and Passaic Sts.	PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1238 Spring Garden St.	ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue	HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street	PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street	SYRACUSE, N. Y.	518 South Clinton St.
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street	JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2982 Hudson Blvd.	PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street	WASHINGTON, D.C.	1621 14th St. N. W.
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.	NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street	READING, Pa.	104-106 N 5th Street	WORCESTER, Mass.	32 Shrewsbury Street

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

THE DARK FLEECE

(Continued from Page 26)

"Now you mustn't take that serious," he protested; "it was just in a way of speech. I told you I couldn't rightly explain myself."

"Anyhow," she asserted bluntly, "I am lonely. What will you do about it?"

His amazement turned into a consternation which even now she found almost laughable. "Me?" he stammered. "There's no way I can help you. You are having a joke."

She realized, with a feeling that her knowledge came too late, that she was entirely serious. Jason Burrage was the only being alive who could give her any assistance—yes, save her from the future. Her hands were cold; she felt absolutely still, as if she had suddenly turned into marble, a statue with a heart slightly fluttering.

"You could be here a lot," she told him, and then paused, glancing at him swiftly with hard, bright eyes. He had removed his feet from the stove and sat with his cheroot in a poised, awkward hand. She was certain that he would never speak.

"We might get married."

Honora was startled at the ease with which the words were pronounced, and conscious of an absurdly trivial curiosity—she wondered just how much he had been shocked by her proposal! She saw that he was stupefied.

Then: "So we might," he pronounced idiotically. "There isn't any real reason why we shouldn't—that is ——" He stopped. "Where does the laugh start?" he demanded.

Suddenly Honora was overwhelmed, not by what she had said but by the whole difficulty and inner confusion of her existence. She turned away her head with an unintelligible period. A silence followed, intensified by the rain flinging against the glass.

"It's a bad night," he muttered.

The banality saved her. Again practically at her ease she regarded him with slightly smiling lips. "I believe I've asked you to marry me," she remarked.

"Thank you," said Jason Burrage. He stood up. "If you mean it I'd like to very much."

"You'd better sit down," she went on in an impersonal voice; "there ought to be a lot of things to arrange. For instance, hadn't we better live on here, for a while anyhow? It's a big house to waste."

"Honora, you'll just have to stop a little," he asserted. "I'm kind of lost. It was quick in California; but that was a funeral procession compared with you."

Now that it was done she was frightened. But there was time to escape even yet. She determined to leave the room quickly, get away to the safety of her bolted door, her inviolable privacy. She didn't stir. An immediate explanation that she hadn't been serious—how could he have thought for a moment!—would save her. But she was silent.

A sudden enthusiasm lighted up his immobile face. "I'll get the prettiest diamond in Boston," he declared.

"You mustn't ——" she commenced, struggling still to retreat. He misunderstood her.

"The very best," he insisted.

When he had gone she remained seated in the formal chamber. At any rate she had conquered the emptiness of her life, of the great square house above her. It was definitely arranged; they were to marry. How amazed Herriot Cozzens would be! It was probable that she would leave Cottarsport and her, Honora, immediately. Jason hadn't kissed her; he had not even touched her hand, in going. He had been extremely subdued, except at the thought of the ring he would buy for her.

There were phases of the future which she resolutely ignored.

Mrs. Cozzens came back as had been planned and Honora told her at once. The older woman expressed her feeling in contained, acid speech. "I am surprised he had the assurance to ask you."

"Jason didn't," Honora calmly returned.

"It's your father," the elder stated; "he had some very vulgar blood. I felt that it was a calamity when my sister accepted him. A Cottarsport person at heart, just as you are, always down about the water and those low docks."

"I'm sure you're right, and so it's much better for me to find where I belong. I have tried to get away from Cottarsport, and from the sea and the schooners sailing in and out the Narrows, a thousand times. But I always come back, just as father did, back to this little place from the entire world—China and Africa and New York. The other influences weren't strong enough, Aunt Herriot; they only made me miserable; and now I've killed them. I'll say good-by to you and Paret and the cotillons."

She kissed her hand, but not gayly, to a whole existence irrevocably lost.

With Jason's ring blazing on her slim finger she drove, the day before her wedding, for the last time as Honora Canderay. The leaves had been stripped from the elms on the hills, brown and barren against the flashing, steely water. She saw that Coggs was so impotent with age that if the horses had been more vigorous he would be helpless. Coggs had driven for her father, then her, for thirty years. It was too cold for the old man to be out to-day. His cheeks were dark crimson, and continually wet from his failing eyes.

Herriot Cozzens had left her; Coggs. . . . All the intimate figures of so many years were vanishing. Jason remained. He had almost entirely escaped annoying her, and she was conscious of his overwhelming admiration, the ineradicable esteem of Cottarsport for the Canderays; but a question, a doubt more obscure than fear, was taking possession of her. After all she was supremely ignorant of life; she had been screened from it by pride and luxurious circumstance; but now she had surrendered all her advantage. She had given herself to Jason; and he was life, mysterious and rude. The thunder of large, threatening seas, reaching everywhere beyond the placid gulf below, beat faintly on her perception.

XV

IN AN unfamiliar upper room of the Canderays' house Jason stood, prepared for the signal to descend to his wedding. The ceremony was to occur at six o'clock; it was now only five minutes before—he had absently looked at his watch a great many times in a short space—and he was striving to think seriously of what was to follow. But in place of this he was passing again through a state of silent, incoherent surprise. This was the sort of thing for which a man might pinch himself to discover if he were awake or dreaming. In five—no, four now—minutes Honora Canderay was to become his, Jason Burrage's, wife.

A certain complacency had settled over him in the past few days; something of his inborn feeling of the Canderays as a house apart seemed to have evaporated; and in addition he had risen—Honora wouldn't take any just happen so; Jason was never notable for humility. Yet who, even after he had returned from California with his riches, would have predicted this evening? His astonishment was as much at himself, illuminated by extraordinary events, as at any exterior circumstance. At times he had the ability to see himself as if from the outside; and that view, here, was amazing. Why, only a short while ago he had been drinking rum in the shed back of "Pack" Clower's house, perhaps the least desirable shed in Cottarsport.

Of one fact, however, he was certain—no more promiscuous draughts of Medford. He recognized that he had taken so much not from the presence of desire but from a total absence of it as well as any other mental state. "Pack" and his associates, too, were now a thing of the past, a bitterly rough and vacant element. The glass lamp on a bureau was smoking, he stepped forward to lower the wick, when a knock fell on the door. A young Boston relative of Honora's—a supercilious individual in checked trousers and lemon-colored gloves—announced that they were waiting for Jason below.

With a determined settling of his shoulders and tightly drawn lips the latter marched resolutely forward.

The marriage was to be in the chamber across from the one in which he had generally sat. Smilax and white Killarney roses had been bowed over the mantel at the farther end, and there Jason found the clergyman waiting. The room was half full of people occupying chairs brought from other parts of the house; and he was conscious of a sudden silence, an intent, curious scrutiny, as he entered. An instinctive antagonism to this deepened in him; he felt that with the exception of his father and mother he hadn't a friend in the room. Such other local figures as were there were facilely imitating the cold stare of Honora's connections. He stood belligerently facing Mrs. Cozzens' glacial calm, the inspection of a man he had seen driving with Honora in Cottarsport, now accompanied by a pettish, handsome girl, evidently his wife. His father's weathered countenance, sunken and dry on its bones, was blank, except for a faint doubt, as if some mistake had been made which would presently be exposed, sending them about face. His mother, however, was triumphant pride and justification personified. Then the music commenced—a harp, violin and bouble bass.

The wedding ring firmly secured, Jason stirred with a feeling of increasing awkwardness. He glared back with a protruding lip at the fellow with the young wife, at the small, aggressive group from Boston; and then he saw that Honora was in the room. She was coming slowly toward him. Her expression of absolute unconcern released him from all petty annoyance, any thought of the malicious onlookers. As she stopped at his side she gave him a slight nod and smile; and at that moment a tremendous, sheer admiration for her was born in him.

Honora had chosen to be unattended—she had coolly observed that she was well beyond the age for such sentimentality—and he realized that the present would have been a racking occasion for most women; while it was evident that she was not disturbed in the least. He had a general impression of sugary white satin, of her composed, almost disdainful face in a cloud of veil with little waxen orange flowers, of slender still hands, when they turned from the room to the minister.

They had gone over the marriage service together, he had read it again in the kitchen at home; he was fairly familiar with its periods and responses, and got through with only a slight hesitation and half prompting. But the thickness of his voice in comparison with Honora's open, decisive utterance vainly annoyed him. He wanted desperately to clear his throat. Suddenly it was over, and Honora in a swirl of satin was sinking to her knees. Beside her he listened with a feeling of comfortable lull to a lengthy prayer.

Rising he perfunctorily clasped a number of indifferent palms, replied inanely to gabbled expressions of good will and hopes for the future unmistakably pessimistic in tone. Honora told him in a rapid aside the names of those approaching. She smiled radiantly at his father and mother, leaned forward and whispered in the latter's ear; and then they followed the guests streaming into the dining room.

There champagne was being opened by the caterer's assistants from Boston. The table bore pyramids of nuts and preserved fruit, hot Cinderellas in cups with sugar and wine, black case cake, Savoy biscuits, pumpkin paste and frothed creams with preserved peach leaves. There were steaming platters of terrapin and oysters and fowl.

A laden plate was thrust into Jason's hand, and he sat with it in a clatter of voices and topics that completely ignored him. He was isolated in the absorption of food and wine, in a conversational exchange as strange to him as if it had been spoken in a foreign language.

Honora was busily talking to young Mrs. Fifield—he remembered the name now. Apparently she had forgotten his existence. At first this annoyed him; he determined to force his way into their attention, but a wiser realization held him where he was. Honora was exactly right—he had nothing in common with these people; probably not one of them would come into his life or house again. And his wife, in the fact of her marriage, had clearly signified how little important they were to her. His father joined him.

"You made certain when the New York packet leaves?" he queried.

"Everything's fixed," Jason reassured him.

"Your mother wanted to see you. But she got set and is kind of timid about moving."

Jason rose promptly and, with the elder, found Mrs. Hazzard Burrage.

"I'd like to have Honora too," the latter told them, and Jason turned sharply to find her.

When they stood facing the old couple his mother hesitated doubtfully, then she put out her hand to the woman in wedding array. But Honora ignored it; leaning forward she kissed the round, bright cheek.

"You have to be patient with them at times," the mother said, looking up anxiously.

"I'm afraid Jason will need that warning," Honora replied; "he is a very imprudent man."

XVI

JASON'S mind returned to this later, sitting in the house that had been the Canderays' but which now was his too. Honora's remark to his mother had been clear in itself, but it suggested wide speculations beyond his grasp. For instance—why, after all, had Honora married him? He was forced to acknowledge that it was not the result of any overwhelming feeling for him. The manner of their wedding, the complete absence of the emotion supposed to be the incentive of such consummations, Honora herself—all denied any effort to fix such a personally satisfactory cause. That she might have had no other opportunity—Honora was not so young as she had been—he dismissed as obviously absurd. Why ——

His gaze was fastened upon the carpet and he saw that time and the passage of feet had worn away the design. He looked about the room and was surprised to discover a general dinginess which he had never noticed before. He said nothing, but in his movements about the house examined the furnishings and walls, and an astonishing fact was thrust upon him—the celebrated dwelling was grievously run down. It was plain that no money had been spent on it for years. The chaise, too, and the astrakhan collar on Coggs' coat were worn out.

He considered this at breakfast—his wife behind a tall Sheffield coffee urn—and he was aware of the cold edge of a distasteful possibility. The thought enveloped him insidiously, like the fog that often rolled through the Narrows and over the town, that the Canderays were secretly impoverished, and Honora had married him only for his money. Jason was not resentful of this in itself, since he had been searching for a motive he could accept, but it struck him in a peculiarly vulnerable spot—his admiration for his wife, for Honora. The idea, though he assured himself that the thing was readily comprehensible, somehow managed to diminish her, to tarnish the luster she held for him. It was far beneath the elevation on which Cottarsport had placed the Canderays; and he suffered a distinct sense of loss, a feeling of the staleness and disappointment of living.

The more he considered this explanation the more he was convinced of its probability. A great deal of his genuine warmth in his marriage evaporated. Still—Honora had married him, she had given herself in return for what material advantage he might bring; and he would have to perform his part thoroughly. He ought to have known that ——

What he must do now was to save them both from any painful revelation by keeping forever hidden that he was aware of her purpose; he must never expose himself by a word or act; and he must make her understand that whatever he had was absolutely hers. It would be necessary for her to go to the money with entire freedom and without any accounting.

This he found was not so easy to establish as he had thought. Honora was his wife, but nevertheless there was a well-marked reticence between them, a formal nicety to which he was both susceptible and heartily in accord. He couldn't just thrust his fortune before her on the table. He hesitated through the day, on the verge of various blunders, and then in the evening said in a studied casualty of manner:

"What do you think about fixing some of the rooms over new? You might get tired of seeing the same things for so long. I saw real elegant furniture in Boston."

She looked about indifferently. "I think I wouldn't like it changed," she remarked, almost in the manner of a defense. "I suppose it does seem worn to you; but

(Continued on Page 89)

THE DARK FLEECE

(Continued from Page 26)

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She kissed her hand, but not gayly, to a whole existence irrevocably lost.

With Jason's ring blazing on her slim finger she drove, the day before her wedding, for the last time as Honora Canderay. The leaves had been stripped from the elms on the hills, brown and barren against the flashing, steely water. She saw that Coggs was so impotent with age that if the horses had been more vigorous he would be helpless. Coggs had driven for her father, then her, for thirty years. It was too cold for the old man to be out to-day. His cheeks were dark crimson, and continually wet from his failing eyes.

Herriot Cozzens had left her; Coggs. . . . All the intimate figures of so many years were vanishing. Jason remained. He had almost entirely escaped annoying her, and she was conscious of his overwhelming admiration, the ineradicable esteem of Cottarsport for the Canderays; but a question, a doubt more obscure than fear, was taking possession of her. After all she was supremely ignorant of life; she had been screened from it by pride and luxurious circumstance; but now she had surrendered all her advantage. She had given herself to Jason; and he was life, mysterious and rude. The thunder of large, threatening seas, reaching everywhere beyond the placid gulf below, beat faintly on her perception.

XV

IN AN unfamiliar upper room of the Canderays' house Jason stood, prepared for the signal to descend to his wedding. The ceremony was to occur at six o'clock; it was now only five minutes before—he had absently looked at his watch a great many times in a short space—and he was striving to think seriously of what was to follow. But in place of this he was passing again through a state of silent, incoherent surprise. This was the sort of thing for which a man might pinch himself to discover if he were awake or dreaming. In five—no, four now—minutes Honora Canderay was to become his, Jason Burrage's, wife.

A certain complacency had settled over him in the past few days; something of his inborn feeling of the Canderays as a house apart seemed to have evaporated; and in addition he had risen—Honora wouldn't take any just happen so; Jason was never notable for humility. Yet who, even after he had returned from California with his riches, would have predicted this evening? His astonishment was as much at himself, illuminated by extraordinary events, as at any exterior circumstance. At times he had the ability to see himself as if from the outside; and that view, here, was amazing. Why, only a short while ago he had been drinking rum in the shed back of "Pack" Clower's house, perhaps the least desirable shed in Cottarsport.

Of one fact, however, he was certain—no more promiscuous draughts of Medford. He recognized that he had taken so much not from the presence of desire but from a total absence of it as well as any other mental state. "Pack" and his associates, too, were now a thing of the past, a bitterly rough and vacant element. The glass lamp on a bureau was smoking, he stepped forward to lower the wick, when a knock fell on the door. A young Boston relative of Honora's—a supercilious individual in checked trousers and lemon-colored gloves—announced that they were waiting for Jason below.

With a determined settling of his shoulders and tightly drawn lips the latter marched resolutely forward.

The marriage was to be in the chamber across from the one in which he had generally sat. Smilax and white Killarney roses had been bowed over the mantel at the farther end, and there Jason found the clergyman waiting. The room was half full of people occupying chairs brought from other parts of the house; and he was conscious of a sudden silence, an intent, curious scrutiny, as he entered. An instinctive antagonism to this deepened in him; he felt that with the exception of his father and mother he hadn't a friend in the room. Such other local figures as were there were facilely imitating the cold stare of Honora's connections. He stood belligerently facing Mrs. Cozzens' glacial calm, the inspection of a man he had seen driving with Honora in Cottarsport, now accompanied by a pettish, handsome girl, evidently his wife. His father's weathered countenance, sunken and dry on its bones, was blank, except for a faint doubt, as if some mistake had been made which would presently be exposed, sending them about face. His mother, however, was triumphant pride and justification personified. Then the music commenced—a harp, violin and bouble bass.

The wedding ring firmly secured, Jason stirred with a feeling of increasing awkwardness. He glared back with a protruding lip at the fellow with the young wife, at the small, aggressive group from Boston; and then he saw that Honora was in the room. She was coming slowly toward him. Her expression of absolute unconcern released him from all petty annoyance, any thought of the malicious onlookers. As she stopped at his side she gave him a slight nod and smile; and at that moment a tremendous, sheer admiration for her was born in him.

Honora had chosen to be unattended—she had coolly observed that she was well beyond the age for such sentimentality—and he realized that the present would have been a racking occasion for most women; while it was evident that she was not disturbed in the least. He had a general impression of sugary white satin, of her composed, almost disdainful face in a cloud of veil with little waxen orange flowers, of slender still hands, when they turned from the room to the minister.

They had gone over the marriage service together, he had read it again in the kitchen at home; he was fairly familiar with its periods and responses, and got through with only a slight hesitation and half prompting. But the thickness of his voice in comparison with Honora's open, decisive utterance vainly annoyed him. He wanted desperately to clear his throat. Suddenly it was over, and Honora in a swirl of satin was sinking to her knees. Beside her he listened with a feeling of comfortable lull to a lengthy prayer.

Rising he perfunctorily clasped a number of indifferent palms, replied inanely to gabbled expressions of good will and hopes for the future unmistakably pessimistic in tone. Honora told him in a rapid aside the names of those approaching. She smiled radiantly at his father and mother, leaned forward and whispered in the latter's ear; and then they followed the guests streaming into the dining room.

There champagne was being opened by the caterer's assistants from Boston. The table bore pyramids of nuts and preserved fruit, hot Cinderellas in cups with sugar and wine, black cake cake, Savoy biscuits, pumpkin paste and frothed creams with preserved peach leaves. There were steaming platters of terrapin and oysters and fowl.

A laden plate was thrust into Jason's hand, and he sat with it in a clatter of voices and topics that completely ignored him. He was isolated in the absorption of food and wine, in a conversational exchange as strange to him as if it had been spoken in a foreign language.

Honora was busily talking to young Mrs. Fifield—he remembered the name now. Apparently she had forgotten his existence. At first this annoyed him; he determined to force his way into their attention, but a wiser realization held him where he was. Honora was exactly right—he had nothing in common with these people; probably not one of them would come into his life or house again. And his wife, in the fact of her marriage, had clearly signified how little important they were to her. His father joined him.

"You made certain when the New York packet leaves?" he queried.

"Everything's fixed," Jason reassured him.

"Your mother wanted to see you. But she got set and is kind of timid about moving."

Jason rose promptly and, with the elder, found Mrs. Hazzard Burrage.

"I'd like to have Honora too," the latter told them, and Jason turned sharply to find her.

When they stood facing the old couple his mother hesitated doubtfully, then she put out her hand to the woman in wedding array. But Honora ignored it; leaning forward she kissed the round, bright cheek.

"You have to be patient with them at times," the mother said, looking up anxiously.

"I'm afraid Jason will need that warning," Honora replied; "he is a very imprudent man."

XVI

JASON'S mind returned to this later, sitting in the house that had been the Canderays' but which now was his too. Honora's remark to his mother had been clear in itself, but it suggested wide speculations beyond his grasp. For instance—why, after all, had Honora married him? He was forced to acknowledge that it was not the result of any overwhelming feeling for him. The manner of their wedding, the complete absence of the emotion supposed to be the incentive of such consummations, Honora herself—all denied any effort to fix such a personally satisfactory cause. That she might have had no other opportunity—Honora was not so young as she had been—he dismissed as obviously absurd. Why ——

His gaze was fastened upon the carpet and he saw that time and the passage of feet had worn away the design. He looked about the room and was surprised to discover a general dinginess which he had never noticed before. He said nothing, but in his movements about the house examined the furnishings and walls, and an astonishing fact was thrust upon him—the celebrated dwelling was grievously run down. It was plain that no money had been spent on it for years. The chaise, too, and the astrakhan collar on Coggs' coat were worn out.

He considered this at breakfast—his wife behind a tall Sheffield coffee urn—and he was aware of the cold edge of a distasteful possibility. The thought enveloped him insidiously, like the fog that often rolled through the Narrows and over the town, that the Canderays were secretly impoverished, and Honora had married him only for his money. Jason was not resentful of this in itself, since he had been searching for a motive he could accept, but it struck him in a peculiarly vulnerable spot—his admiration for his wife, for Honora. The idea, though he assured himself that the thing was readily comprehensible, somehow managed to diminish her, to tarnish the luster she held for him. It was far beneath the elevation on which Cottarsport had placed the Canderays; and he suffered a distinct sense of loss, a feeling of the staleness and disappointment of living.

The more he considered this explanation the more he was convinced of its probability. A great deal of his genuine warmth in his marriage evaporated. Still—Honora had married him, she had given herself in return for what material advantage he might bring; and he would have to perform his part thoroughly. He ought to have known that ——

What he must do now was to save them both from any painful revelation by keeping forever hidden that he was aware of her purpose; he must never expose himself by a word or act; and he must make her understand that whatever he had was absolutely hers. It would be necessary for her to go to the money with entire freedom and without any accounting.

This he found was not so easy to establish as he had thought. Honora was his wife, but nevertheless there was a well-marked reticence between them, a formal nicety to which he was both susceptible and heartily in accord. He couldn't just thrust his fortune before her on the table. He hesitated through the day, on the verge of various blunders, and then in the evening said in a studied casualty of manner:

"What do you think about fixing some of the rooms over new? You might get tired of seeing the same things for so long. I saw real elegant furniture in Boston."

She looked about indifferently. "I think I wouldn't like it changed," she remarked, almost in the manner of a defense. "I suppose it does seem worn to you; but

(Continued on Page 89)

Sleepy Appetites, Awake!

THE very sight of these pickles will make your mouth water with anticipation. But when you *taste* them! The first bite will lead to another and another, and that sleepy appetite of yours will be wider awake than it's been since strenuous boyhood days.

Libby's Pickles are made of extra-choice cucumbers—a special "pedigreed" species developed by experts after long experiment. And, true to the Libby idea, the curing is done right on the spot as soon as the dewy cucumbers are picked from the vines; then they go to Libby's kitchens to be seasoned and pickled by Libby's chefs. Every Libby pickle comes to you a perfect specimen—plump and firm and "crispy," yet as tender as you could wish for.

The dainty, toothsome Sweet Mixed! The pungent, piquant Dill! Taste them once as Libby makes them and you will want them always.

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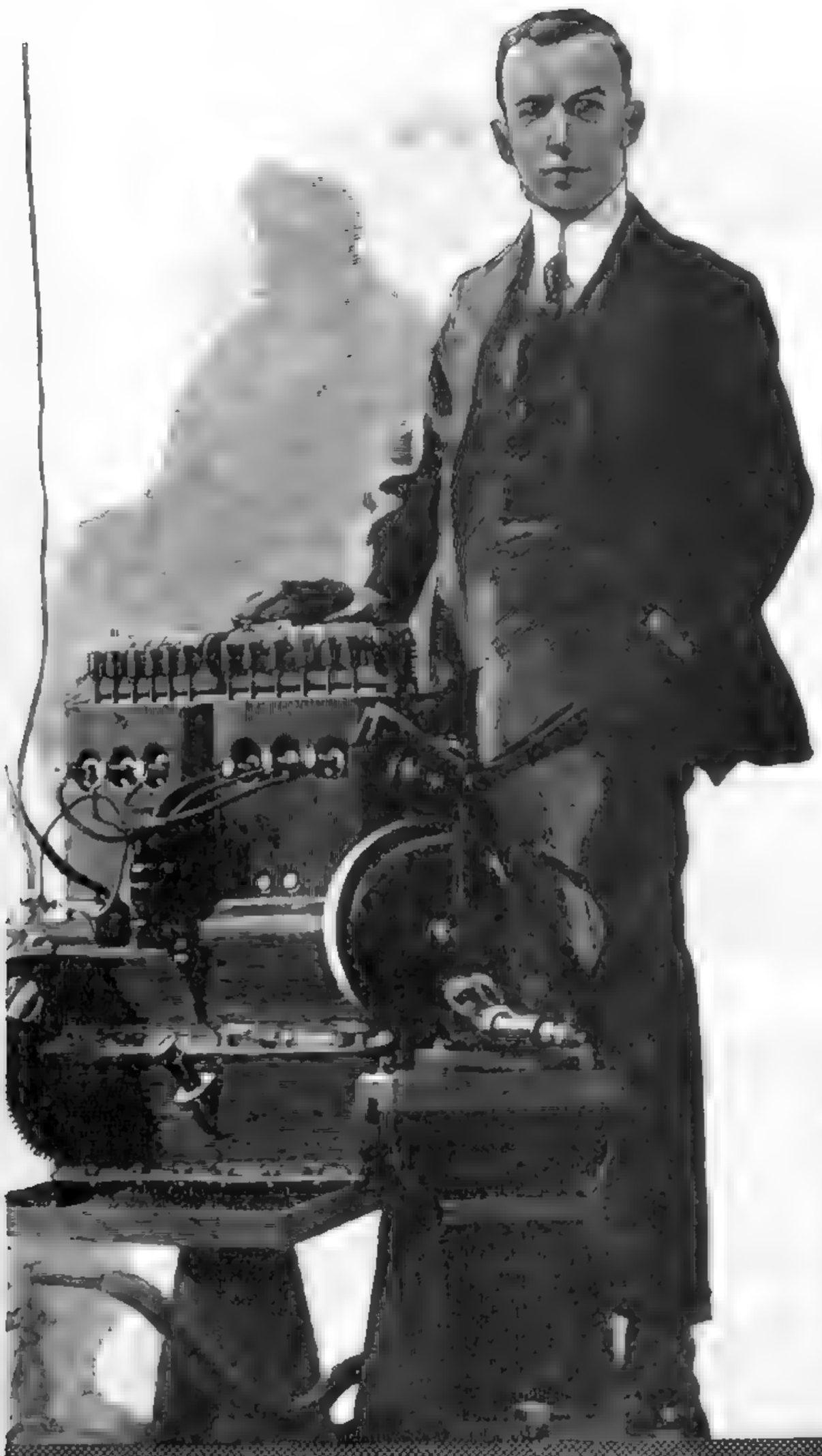

"Only we whose task is designing and building that highly perfected, powerful thing—the modern motor-car—can fully appreciate what it means to have at our disposal such a material as *Lynite*.

"Few factors in developing and refining the automobile deserve a more prominent place.

"In the well-built car, you'll find *Lynite* doing many jobs better than they have ever been done. Over forty different parts are now made of it.

Lightness

"One of the biggest and most perplexing problems in car building has been to get rid of excess weight. Every pound that isn't necessary for strength and safety boosts the gasoline bills, shortens tire-life, adds to wear and tear and handicaps flexibility.

"In the pistons, surplus weight is particularly undesirable. Here a slight difference in weight—a matter of ounces—makes a big difference in the way the car performs.

"*Lynite* is extremely light—three times as light as cast-iron. This is the principal reason for its use in so many parts, including such vital ones as cylinder-castings and pistons.

Strength

"It's easy enough to make a light metal. But to make one with both lightness and strength is another proposition.

"*Lynite* can be made as strong and enduring as cast-iron. You don't have to take my word for that, either, for it has stood more than three years' use in thousands of cars and has been remarkably successful in airplane piston service—the test of tests.

Heat-Conductivity

"In the pistons, *Lynite* has another big advantage—its ability to conduct heat twice as fast as cast-iron. Because the heat flows from it so rapidly, the head of a *Lynite* Piston remains comparatively cool long after that of a cast-iron piston would have become red-hot."

The Aluminum Castings Company
Cleveland, Ohio

LYNITE

Says the Car-Dealer:

"Here's one thing about this car which should convince you its builder was after performance and your satisfaction above everything else—and that's the use of *Lynite* in the pistons and other parts. Do you think he would have spent the higher price for *Lynite*, if he didn't think it worth the difference in the cost over cast-iron?

"There are a lot of reasons why it's worth it. Jump in. We'll take a ride and see.

Flexibility

"How about that for quick getaway? Just a touch and she's off. Light-weight *Lynite* Pistons turn the trick. A light piston is bound to start more readily from a dead stop than a heavy one.

"Now we'll slow her down. Slow—slower—there, how's that for crawling on high? Light-weight *Lynite* again you see.

"We'll let her crawl till we strike that hill ahead, so you can see how she climbs from a slow start. Here we go—right straight up on high. No grunting—no knocking. You couldn't get up here with heavy cast-iron pistons in the engine unless you threw her into second

Quiet-Running

"You'll notice you can hardly hear the engine and that there's little or no vibration. That's because cutting down piston-weight has gotten rid of a great part of the pound and shock that come at the end of each piston stroke.

"Makes a lot of difference in the pleasure you get out of driving, doesn't it? And it makes just as big a difference in wear and tear on the car

Freedom from Carbon

"There's another thing *Lynite* Pistons do for you, too, and that's to keep the engine carbon-free. Carbon, as you know, is simply oil that's been burned on the head of a red-hot piston. Because they stay much cooler than cast-iron, *Lynite* Pistons practically do away with carbon troubles."

The Aluminum Castings Company
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PISTONS

LEE Tires

Puncture-Proof
Regular Fabric
8-Ply Multiple Cord

EIGHT plies of multiple cord give to these tires their wonderful STRENGTH and RESILIENCE plus unequalled immunity from rim cuts and blowouts.

Every strain—from within or without—is distributed and equalized. Every shock is divided and subdivided and dissipated through EIGHT plies of multiple cord.

Note how these EIGHT plies are built up in diagonal traverse layers to give greatest strength, at the same time assuring elasticity and resiliency. Observe the effect of this construction: the walls of these tires *yield* but will not *break*.

You'll know a new comfort when you equip your car with these tires. And your tire bill *per thousand miles* will be less—much less.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
245 West 58th Street, New York City
Factories: Conshohocken, Pa.

There is a LEE Distributor-in Your Town

eight-ply multiple cord

Zig-Zag-Tread prevents skidding

(Continued from Page 84)

I'm used to it; there are so many associations. I am certain I'd be lost in new hangings."

Jason was so completely silenced by her reply that he felt he must have shown some confusion, for her gaze deliberately turned to him. "Is there any particular thing you would like repaired?" she inquired.

"No, of course not," he said hastily. "I think it's all splendid. I wouldn't change a curtain, only—but ——"

He cursed himself for a clumsy fool, while Honora continued to study him. He endeavored to shield himself behind the trivial business of lighting a cheroot; but he felt Honora's query searching him out. Finally, to his extreme dismay, he heard her say:

"Jason, I believe you think I married you for money!"

Pretense, he realized, would be no good now.

"Something like that did occur to me," he acknowledged desperately.

"Really!" she told him sharply. "I could be cross very easily. You are too stupid. Father did wonderfully well on his voyages, and his profit was invested by Frederic Cozzens, one of the shrewdest financiers of his day. I have twice, probably three times, as much as you."

She confronted him with a faintly sparkling resentment. However, the pleasure, the reassurance, in what he had just heard made him indifferent to the rest. It was impossible now to comprehend how he had been such a block! He even smiled at her, which, he was delighted to observe, obviously puzzled her.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you, Jason—and perhaps it is too late already—that I thought I married you because I was lonely, because I feared the future. Anyhow, that's what I told myself the night I sent for you. You might have a right to complain very bitterly about it."

"If I have I won't," he assured her cheerfully.

"I thought that then; but now I am not at all sure. It no longer seems so simple, so easily explained. I used to feel that I understood myself very thoroughly, I could look inside and see what was there; but in the last month I haven't been able to; and it is very disturbing."

"Anyhow we're married," he announced comfortably.

"That's a beautiful way to feel," she remarked. "I appear to get less sure of things as I grow older, which is pathetic."

He wondered what, exactly, she meant by this. Honora said a great many little things which, their meanings escaping him, gave him momentary doubts. He discovered that she had a habit of saying things indirectly, and that as the seriousness of the occasion increased her manner became lighter and he could depend less on the mere order of her words. This continually disconcerted him, put him on the defensive and at small disadvantages. He was never quite at ease with Honora.

Obversely—the ugly shade of mercenary purpose dispelled—close at hand his admiration for her grew. Every detail of her living was as fine as that publicly exposed in the drawing-room. She was not rigidly and impossibly perfect, in, for instance, the inflexible attitude of Olive Stanes; Honora had a very human impatience; she could be disagreeable, he found, in the morning, and she undoubtedly felt herself superior to the commonalty of life. But in the ordering of her person there was a wonderfully exact delicacy and fragrant charm. Just as she had no formal manner, so, he discovered, she possessed no "good" clothes; she dressed evidently from some inner necessity and not merely for the sake of impression. She had, too, a remarkable vigor of expression; Honora was not above swearing at contradictory circumstance; and she was so free of small pruderies that often she became a cause of embarrassment to him. At times he would tell himself uneasily that her conduct was not quite ladylike; but at the same instant his amusement in her would mount until it threatened him with laughter.

There was a great deal to be learned from Honora, he told himself; and then he would speculate whether he were progressing in that acquisition; and whether she were happy; no, not happy, but contented. Ignorant of her reason for marrying he vaguely dreaded the possibility of its departure, mysterious as it had come, leaving her to regard him with surprise and disdain. He tried desperately, consciously, to hold her interest and esteem. That was the base of his conception of their married existence, which, then, he was entirely willing to accept.

XVII

HOWEVER, as the weeks multiplied without bringing him any corresponding increase in the knowledge of either Honora or their true situation, he was aware of a disturbance born of his very pleasure in her; an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity fastened upon him. But all this he was careful to keep hidden. There was evidently no doubt in the minds of Cottasport of the enviableness of his position—with all that gold, wedded to Honora Canderay, living in the Canderay mansion. The more solid portion of the town gave him a studied consideration denied to the mere acquisition of wealth; and the rough element, once his companion, but now relentlessly held at a distance, regarded him with a loud disdain fully as humanly flattering. Sometimes with Honora he passed the latter, and they grumbled an obscure acknowledgment of his curt greeting; when he was alone they openly disparaged his attainments and qualified pride.

There were "Pack" Clower, an able seaman whose indolent character had dissipated his opportunities of employment without harming his slow, powerful body; Emery Radlaw, the brother of the apothecary and a graduate of Williams College, a man of vanished refinements and taker of strange drugs—as thin and erratically rapid in movements as Clower was slow; Steven, an incredibly soiled Swede; John Vleet, the master and part owner of a fishing schooner, a capable individual on the sea but an insanely violent drunkard on land. There were others, all widely different, but alike in the bitterness of a common failure and the habit of assuaging doubtfully self-placed opinion, of ministering to crawling nerves, with highly potential stimulation.

Jason passed "Pack" and Emery Radlaw on a day of late March, and a mocking and purposely audible aside almost brought him to an adequate reply. He had disposed of worse men than these in California and on the Isthmus. His arrogant temper rose and threatened to master him; but something more powerful held him steadily and silently on his way. This was his measureless admiration for Honora, his determination to involve her in nothing that would detract from her fineness and erect pride. Brawling on the street would not do for her husband. He must give her no cause to lessen what incomprehensible feeling, liking, she might have for him, give life to no regrets for a hasty and perhaps only half-considered act. After this, in passing any of his late temporary associates, he failed to express even the perfunctory consciousness of their being.

XVIII

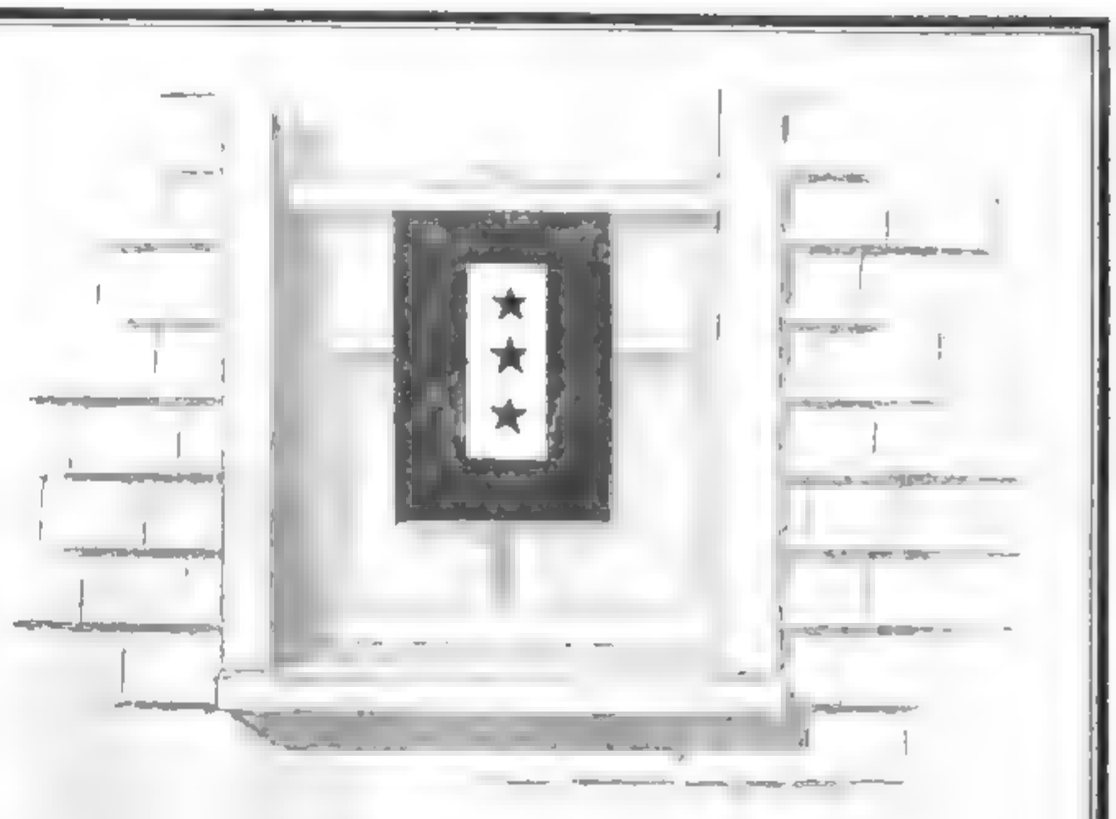
IN APRIL he was obliged to admit to himself that he knew no more of Honora's attitude toward him than he had on the day of their wedding. He recognized that she made no show of emotion—it was an essential part of her to seem at all times unmoved. That was well enough for the face she turned toward the world; but directed at him, her husband, its enigmatic quality began to obsess his mind. What Honora thought of him, why she had married him, became an almost continuous question.

It bred an increasing sense of instability that became loud, defiant. More than once he was at the point of self-betrayal: query, demand, objection, would rise on a temporary angry flood to his lips. But, struggling, behind a face as unmoved as Honora's own, he would suppress his resentment, his sense of injury.

His regard for his wife placed an extraordinary check on his impulses and utterance. He deliberated carefully over his speech, watched her with an attention not far from a concealed anxiety, and was quick to absorb any small conventions unconsciously indicated by her remarks. She never instructed or held anything over him; he would have been acutely sensitive to any air of superiority, and immediately antagonized. But Honora was entirely free from pretensions of that variety; she was as clear and honest as a goblet of water.

Jason's regard for her grew pace by pace with the feeling of baffling doubt. He was passing through the public square and his thoughts were interrupted by a faint drifting sweetness.

"I believe the lilacs are out," he said unconsciously aloud, and stopping. His surrounding was remarkably serene, withdrawn—the courthouse, a small block of



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It keeps them free from rust and is always ready. It does not have to be taken apart to clean or to strop—absolutely self-contained and self-maintaining—a complete shaving outfit.

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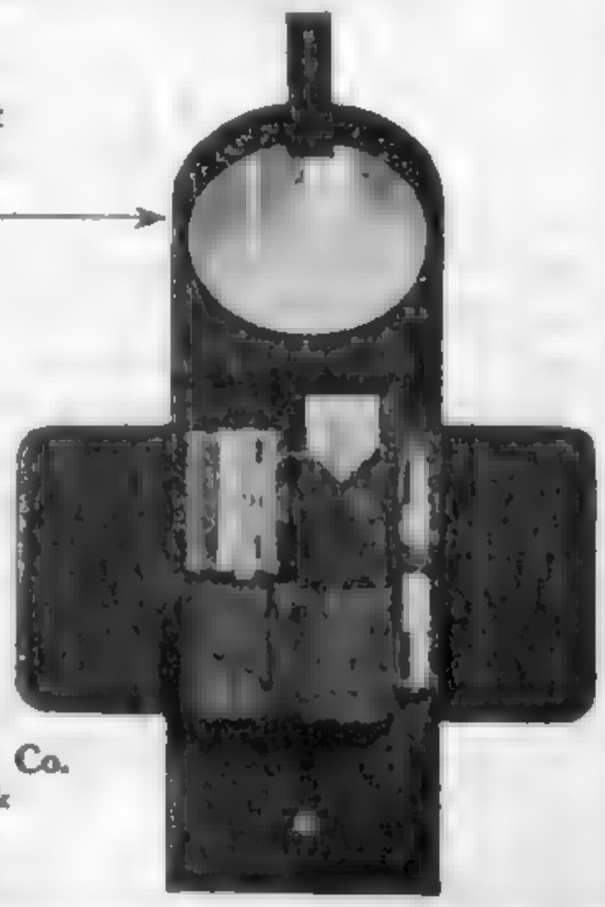

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An unusually inviting design, in the Colonial spirit, certain to prove in years to come as pleasing an appointment of your family table as it is today

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meets admirably this new spirit of war time buying, and by its purity of design and beauty of craftsmanship expresses also the high traditions of the name it bears. Just as *1847 Rogers Bros.* is the criterion of value in the heavier plate, so in the lighter ware, selling at much lower figures, the silverware marked *Wm. Rogers & Son* is

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brick with white corniced windows, flat Ionic portico and slatted wood lantern with a bell, stood in the middle of the grassy common shut in by an irregular rectangle of dwellings with low eaves and gardens. The sun shone with a beginning warmth in a vague sky that intensified the early green. It seemed that he could see, against a house, the lavender blur of the lilac blossoms.

Then his attention was attracted by the figure of a man, at once strange and familiar, coming toward him with a dragging gait. Jason studied the other until a sudden recognition clouded his countenance, filled him with a swift, unpleasant surprise. He had never believed that ——

"Thomas!" he exclaimed. "Whenever did you get back?"

"Yesterday," said Thomas Gast.

Well, here was Thomas returned from California like himself. Yet the most negligent view of the former revealed that there was a vast difference between Jason and this last Argonaut. Thomas Gast's loosely hung jaw gave to his countenance an air of irresolution, which was now heightened by an aspect of utter defeat. His ill-conditioned clothes, sodden brogans and stringy handkerchief still knotted miner-fashion about his throat all multiplied the fact of failure proclaimed by his attitude.

"How did you strike it?" Jason uselessly asked.

"What chance has the prospector today?" the other heatedly and indirectly demanded. "At first a man could pan out something for himself; but now it's all companies, all capital. The state's interfered too; claims are being held up in court while their owners might starve; there are new laws and trimmings every week. I struck it rich on the Reys, but I was drove out before I could get my stakes in. They tell me you did good."

"At last," Jason replied.

"And married Honora Canderay too."

The other assented shortly.

"Some are shot with luck," Thomas Gast proclaimed; "they'd fall and skin their face on a nugget."

"How did you come back?"

"Worked my passage in a crazy clipper with moonsails and the halyards padlocked to the rail. Carried away the foretopmast and yard off the Horn and ran from port to port in a hundred and four days."

The conversation dwindled and expired. Thomas Gast gazed about moodily, and Jason, with a tight mouth, nodded and moved on. His mind turned back abruptly to Eddie Lukens, the man who had robbed him of his find in the early days of cradle mining, the man he had killed.

He had said nothing of this to Honora; the experience with Olive Stanes had convinced him of the advisability of keeping past accident where, he now repeated, it belonged. He despaired of ever being able, in Cottarsport, to explain the place and times that had made his act comprehensible. How could he picture, here, the narrow ravines cut by swift rivers from the stupendous slopes and forests of the Sierra Nevada, the isolation of a handful of men with their tents by a plunging stream in a rift so deep that there would be only a brief glimmer of sunlight at noon? And, failing that, the ignorant could never grasp the significance of the stillness, the timeless shadows, which the miners penetrated in their madness for gold.

They'd never realize the strangling passion of this search in a wilderness without habitation or law or safety. They could not understand the primary justice of such rude courts as the miners were able to maintain on the more populous outskirts of the region.

He, Jason Burrage, had been tried by a jury for killing Eddie Lukens, and had been unheld, released. It had been months since he had reiterated this dreary and only half-satisfying formula. The inner necessity filled him with a shapeless concern such as might have been caused by a constant, unnatural shadow flickering out at his back. He almost wished that he had told Honora at the beginning; and then he fretfully cursed the incertitude of life—whatever he did appeared, shortly after, wrong. But it was obvious that he couldn't go to her with the story to-day; the only time for that had been before his marriage; now it would have the look of a confession of weakness, opportunely timed; and he could think of nothing more calculated to antagonize Honora than such a crumbling admission.

All this had been reanimated by the mere presence of Thomas Gast in Cottarsport; certainly, he concluded, an insufficient reason for his troubling. Gast had been a miner too; he was familiar with the conditions in the West. . . . There was a great probability that he hadn't even heard of the unfortunate affair; while Olive Stanes would be dragged to death rather than garble a word of what he had told her—Jason willingly acknowledged this of Olive. He resolutely banished the whole complication from his mind; and, walking with Honora after supper in the garden back of their house, he was again absorbed in her vivid, delicate charm.

The garden was deep and narrow, a flight of terraces connected by a flagged path and steps. At the bottom were the bergamot pear trees that had been Ithiel Canderay's especial charge in his last retired years. Their limbs, faintly blurred with new foliage, rose above the wall against a tranquil evening sky with a white slip of May moon. The peace momentarily disturbed in Jason Burrage's heart flooded back; a sense of great well-being settled over him. Honora rested her hand within his arm at an inequality of the stone walk.

"I am really a very bad wife, Jason," she said suddenly; "self-absorbed and inattentive."

"You suit me," he replied inadequately. He was extraordinarily moved by her remark; she had never before even suggested that she was conscious of obligation. He wanted to put into words some of the warmth of feeling which filled his heart, but suitable speech evaded him. He could not shake off the fear that such protestations might be displeasing to her restrained being. Moving slightly away from him she seemed, in the soft gloom, more wonderful than ever. Set in white against the depths of the garden her face, dimly visible, appeared to be without its customary, faintly mocking smile.

"Do you remember, Jason," she continued, "how I once said I thought I was marrying you because I was lonely, and that I found out it wasn't so; I didn't know why?" She paused.

He was enveloped by an intense eagerness to hear her to the end: it might be that something beyond his greatest hopes was to follow. But disappointment overtook him.

"I was certain I'd see more clearly into myself soon, but I haven't; it's been useless trying. And I've decided to do this—to give up thinking about things for myself, and to wait for you to show me."

"But I can't do that," he protested, facing her; "more than half the time I wonder over almost that same question—why you ever married me."

"This is a frightful situation," she observed with a return of her familiar manner; "two mature people joined for life, and neither with the slightest idea of the reason. Anyhow I have given it up. . . . I suppose I'll die in ignorance. Perhaps I was too old ——"

He interrupted her with an uncustomary incivility, a heated denunciation of what she had been about to say.

"So you are not sorry," he remarked after a little.

"No," she answered slowly, "and I'm certain I shan't be. I'm not that sort of person. I would go down to ruin sooner than regret." She said no more, but went into the house, leaving Jason in the potent spring night.

There was no longer any doubt about the lilacs; the air was laden with their scent. An entire hedge of them must have blossomed as he was standing there. He moved to the terrace below; there might be buds on the pear trees. But it was impossible to see the limbs. How could Honora expect him to make their marriage clear? He had never before seen her face so serene. He thought that he heard a vague stir outside the wall, and he remembered the presence of a semipublic path. Now there was a cautious mutter of voices. He advanced a step, then stopped at a scrambling of shoes against the wall. A vague form shouldered into view, momentarily clinging above him, and a harsh voice cried:

"Murderer!"

XIX

EVEN above the discordant clash of his startled sensibilities rose the fear, instantaneously born, that Honora had heard. All the vague uneasiness which had possessed him at Thomas Gast's return

(Continued on Page 93)

WHY YOU SHOULD OWN AN OAKLAND

EXCEPTING only the element of utility, cost of operation and maintenance is today the most important factor in the satisfactory ownership of an automobile.

In the design and manufacture of the new Oakland Sensible Six, this factor has had the most earnest and expert consideration.

The primary purpose of Oakland is to build the maximum capacity for service into its product, but the aim to make this service economical is second only to this.

As a result this new Oakland Sensible Six delivers the highest usefulness to the owner, with an economy unique in the present car field.

The high-speed overhead-valve Oakland engine is immensely powerful and efficient, delivering 44 full horsepower at 2600 r. p. m. or one horsepower to every 48 pounds of car weight.

This unusual ratio of power to weight makes for extreme gasoline mileages; owners report from 18 to 25 miles per gallon under ordinary conditions.

The finely-made chassis is uncommonly simple and strong, and has behind it the compelling indorsement of three years of satisfactory service.

The sightly body is swung on long springs over a generous wheelbase, insuring full comfort; it is unusually roomy and accessible, and is upholstered with genuine leather throughout.

This new Oakland Sensible Six is handsome in proportion and finish; it is swift, serviceable and saving—the sort of car you should own.

As a perfected example of scientific lightweight construction, high power and fixed economy, its value is not equaled in the present car market.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

BECAUSE of the light weight of the Oakland Sensible Six and its generous tire equipment, owners regularly report tire mileages of from 8,000 to 12,000 miles.

Touring Car	*$1050*
Roadster	*1050*
Roadster Coupé	*1210*
Sedan	*1250*
Sedan (Unit Body)	*1350*
Coupé (Unit Body)	*1350*

F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

The Lens Tests

Which Gave Warner-Lenz Domination

Test 1—No Glare

The Warner-Lenz gives no direct beam, no glare rays. So this light is not restricted to 42 inches high.

Test 2—Legality

The Warner-Lenz is legal everywhere. This has been certified by countless authorities and by every commission appointed under any state law.

Test 3—Distance

The Warner-Lenz clearly lights the road from 300 to 500 feet, according to the lamp. Always more than far enough.

Test 4—Field of Vision

Instead of a narrow shaft of light, the Warner-Lenz lights almost a full half-circle.

Test 5—At a Turn

Warner-Lenz light reaches far and wide. It lights the curves and turns, where shaft-lights go only straight ahead.

Test 6—On Grades

Warner-Lenz light reaches high and low, so it lights upgrades and downgrades.

Test 7—Rise and Fall

Rise and fall of the car, which so affects shaft-lights, has no effect on Warner-Lenz light.

Test 8—Turning Lenses

Jar of the car turns a lens in the lamp-rim. With Warner-Lenz this has no effect. That is vitally important.

Test 9—Out of Focus

The lamp bulb often jars out of focus. With the Warner-Lenz this doesn't dislocate the light.

Test 10—Flood Light

The Warner-Lenz, like daylight, floods the entire scene with light—not a narrow channel.

Test 11—Illusions

The Warner-Lenz light gives no illusions. Soft and all-revealing, it makes things seem as they are.

A Better Light—and Lawful

The Warner-Lenz, as all can see, is the popular lawful lens. It dominates everywhere. And nearly every car maker who has changed to legal lenses has adopted the Warner-Lenz.

We cite above the tests which won those engineers and drivers. Measure other lenses by those standards and see how they compare.

Do as engineers do before a car maker adopts a new-type lens. Mark the requirements and see which lens best meets them. Do that and your verdict will confirm theirs—for the Warner-Lenz.

Glare Is Tabooed

There are state-wide laws forbidding glare in 22 states today. Also in hundreds of smaller communities. And every driver knows that such laws should be universal.

Standard Equipment on

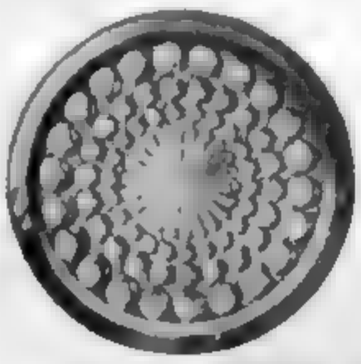
Ohio Electric	*Daniels 8*	*Westcott*	*Murray*
Hal Twelve	*Cunningham*	*Marmon*	*Crawford*
Doble Steam	*McFarlan*	*Packard*	*Lenox*
Standard 8	*Anderson*	*Peerless*	*Davis*
Stutz	*White*	*Fiat*	*Moon*

Dimmers, which served on lighted streets, won't do on country roads.

They quell the light. So law and reason, safety and comfort demand the glareless lens.

The cost is a trifle and, with Warner-Lenz, every hour of night driving repays it. So the change should be made at once.

But don't change twice. Get the lens which meets requirements—the tests we cite above. Get the accepted lens. See your dealer or write to us. Look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.



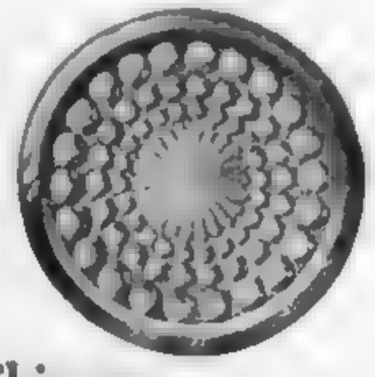
WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

$3.50 to $5.00 Per Set, According to Size

West of Rockies 25c Per Pair Extra

Canadian Prices, $4.50 to $6.50



THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

(Continued from Page 90)

solidified into a recognizable, leaden dread—the conviction that his wife must learn the story of his misadventure, told with animus and lies. Then a more immediate dread held him rigidly attentive: there might be a second cry, a succession of them shouted discordantly to the sky. Honora would come out, the servants gather, while that accusing voice, indistinguishable and disembodied by the night, proclaimed his error. This was not the shooting of Eddie Lukens, but the neglect to comprehend Honora Canderay.

Absolute silence followed. He made a motion toward the wall, but, oppressed by the futility of such an act, arrested himself in the midst of a step and stood with a foot extended. The stillness seemed to thicken the air until he could hardly breathe; he was seized by a sullen anger at the events that had gathered to betray him. The crying tones had been like a chemical acting on his complexity, changing him to an entirely different entity, darkening his being; the peace and fragrance of the night were destroyed by the anxiety that now sat upon him.

Convinced that nothing more was to follow here, he was both impelled into the house, to Honora, and held motionless by the fear of seeing her turn toward him with her familiar light surprise and a question. However, he slowly retraced his way over the terraces, through a trellis hung with grapevines, and into the hall. As he hoped, Honora was on the opposite side of the dwelling. She had heard nothing. Jason sat down heavily, his gaze lowered and somber.

The feeling smote him that he should tell Honora of the whole miserable business at once, make what excuse for himself was possible, and prepare her for the inevitable public revelation. He pronounced her name, with the intention of doing this; but she showed him such a tranquil, superfine face that he was unable to proceed. Her interrogation held for a moment and then left him, redirected to a minute, colorful square of glass beads.

A multiplication of motives kept him silent, but principal among them was the familiar shrinking from appearing to his wife in any little or mean guise. It was precisely into such a peril that he had been forced. He felt now that she would overlook a murder such as the one he had committed far more easily than an intangible error of spirit. He could actually picture Honora in his place shooting Eddie Lukens; but he couldn't imagine her in his humiliating situation of a few minutes before.

He turned to the consideration of who it might be that had called over the wall, and immediately recognized that it was one of a small number—one of "Pack" Clower's gang. Thomas Gast would have gravitated quickly to their company, and their resentment of his, Jason Burrage's, place in life must have been nicely increased by Gast's jealousy. The latter, Jason knew, had not washed an honest pan of gravel in his journey and search for a mythical, easy wealth; he had hardly left the littered fringe of San Francisco, but had filled progressively menial places in the less admirable resorts and activities.

With so much established beyond doubt he was confronted by the necessity for immediate action, the possibility of yet averting all that threatened him, of preserving his good opinion in Honora's eyes. Clower and Emery Radlaw and the rest, with neither the balance of property nor that of position, lawless and inflamed with drink, were a difficult opposition. He repeated that he had mastered worse, but out in California, where a man had been nakedly a man; and then he hadn't been married. There he would have found them at once, and an explosion of will, perhaps of powder, would have soon cleared the atmosphere. But in Cottarsport, with so much to keep intact, he was all but powerless.

Yet the following day, when he saw the apothecary's brother enter the combined drug-and-liquor store, he followed, and to his grim satisfaction found Thomas Gast already inside. The apothecary gave Jason an inhospitable stare, but the latter ignored him, striding toward Gast.

"Just what is it you've brought East about me?" he demanded.

The other avoided the query, his gaze shifting over the floor.

"Well?" Jason insisted after a pause.

Thomas Gast was leaning against a high counter at one side, behind which shelves held various bottles and paper boxes and tins. The counter itself was laden with scales and a mortar, powders and vividly striped candy in tall glass jars.

"You know well as I do," Gast finally admitted.

"Then we're both certain there's no reason for name calling over my back wall."

"You shot him, didn't you?" the other asked thinly. "You can't get away from the fact that you killed a pardner."

"I did," said Jason Burrage harshly. "He robbed me. But I didn't shout thief at him from the safety of the dark; it was right after dinner, the middle of the day. He was ready first too; but I got him. Can you get anything from that?"

"You ought to realize this isn't San Francisco," Radlaw, the drug taker, put in. "A man can't be coolly derringered in Cottarsport. There's law here, there's order." He had a harried face, dulled eyes under a fine brow, a tremulous flabby mouth with white crystals of powder adhering to its corners, and a countenance like the yellow oilskins of the fishermen.

Jason turned darkly in the latter's direction. "What have you or Clower got to do with law?"

"Not only them," the apothecary interposed, "but all the other men of the town are interested in keeping it orderly. We'll have no Western rowdyism in Cottarsport."

"Then hear this!" Jason again addressed Thomas Gast: "See that you tell the truth and all the truth. My past belongs to me and I don't aim to have it maligned by any empty liar back from the Coast. And either of you Radlaws—I'm not going to be blanketed by the town drunkards or old women either. If I have shot one man I can shoot another, and I care this much for your talk—if any of this muck is allowed to annoy Mrs. Burrage I'll kill whoever starts it, spang in the middle of day."

"That's where it gets him," the ex-scholar stated.

"Just there," Jason agreed; "and this Gast, who has brought so much back from California, can tell you this too—that I had the name of finishing what I began."

But once more outside, alone, his appearance of resolution vanished; the merest, untraceable rumor would be sufficient to accomplish all that he feared, damage him irreparably with Honora. He was far older in spirit and body than he had been back on Indian Bar; he had passed the tumultuous years of living. The labor and privation, the continuous immersion in frigid streams, had lessened his vitality, sapped his ability for conflict. All that he now wished was the happiness of his wife, Honora, and the quietude of their big, peaceful house; the winter evenings by the Franklin stove and the spring evenings with the windows open and the candles guttering in the mild lilac-hung air.

xx

TOGETHER with his uncertainty the pleasure in the sheer fact of his wife increased; and with it the old wonderment at their situation returned. What, for instance, did she mean by saying that he must explain her to herself? He tried again all the conventional explanations of marriage without satisfaction; the sentimental and the material equally failed. Jason felt that if he could penetrate this mystery his grasp on actuality would be enormously improved; he might with such knowledge successfully defy Thomas Gast and all that past which equally threatened to reach out destructively into the future.

His happiness in its new state of fragility became infinitely precious—a thing to dwell on at nights, to ponder over walking through the town. Then, disagreeably aware of what overshadowed him, he would watch such passers-by as spoke, searching for some sign of the spreading of his old fault. Often he imagined that he saw such an indication and he would hurry home in a panic of haste—which was, too, intense reluctance—to discover whether Honora yet knew.

He approached her a hundred times determined to end his misery of suspense and face the incalculable weight of her disdain; but on each occasion he failed as he had at the first. Now his admittance seemed too damned roundabout, in an unflattering way forced upon him. His position was too insecure, he told himself. . . . Perhaps the threat in the apothecary's shop would be sufficient to shut the mouth of rumor. It had not been empty; he was still capable of uncalculating rage. How closely was Honora bound to him? What did she think of him at heart?

He couldn't bear to remember how he had laid open her dignity, the dignity and position of the Canderays in Cottarsport, to whispered vilification. Connected with him she was being discussed in "Pack" Clower's shanty. His mind revolved endlessly about the same few topics—he elaborated and discarded countless schemes to secure Honora; he even considered giving Thomas Gast a sum of money to repair what harm the latter had wrought. Useless—his danger flourished on hatred and envy and malice. However exculpable the killing of Eddie Lukens had been, the results were immeasurably unfortunate, for a simple act of violent local justice.

They were in the chaise above Cottarsport; Coggs had died through the winter, and his place been taken by a young coachman from the city. The horses rested somnolently in their harness, the bright bits of rubbed silver plate shining. Honora was looking out over the harbor, a gentian-blue expanse.

"Good heavens," she cried with sudden energy. "I am getting old at a sickening rate! Only last year the schooners and sea made me as restless as a gull. I wanted to sail to the farthest places; but now the boats are—are no more than boats. It fatigues me to think of their jumping about; and I haven't walked down to the wharves for six weeks. Do I look a haggard fright?"

"You seem as young as before I went to California," he replied simply. She did. A strand of hair had slipped from its net and wavered across her flawless cheek; her lips were bright and smooth, her shoulders slimly square.

"You're a marvelous woman, Honora," he told her.

She gazed at him, smiling. "I wonder if you realize that that is your first compliment of our entire wedded life?"

"Ridiculous!" he declared incredulously.

"Isn't it?"

"I mean I'm complimenting you all the time. I think ——"

"You can hardly expect me to hear thoughts," she interrupted.

He silently debated another—it was to be about the ribbon on her throat—but decided against giving it voice. Why, like the reasons for so much else, he was unable to say; they all had their root in the blind sense of the uncertainty of his situation. Throughout the evening his thoughts shifted ceaselessly from one position to another. This, he realized, could not continue indefinitely; soon, from within or without, Honora and he must be revealed to each other. He was permeated by the weariness of constant strain; the peace of the past months had been destroyed; it seemed to him that he had become an alien to the serenity of the high, tranquil rooms and of his wife.

He rose early the following morning and descended into a rapt purity of sunlight and the ecstatic whistling of robins. The front door had not been opened; and as he turned its shining brass knob his gaze fell upon a sheet of paper projecting below. Jason bent, secured it, and with a premonition of evil thrust the folded scrap into his pocket. He turned through the house into the garden and there privately scrutinized a half sheet with a clumsily formed, disguised writing:

"This," he read, "will serve you notice to move on. Dangerous customers are not desired here. Take a suggestion in time and skip bad consequences. You can't hide back of your wife's hoops." It was signed "Committee."

A robin was thrilling the air with melody above his head. Jason listened mechanically as the bird ended his song and flew away. Then the realization of what he had found overwhelmed him with a strangling bitterness. He, Jason Burrage, had been ordered from his birthplace, he had been threatened and accused of hiding behind a woman, by the offscouring of the alleys and rum holes. A feeling of impotence thrust its chilling edge into the swelling heat of his resentment. He would have to stand like a condemned animal before the impending fatal blow; he was held motionless, helpless, by every circumstance of his life and hopes.

He crumpled the warning in a clenched hand. How Cottarsport would point and peer at him—at Jason Burrage, who was Honora Canderay's husband, a murderer; Jason, who had returned from California

Buy a "Liberty" Bottle for Corns

JUST look—all you have to do when you use "Gets-It" for corns, is to lift the corn right off with your fingers. There's no more excuse for letting corn-pains spoil your good times and making you limp around on the edge of your shoe. Put on 2 or 3 drops of "Gets-It," get quick relief and get your corns off your mind.

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For the Efficient Man

The modern American business man—the captain of industry—the builder of ships and vast enterprises—wants the efficient garter.

Ivory Garter

suits him. It has no pad—doesn't bind—holds fast—is very light—is put on and taken off easily—and has beautiful fittings.

Prices: 50c, 35c, 25c.

Dealers: Please your customers by showing them Ivory Garters. Order from your jobber.

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LEAD

Dutch Boy White-Lead Paint

makes your house look like new. It affords maximum protection against rain and sleet, mid-summer's broiling sun, and winter's frost and snow.

The elements war in vain on the firm, smooth sheathing of "lead and oil" paint. Time itself makes little headway against such defense.

"Lead and oil" paint is a dependable armor for your buildings only when the white-lead is pure. Dutch Boy white-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil, is pure, all-lead paint — paint which anchors deep into the pores of the wood, presents a handsome, smooth surface, and is unequaled for durability and economy.

If you contemplate painting your house, inside or out, write to any of our branches named below for a portfolio of colored views and suggestions, which will be of value to you.

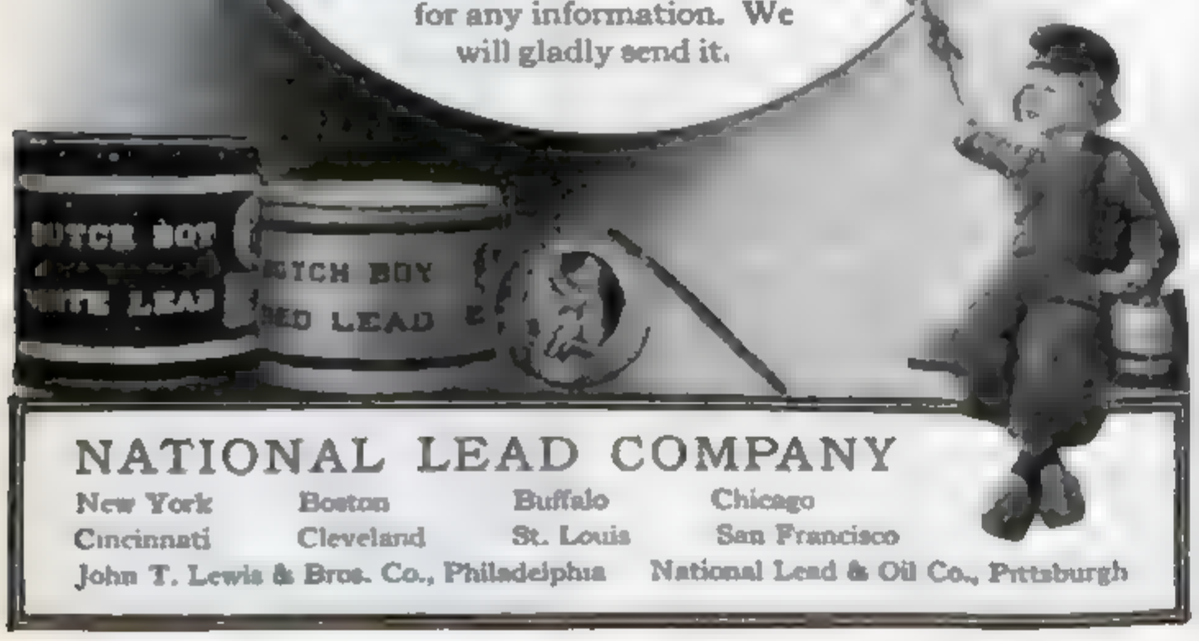
Red-Lead Prevents Rust

Dutch Boy red-lead, also an all-lead paint, mixed with pure linseed oil, makes gutters, railings, bridges, absolutely rust-proof.

BABBITTS AND SOLDERS

There is a Dutch Boy bearing metal and a Dutch Boy solder for every industrial requirement. It is the business of our specially trained men to tell you which grade is best fitted for your particular need. And we can save you money.

Write to our nearest branch for any information. We will gladly send it.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh

with the gold fleece! It wasn't golden, he told himself, but stained—a fleece dark with blood, tarnished from hellish unhappiness, a thing infected with immeasurable miseries. Its edge had fallen on Olive Stanes and left her—he had passed her only yesterday—dry-lipped and shrunken into sterile middle age. It promised him only sorrow, and now its influence was reaching up toward Honora, in herself serenely apart from the muck and defilement out of which he thought he had struggled.

The sun rising over the bright spring foliage filled the garden with sparkling color. His wife, in a filmy white dress, called him to breakfast. She waited for him with her faint smile, against the cool interior. He went forward isolated, lonely, in his secret distress.

XXI

THIS communication, like the spoken accusation of a previous evening, was apparently without other consequences. Jason's exterior life progressed without a deviation from its usual smooth course. It was clear to him that no version of the facts about the killing of Eddie Lukens had yet spread in Cottarsport. This, he decided, considering the character of Thomas Gast, the oblique quality of his statements, was natural. He could not doubt that such public revelation, if threat and intimidation failed, must come. Meantime he was victimized by a growing uncertainty—from what direction would the next attack thrust?

He smiled grimly to himself at the memory of the withdrawn and secure aspect of the town when he had first returned from the West. To him, striding across the hills from the Dumner stage, it had resembled an ultimate haven. The seeming harmony and peace of the gray fold of houses about their placid harbor had concealed possibilities of debasement as low as California's worst camps. Now, successful, when he had looked for the reward of his long years of brutal toil, the end of struggle, he was confronted by the ughest situation of his existence.

He was glad that he had always been a silent man or Honora would have noticed and demanded the cause of the moroseness which must have settled over him. They sat no longer before the stove in the drawing-room, but on a side porch that commanded an expanse of lawn and a high privet hedge, while he smoked morosely at the inevitable cheroots, gloomily searching for a way from the difficulty closing in upon him.

Honora had been to Boston, and she was describing lightly an encounter with her aunt, Herriot Cozzens. He was only half conscious of her amused voice. Clouds had obscured the evening sky and there was an air of suspense like that preceding a thunderstorm in the thickening dark. A restlessness filled Jason which he was unable to resist, and with a short, vague explanation he rose and proceeded out upon the street. There, his hands clasped behind his back and head lowered, he wandered on, lost in inner despondence.

He turned into the courthouse square, dimly lighted by gas lamps at its outer confines, and paced across the grass, stirring a few wan fireflies. It was blacker still beyond the courthouse.

He stumbled slightly, recovered himself, and wearily commenced a return home. But he had scarcely taken a step when a figure closed in upon him, materializing suddenly out of the darkness.

He stopped and was about to speak when a violent blow from behind grazed his head and fell with a splintering impact on his shoulder. He stood for a moment bewildered by the unexpected pain; then as he saw another shape, and another, gather round him, he came sharply to his senses. His hand thrust into a pocket, but it was empty—he had laid aside the derringer in Cottarsport.

His assailants grappled with him swiftly, and he swayed, struggling and hitting out with short blows in the center of a silent, vicious conflict. A rough hard palm was crushed against his mouth, a head ground into his throat, and a heavy, mucous breath of rum smote him. There was muttered cursing and low, disregarded commands. A cotton handkerchief, evidently used as a mask, tore off in Jason's hand; strained voices, their caution lost in passion, took unmistakably the accents of "Pack" Clower and the Swede, Steven. A thinner tone outside the swirling bodies cried low and urgent: "Get it done with!" A fist was driven against Jason's side, leaving a sharp, stabbing hurt; a heavy kick tore his thigh. Then he got his fingers into a neck and put in the grip all the sinewy strength got by long years with a miner's pan and shovel. A choked sob responded, and blood spread stickily over his palms.

It seemed to Jason Burrage that he was shaking himself free, that he was victorious; with a final supreme wrench he stood alone, breathing in gusts. There was a second's imponderable stillness, and then all the night appeared to crash down upon his head.

XXII

HE THOUGHT it was the flumed river, all their summer's labor, bursting over him. He was whirled downward through a swift course of jagged pains, held under the hurtling water and planks and stones. He fought, blind and strangled, but he was soon crushed into a supine nothingness. Far below the river discharged him; he was lying beside a slaty bank in which the gold glittered like fine and countless fish scales. But he couldn't move and the bank flattened into a plain under a gloomy ridge, with a camp of miners. He saw that it was Sunday, for the men were all grouped before the tents singing. There was Eddie Lukens gravely waving a hand to the beat of the melody:

"Don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Calaveras
With my wash bowl on my knee."

It was undoubtedly Eddie, his partner, but he had never seen him so white and—why, he had a hole over his eye! Eddie Lukens was dead; it wasn't decent for him to be standing up, flapping his hands and singing. Jason bent forward to remonstrate, to persuade him to go back—back to where the dead belonged. Then he remembered, but it was too late; Eddie had him in an iron clutch; he was dragging him, too, down.

Jason made a convulsive effort to escape; he threw back his head, gasping—and saw Honora, his wife, bending over him. The tormenting illusion slowly perished—this was Cottarsport and not California; he was back again in the East, the present, married to Honora Canderay. An astounding fact, but so. Through the window of his room he could see the foliage of a great horse-chestnut tree that stood by the sidewalk; it was swelling into flower. Full memory now flooded back upon him, and with it the realization that probably his happiness was destroyed.

It was impossible to tell how much Honora knew of the cause of the assault upon him. She was always like that—enigmatic. But, whatever she knew now, soon she would have to hear all. Even if he wished to lie to her it would be impossible to fabricate, maintain a convincing cover for what had happened. The most superficial necessary investigation would expose the story brought home by Thomas Gast.

The time had come when he must confide everything to Honora; perhaps she would overlook his cowardice. About to address her he fell into a bottomless coma, and a day passed before he had gathered himself sufficiently to face his task. She was sitting facing him, her chair by a window, where her fingers were swiftly and smoothly occupied. Her features were a little blurred against the light, and—her disconcerting scrutiny veiled—he felt this to be an assistance.

"Those men who broke me up"—he began disjointedly, surprised at the thin uncertainty of his voice—"I know pretty well who they are. Ought to get most of them."

"We thought you could say," she rejoined in an even tone. "Some guesses were made, but it was better to wait till you could give a statement."

"Am I badly hurt, Honora?" he asked suddenly.

"Not dangerously," she assured him. "You have splendid powers of recuperation."

"I'll have to go on," he added hurriedly, "and tell you the rest—why I was beaten."

"It would be better not," she stated. "You ought to be as calm as possible. It may quiet you, Jason, to hear that I know now."

"You know what the town has been saying," he cried in bitter revolt—"what lies Thomas Gast spread? You've heard all the envy and malice and drunken vileness of sots? It isn't right for you to think you know before I could speak a word of defense." *(Concluded on Page 97)*

CANNOT CHIP CRACK OR LEAK

The vital feature of SPLITDORF spark plugs is the laterally wound ruby mica core.

It corrects every fault of PORCELAIN plugs and gives added life and efficiency because, *unlike porcelain*, it cannot chip, crack or leak. Being practically indestructible it assures service far outlasting any that can be expected from even the finest porcelain.

In making SPLITDORF plugs, so different from all others, thin sheets of fine ruby mica are wound lengthwise around a cone-shaped electrode. This conical mica core is then forced into a metal bushing under such tremendous pressure that no gas or oil can possibly escape through or around it. Moreover, by reason of its conical form, every explosion tightens it and keeps it permanently leakproof.

There is a type of SPLITDORF Plug best suited for every engine. Get them from your jobbers and dealers.

We have been manufacturing SPLITDORF Spark Plugs, and other ignition devices, magnetos, etc., for seventeen years and if you are having trouble with plugs of any make the advice of our skilled engineers, with their many years of all round ignition experience, is free for the asking.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of D-X-E and SUMTER Magnetos and Plugs exclusively

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

NOW that discretion is the better part of buying, men and women should learn the difference between this pure silk Luxite Hosiery and adulterated silk hose. The soft effulgence and the grace of Luxite Hosiery commend it to all who have an eye to beauty. And its unrivalled serviceability prompts them to recommend it to their friends.

So Luxite has become the great American hosiery success—and is, today, an international favorite. Ask your dealer to supply you. If he cannot do so, write for price list and descriptive booklet today.

Men's Silk Faced 50c and Pure Thread Silk 75c and $1.00. Other styles at 35c up. Women's Pure Thread Silk $1.00 to $2.50. Other styles 40c up. Children's 35c per pair and up.

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc., 646 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of High Grade Hosiery Since 1875

New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool, England Sydney, Australia
LUXITE TEXTILES OF CANADA, Limited, London, Ont.

COLES PHILLIPS

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(Concluded from Page 94)

"Not only what the town says, Jason," she replied simply, "but the truth. Olive Stanes told me."

"Then——" An excited weakness broke his voice in a sob, and Honora rose, crossing the room to his bed. "You must positively stop talking of this now," she directed. "If you attempt it I shall go away and send a nurse."

He was helpless against her will, and sank into semi-slumberous wonder. Honora knew all; Olive Stanes had told her. She was as noncommittal, he complained to himself, as a wooden Indian. She might have excused him without a second thought, and it might be that she had finished with him entirely, that she was merely dispensing a charity and duty; and, moving uneasily or lying propped up in a temporary release from suffering, he would study her every movement in an endeavor to gain her all-important opinion of him as he had been lately revealed. It was useless; he was always, Jason felt, in a state of disturbing suspense.

He determined to end it, however, in spite of what Honora had said, on an afternoon when he was supported down to the street and the chaise.

His wife took her place at his side and they rolled forward into the expansive warmth of summer. Jason was impressed by the sheer repetition of life; and it seemed to him that this was the greatest happiness possible—such a procession of days and drives, with Honora.

Her throat rose delicately from ruffled lace, circled by a narrow black-velvet band with a clasp of remarkable diamonds; and he smiled at the memory of how he had thought once she was marrying him for money. That seemed years ago, but he was no nearer the solution of her motive now than then. Her slim hands were folded in her lap—how beautifully they were joined at the wrists; her tapering fingers were like ivory.

As he studied them he was startled at their suddenly meeting in a rigid clasp, her knuckles white and sharp. He looked up and saw that they were drawing near a small group of men outside the apothecary's shop.

A curious silence fell upon the latter as the chaise approached; there were the two Radlaws, one saturnine and bleak, the other greenish, shattered by drugs; Thomas Gast; Vleet, the fishing schooner's master; and a casual, familiar passer-by. Jason Burrage stared at them with a stony, ominous countenance, at which Gast made a gesture of combined insolence and uncertainty. Jason had sunk back on the cushions when he was astonished by Honora's commanding the coachman to stop. It was evident that she was about to descend; he put out a hand to restrain her, but she disregarded him.

His astonishment increased to incredulity and then fear; he rose hurriedly, but relaxed with a mutter of pain.

Honora, a Canderay, had taken the carriage whip from its holder and was walking, direct and composed, toward Thomas Gast. She stopped a short distance away. Before an exclamation, a movement, was possible she had swept the thong of the whip across Gast's face. The blow was swung with force, and the man faltered, a burning welt on the pallor of his countenance. The coachman and Jason Burrage in the chaise, the men together on the sidewalk, seemed part of an inanimate group of which the only thing endowed with life was the whip flickering again, cutting and wrapping, about a face.

There was a curiously ruthless impersonality about Honora's erect presence, her icy-cold profile. Memories of old stories of Ithiel Canderay, the necessary, salt cruelness of punishment in ships, flashed through Jason's mind. An intolerable weight of time seemed to drag upon him. Thomas Gast gave a hoarse gurgle and lurched forward, but the relentless lash drove him back.

"You whisperer!" Honora said in her ringing voice. "You liar and slabbering coward! It's necessary to cut the truth out of you. When you talk again about Mr. Burrage and the man he shot in California don't leave out the smallest detail of his exoneration. Say that he had been robbed, that the other broke one of the first laws of miners and should have been killed. You wouldn't have done it—a knife in the back would be your thought—but a man would!"

She flung the whip down on the bricks.

Thomas Gast pressed his hands to his face, and slow red stains widened through his fingers.

The apothecary stood transfixed; his brother was shaking in a febrile and congested horror.

The woman turned disdainfully, moved to the chaise; the coachman descended and offered his arm as she mounted to the seat. The reins were drawn and the horses started forward in a walk.

Honora's gaze was set, looking directly ahead; her hands, in her lap of flowered muslin, were now relaxed; they gave an impression of crushing weariness. Jason's heart pounded like a forge hammer; a tremendous realization was forced into his brain—he need never again question why Honora had married him; his doubts were answered, stopped—forever.

(THE END)

War and Sport

WAR and sport have always been more or less related. The mobilization of millions of men and training them in acquaintance with outdoor life will have a great effect upon these men after they are disbanded.

It is almost certain that the war will inculcate a greater admiration for physical prowess and physical fitness. If we later have universal military service, which is a possible thing, then whether we like it or not we shall have to pay more attention than we ever have to the physical man.

That means, *per se*, an adjustment of that man to conditions of outdoor living.

An American society is sending out broadcast a little post card which contains some astonishing statements that tend to prove the point of view of the Imperial German Government in regard to efficiency in war and in life itself.

It does not make pleasant reading for Americans, and cannot be quoted in full, but in brief it is the demand of Hindenburg that all German war widows remarry at once, preferably to wounded or otherwise unfit soldiers. Love, loyalty, honor, affection, the natural law of selection—are nothing to Hindenburg.

It would be difficult even to imagine a doctrine more abominable than the foregoing. Only a race of slaves would accept the thought of it.

So this is war—destruction raised to the nth power, so that even the controlling powers which have set loose this reign of terror on the world see that destruction must have its own limitations, that there must be restoration, that there must be growth or there cannot be even future war. If there be not these restorative agencies, then the world must cease and the end has come.

As applied by Hindenburg, no thought can be more terrible. But it leads up to another and a gentler side.

One of the consequences which will be noticeable in this country at the close of the war—after we shall have beaten down once for all the idea that use and destruction make the sole business of a nation—will be the advance of a more intelligent idea in regard to restoration as against applied destruction in the resources of this country of ours; and, therefore, that after the war we shall adjust ourselves more and more to European standards in the matter of protection of game and of forests, and the general utilization of what might be called the common property of the out-of-doors as applied to the benefit of all the people. It is not to be supposed that a people so intelligent as the American will consent to see the efficiency of destruction wipe out all that other side of national and personal life which means efficiency in restoration, in growth and in progress.

Therefore, ask your congressman to help pass the enabling act of the United States-Canada treaty protecting the migratory wild fowl.

The United States Senate already has passed this enabling act.

A Million Women

Have Lately Discovered a

New-Type Corn Meal

A Superlative Quaker Product

This is the first announcement of an exquisite corn meal. But a million women have already found it. In the past few months the demand has become a sensation.

You expect a Quaker product to be extra good, but this one will surprise you. Few people realize, until they see this, how vastly corn meals differ.

Old style corn meal was simply whole corn ground. In Quaker Corn Meal about 40 per cent is discarded. The fibrous outer coat is removed, for that makes corn meal coarse. The oily germ is removed, for that part soon grows rancid.

Quaker Corn Meal—yellow or white—is the hominy part of the choicest corn. The yellow looks like grains of gold—the white like marble dust. The sealed round package preserves its freshness. The foods it makes are sweet, smooth and inviting.

A glance will show you the vast distinction. The first serving will change your whole idea of corn dainties.

Your grocer has it and your neighbors are enjoying it. Now we ask you to find it out.

Use it for bread and muffins, for porridge, puddings and pancakes. Use it to make wheatless meals a joy

Quaker

Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White

The best 60% of the corn. No coarse outer coat, no oily germ included.

15 Cents Per Package

Except in the Far West.

Also in Hominy Form

As Fancy White Hominy Grits

Another form is Quaker Hominy Grits, which is fancy white hominy granulated.

Serve as a breakfast cereal. Or cook it, then fry it. Use it in griddle cakes or fritters, or make a side dish of it. See recipes on the package.

These are dainties which everyone should know. In these wheat-saving days they are doubly essential. Folks will never miss wheat when you serve hominy grits of this grade. Price 15c per package, except in the Far West.

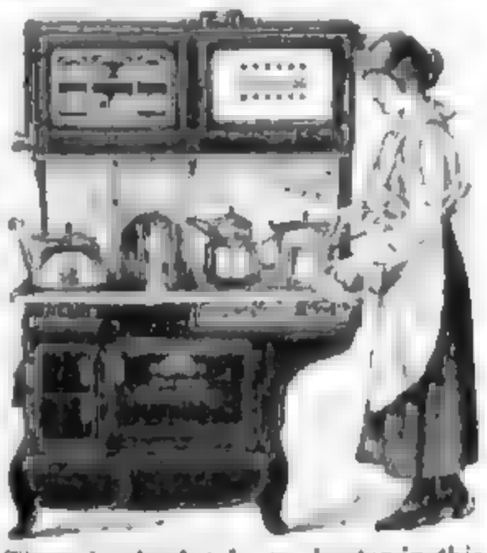
Quaker Hominy Grits

The Quaker Oats Company

Chicago

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.



There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is as entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled, and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

Gold Medal
Glenwood

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry—it

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 147 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces

Do You Hear As Easily As This?

There is no reason why you should not hear perfectly. For straining to hear or being embarrassed in any way. Over a quarter million deaf people are now hearing clearly with the Acousticon. And since the perfecting of our new 1918 Acousticon smaller, better and just as strong as ever—it is no more noticeable than in the above picture.

There is no risk, either, to take any of these statements without proof. We have always been willing to prove what the Acousticon will do in each individual case, without a cent of expense to the user—and in the last 25 years we have won a quarter of a million enthusiastic satisfied customers now.

Just write us saying, "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." We will send you, delivery charges paid, the

1918 Acousticon

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All we ask is that you give it a fair trial in your own home and under your own conditions. Then there can be no doubt of whether it improves your hearing.

If it does not do so, we want it back without a cent of expense to you for the trial, because we know it is good business policy to have none but satisfied and enthusiastic customers—That's the only kind we now have. Write for your FREE TRIAL today.

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—THE NATIONAL STANDARD—

GEM FOUNTAIN PEN CORP., N.Y.

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

(Continued from Page 4)

hands and making short work of the "soapboxers," the "pacifists" and the "obstructionists." Little Mr. Cribbs was the most violent of them all. He was for organizing the old-time vigilantes, once so efficacious in the Far West, and equipping them with guns and ropes and plenty of tar and feathers.

"Nothing would please me more than to lead such a gang," he proclaimed. "Lead 'em right into these foul nests where —— What's that, judge?"

"I repeat: How old are you, Cribbs?"

"Oh, I guess I'm old enough to shoot a gun or pull a rope or carry a bucket of tar," retorted the young man.

"I'll put it the other way: How young are you?"

"I'm twenty-nine."

"How did you escape the draft?"

"They haven't reached my number yet," said Mr. Cribbs with dignity.

"Well, that's good. There's still hope," said the judge grimly. "They need just such fire eaters as you over there in France with Pershing."

Carstairs turned to Zimmerlein, who was being helped into his fur coat by one of the attendants.

"Can't we take you to the city, Zimmerlein? There is plenty of room in the car."

"No, thank you, Carstairs. I'm going in by train. Mr. and Mrs. Prior will drop me at the station. Good night. Oh, here's Peter. What did you hear?"

"I could get no answer, Mr. Zimmerlein," said the steward steadily. "Wires may be down, sir."

"Good night, Mrs. Carstairs."

Zimmerlein held out his hand. She hesitated an instant, and then took it. Her gaze was fixed as if fascinated on his dark, steady eyes.

II

HOARSE, raucous-voiced newsboys were crying the extras soon after midnight. They were doing a thriving business. The destruction of the great Reynolds plant, more spectacular and more appalling than any previous deed perpetrated by the secret enemies of the American people, was to drive even the most sanguine and indifferent citizen to a full realization of the peril that stalked him and his fellow man throughout the land. Complacent security was at last to sustain a shock it could not afford to scorn. Up there in the hills of Jersey a bombardment had taken place that rivaled in violence, if not in human toll, the most vivid descriptions of shell carnage on the dripping fronts of France.

Huge but vague headlines screamed into the faces of quick-breathing men and wide-eyed women the first details of the great disaster across the river. Night farers, threading the streets, paused in their round of pleasure to gulp down the bitter thing that came up into their throats—a sick thing called Fear. From nearly every doorway in the city some one issued forth, bleak-eyed and anxious, to hail the scurrying newsboys. The distant roar of the shells had roused the millions in Manhattan; windows rattled; the frailer dwellings rocked on thin foundations. It was not until the clash of heavy artillery swept up to the city on the wind from the west that the serene, contemptuous denizens of the greatest city in the world cast off the mask of indifference and rose as one person to ask the vital question: "Are the U-boats in the harbor at last?"

An elderly man, two women and a sallow-faced man of thirty sat by the windows at the top of a lofty apartment building on the Upper West Side. For an hour they had been sitting there listening, and looking always to the west, out over the dark and somber Hudson. Father, mother, daughter and son. The first explosion jarred the great building in which they were securely housed.

"Ah!" sighed the old man; and it was a sigh of relief, of satisfaction. The others turned to him and smiled for the first time in hours. The tension was over.

Farther downtown two men in one of the big hotels silently shook hands, bade each other a friendly good night for the benefit of chance observers, and went off to bed. The waiting was over.

Two night watchmen met in front of one of the biggest office buildings in New York, within hearing of the bells of Trinity and almost within sound of the sobbing waters of the bay. Their faces, rendered almost invisible behind the great collars that protected them from the shrill winds coming up the cañons from the sea, were tense and drawn and white, but their eyes glittered brightly, fiercely in the darkness. They, too, had been waiting.

In a dingy apartment in Harlem three shifty-eyed, nervous men and a pallid, tired, frightened woman rose suddenly from the lethargy of suspense and grinned evilly, not at each other but at the rattling, dilapidated window looking westward across the sagging roofs of the squalid district. One of the men stretched forth a quivering hand, and with a hoarse laugh of exultation seized in his fingers a strange, crudely shaped metallic object that stood on the table near by. He lifted it to his lips and kissed it! Then he put it down carefully, gingerly, with something like fear in his eyes.

"Yes, This is Davenport Carstairs. . . . Bellevue Hospital? Police Surgeon? What? . . . Yes, My Butler's Name is Hodges. . . . What Has Happened, Officer?"

Scraps of tin, pieces of iron and steel, strands of wire, wads of cotton and waste, and an odd assortment of tools littered the table. Harmless-appearing cans and bottles and dirty packages, with a mortar and pestle, a small chemist's scales, funnels and graduates, stood in innocent array along a shelf attached to the wall, guarded—so it seemed—by sinister-looking tubes and retorts.

The woman, her eyes gleaming with a malevolent joy that contrasted strangely with the dread that had been in them a moment before, lifted her clenched hands and hissed out a single word:

"Christ!"

They, too, had been waiting.

Thousands there were in the great city whose eyes glistened that night, thousands who had not been waiting, for they knew nothing of the secret that lay secure and safe in the breasts of the few who were allowed to strike. Thousands who rejoiced, for they knew that a great deed had been done! They only knew that devastation had fallen somewhere with appalling force; it mattered not to them where, so long as it had fallen in its appointed place!

Many a gluss, many a stein was raised in stealthy tribute to the hand that had rocked the city of New York! And in the darkness of the night they hid their gloating faces and whispered a song without melody.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief! In spirit at least they touched hands and thrilled with a common exaltation!

It was after one o'clock when the Carstairs' motor crept out of the ferryhouse at One Hundred and Thirtieth Street and whirled up the hill toward the Drive. A rough-looking individual who loitered unmolested in the lee of the ferryhouse peered intently at the number of the car as it passed, and jotted it down in a little book. He noted in the same way the license numbers of other automobiles. When he was relieved, hours afterward, he had in his little book the number of every car that came in from Jersey between half past eleven at night and seven o'clock in the morning. It was not his duty to stop or question the occupants of these cars. He was merely exercising the function of the mysterious secret eyes of the United States Government.

Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs were admitted to their Park Avenue apartment by a tall, beautiful girl, who threw open the door the instant the elevator stopped at the floor.

"Thank goodness!" she cried, a vibrant note of relief in her voice. "We were so dreadfully ——"

"What are you doing up, Louise?" cried Mrs. Carstairs quickly. Her husband frowned as with annoyance.

"Where is Hodges?" he demanded. He stood stock-still for a moment before following his wife into the foyer.

"He went out some time ago to get an extra. The boys were in the street calling new ones. He asked if he might go out. How—how terrible it is, Uncle Davvy. And it was so near the club. I—I —— Oh, I was dreadfully worried!

"The papers say the shells fell miles away. Why, I couldn't go to bed, Aunt Frieda. We have been trying for hours to get the club on the telephone." She was assisting Mrs. Carstairs in removing her rich chinchilla coat. Carstairs studied the girl's white face with considerable anxiety as he threw off his own fur coat. The worried frown deepened.

"Could you hear the explosions over here, Louise?" he asked.

"Hear them? Why, uncle dear, we all thought the city was being bombarded by warships in the river, it sounded so near and so terrible. Alfie and I ran to the windows. It was just after eleven, I think. He called up Central at once, but the girl was so frightened she could hardly speak. She didn't know what had happened, but she was sure the Germans were destroying the city. She said another girl had seen the Zeppelins. Alfie went out at once. Oh, dear, I am so glad you are home! I was so anxious ——"

"My dear child, you should be in bed," began her uncle, taking her hand in his. He laid his other hand against her cheek, and was relieved to find it cool. "You say Alfred went out—at eleven?"

"A few minutes after eleven. He waited until all the noise had ceased. I assured him I was not the least bit nervous. He had been working so hard all evening in your study over those stupid physics."

"And he hasn't returned? Confound him, he shouldn't have gone off and left you all alone here for two solid hours!"

"Don't be angry with him, Uncle Davvy," pleaded the girl. "He was so excited, poor boy, he simply couldn't sit here

(Continued on Page 101)

"The Pointed Shoe A Veritable Menace To America"

SO writes a learned scientist, Professor Garrett P. Serviss, in a New York newspaper. He says:

"The pointed toe shoe is a veritable menace to America in the present crisis. Not only does it render the wearer incapable of marching, but its use produces deformities, extending from the toes to the ankle, causing a chronic weakening of the latter, which cannot be quickly cured."

Whatever *your* work is—whether professional man or farmer, clerk or student—resolve to *conserve your energy and efficiency*. Resolve today to banish the pointed, bone-bending, "stylish" shoes that bend your foot bones and cause fallen arches, twisted toes, corns, bunions, callouses, ingrown nails, and other ills, and get into the broad-toed, good-looking

CAUTION: It is not an Educator unless stamped thus on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trade-mark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes

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MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Your whole family needs Educators. Therefore, get them *all* into Educators today. But in buying, remember there is more to Educators than broad toe-caps! Always look for the name EDUCATOR stamped on the sole.

HAVE YOU READ "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"?

It is a decidedly unusual book of information and advice by orthopædic experts. It's free. Write for it today.

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Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

Dress calf bleacher Educator for Men. A [illegible] pattern for those Educators are [illegible] wide variety of [illegible] and materials for Women, Misses and Children and Infants

TO RETAILERS

Write us and we will tell you of the opportunity in your city for a profitable Educator business. 12,000 leading merchants in the United States are selling the Educator Shoe with results highly satisfactory to themselves.

How Much a PYRENE Will Save You On Your 1918 Car

15% reduction on fire insurance for all cars equipped with Pyrene! Note how much actual cash you save on your car *each year*. These savings on 1918 models are based on the rates promulgated by the Eastern and New England Conference. Rates in the Central and Far West are slightly lower, so the saving there will be correspondingly less

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American, B	2.06
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Austin, 12	5.63
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Buick, 45	1.88
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Simplex, Crane	10.50
Singer	1.70
Standard, G	3.68
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Studebaker, SH	1.34
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Stutz, 16 Valve	3.83
Templar, 445	2.98
Velie, 38	1.90
Westcott, 18	2.91
White, 16 Valve	7.50
Willys-Knight, 4	1.29
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(Continued from Page 98)

without knowing what had happened. Besides, Hodges and two of the maids were up; so I wasn't all alone." She followed them into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. "Here are the first extras. The doorman sent them up to me."

Mrs. Carstairs dropped heavily into a chair. Her face was very white.

"How terrible," she murmured, glancing at the huge headlines.

"I say, Frieda," exclaimed her husband; "it's been too much for you. A drop of brandy, my dear ——"

"Nothing, thank you, Davenport. I am quite all right. The shock, you know. We were so near the place, Louise; don't you see? Really, it was appalling."

"What beasts! What inhuman beasts they are!" cried the girl in a sort of frenzy. "They ought to be burned alive; burned and tortured for hours. The last extra says that the number of dead and mutilated is beyond ——"

"Now, now!" said Carstairs gently. "Don't excite yourself, child. It isn't good for you. You've been too ill, my dear. Run along to bed, there's a sensible girl. We'll have all the details by to-morrow; and, believe me, things won't be so bad as they seem to-night. It's always the case, you know. And you, too, Frieda! Get to bed. Your nerves are all shot to pieces; and I'm not surprised. I will wait for ——"

A key grated in the door.

"Here he is now. Hello, Alfred! What's the latest?"

His son came into the room without removing his overcoat or hat. His dark eyes, wet from the sharp wind without, sought his mother's face.

"Are you all right, mother? I've been horribly worried. Thank the Lord! It's a relief to see that smile! You're all right? Sure?"

He kissed his mother quickly, feverishly. She put her arm round his neck and murmured in his ear:

"I am frightfully upset, of course, dear. Who wouldn't be?"

He stood off and looked long and intently into her eyes. Then he straightened up and spoke to his father:

"I might have known you wouldn't let anything happen to her, sir. But I was horribly worried just the same. Those beastly shells went everywhere, they say. The club must have been ——"

"Nowhere near the club, so far as I know," said his father cheerfully. "We were all perfectly safe. Have they made any arrests? Of course it wasn't accidental."

"I've been downtown, round the newspaper offices," said the young man, throwing his coat and hat on a chair. "There are all sorts of wild stories. People are talking about lynchings and all that sort of rot. Nothing like that ever happens, though. We do a lot of talking—and that's all. It all blows over as soon as the excitement dies down. That's the trouble with us Americans."

"America will wake up one of these days, Alfred," said his father slowly; "and when she does there will be worse things than lynchings to talk about."

"Are your feet cold, Alfred, dear?" inquired his mother, a note of anxiety in her voice. "You've been tramping about the streets and —— You must have a hot-water bottle when you go to bed. There is so much pneumonia ——"

"Always mothering me, aren't you, good Frieda?" he said lovingly. He pronounced it as if it were Friday. It was his pet name for her in the bosom of the family. "Warm as toast," he added. He turned to Louise: "You didn't mind my running away and leaving you, did you, Louise?"

"Not a bit, Alfie. I tried to get Derrol on the long distance, but they said at the camp it was impossible to call him unless the message was very important. I—I—— So I asked the man if there had been any kind of an accident out there, and he said no, there hadn't. I—asked him if Captain Steele was in bed, and he said he should hope so. Don't laugh, Alfie! I know it was silly, but—but it might have been an ammunition depot or something at the camp. We didn't know ——"

"Ammunition, your granny! They haven't sufficient ammunition in that camp—or in any of 'em, for that matter—to make a noise loud enough to be heard across the street. How can you expect me to keep a straight face when you suggest an explosion in an army camp?"

"It's high time we stopped talking about explosions and went to bed," said Carstairs, rising. He put his arm across his wife's shoulders. "We've had all the explosions we can stand for one night, haven't we, dear? Come along, everybody. Off with you!"

"Hodges should be back any moment with the latest extra," said Louise. "Can't we wait just a few minutes, Uncle Davvy? He has been gone over an hour."

The telephone bell in Mr. Carstairs' study rang. So taut were the nerves of the four persons in the adjoining room that they started violently. They looked at each other in some perplexity.

"Probably Hodges," said Alfred after a moment. "Shall I go, dad?"

"See who it is," said Carstairs.

"Wrong number, more than likely," said his wife wearily. "Central has been unusually annoying of late. It happens several times every day. The service is atrocious."

Young Carstairs went into the study and snatched up the receiver. Moved by a common impulse the others followed him into the room, the face of each expressing not only curiosity but a certain alarm.

"Yes, this is Mr. Carstairs' residence. . . . What? . . . All right." He sat down on the edge of the library table and turned to the others. "Must be long distance. They're getting somebody."

Alfred Carstairs was a tall, well-built young fellow of twenty. He bore a most remarkable, though perhaps not singular, resemblance to his mother. His eyes were dark, his thick hair a dead black, growing low on his forehead. The lips were full and red with a whimsical curve at the corners, denoting not merely good humor but a certain contempt for seriousness in others. He was handsome in a strong, bold way despite a strangely colorless complexion—a complexion that may be described as pasty for want of a nobler word. His voice was deep, with the guttural harshness of youth, loud, unmusical, not yet fixed by the processes of maturity. A big, dominant, vital boy, making the last turn before stepping into full manhood. He was his mother's son—his mother's boy.

His father, a Harvard man, had been thwarted in his desire to have his son follow him through the historic halls at Cambridge, as he had followed his own father and his grandfather.

Sentiment was not a part of Alfred's make-up. He supported his mother when it came to the college selection. Together they agreed upon Columbia. She frankly admitted her selfishness in wanting to keep her boy at home, but found other and less sincere arguments in the protracted discussions that took place with her husband. She fought Harvard for a dozen reasons. She urged Columbia because, as she said, it was democratic, pulsating, practical.

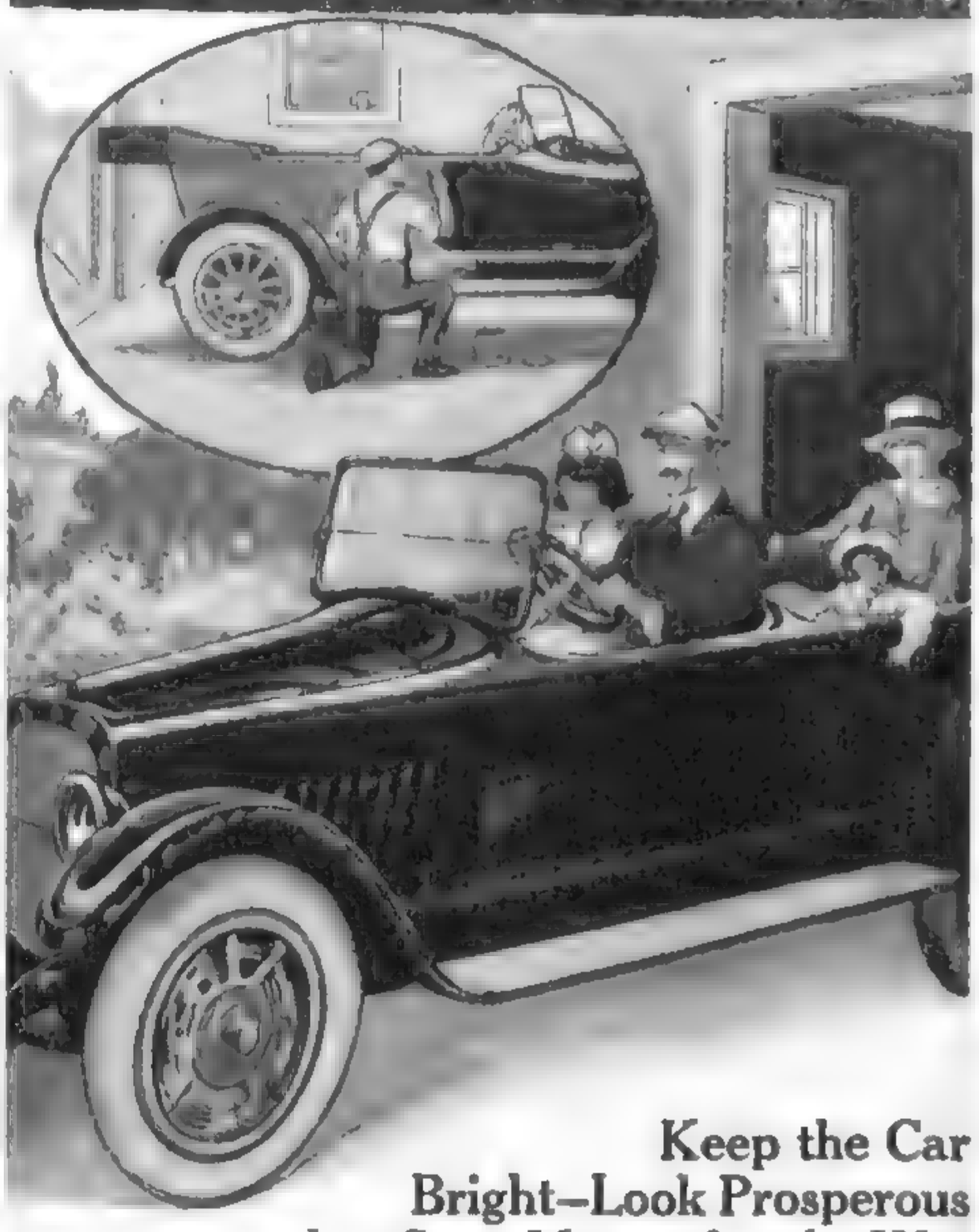
In the end Carstairs gave in. He wanted to be fair to both of them. But he was not deceived. He knew that her chief reason, though spoken softly and with almost pathetic simpleness, was that she could not bear the separation from the boy she loved so fiercely, so devotedly. He was not so sure that filial love entered into Alfred's calculations. If the situation had been reversed he was confident—or reasonably so—that Alfred would have chosen Harvard.

He had the strange, unhappy conviction that his son opposed him in this, as in countless other instances, through sheer perversity. His mother's authority always had been supreme. She had exercised it with an iron-handed firmness that not only surprised but gratified the father, who knew so well the tender affection she had for her child. Her word was law. Alfred seldom if ever questioned it, even as a small and decidedly self-willed lad. Paradoxically she both indulged and disciplined him by means of the same consuming force—her mother love.

On the other hand, Carstairs, a firm and positive character, received the scantiest consideration from the boy on the rare occasions when he felt it necessary to employ paternal measures. Alfred either sulked or openly defied him. Always the mother stepped into the breach. She never temporized. She either promptly supported the father's demand or opposed it. No matter which point of view she took the youngster invariably succumbed. In plain words, it was her command that he obeyed and not his father's.

As time went on Carstairs came to recognize the resistless combination that opposed him; and, though the realization was far from comforting, his common sense ordered him to accept the situation, especially as

Paint it this afternoon- Run it out *new* tomorrow.



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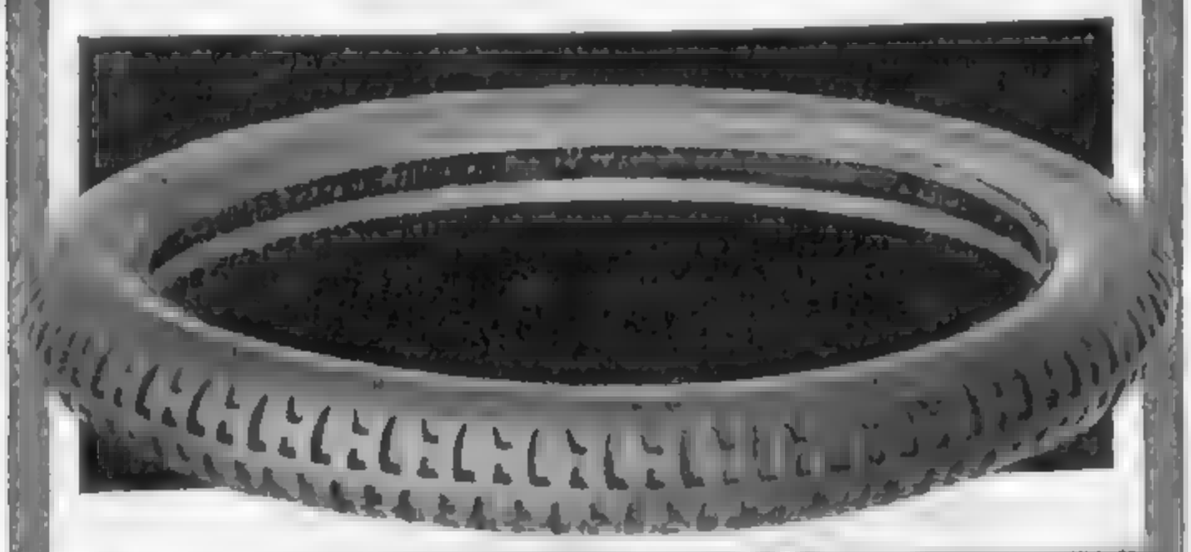


nothing could be clearer than the fact that she was bringing her son up with the most rigid regard for his future. She had her eyes set far ahead; she was seeing him always as a man and not as a boy. That much, at least, Carstairs conceded, and was more proud of her than he cared to admit, even to himself. He watched the sturdy, splendid, earnest development of his boy under the influence of a force stronger than any he could have exercised.

Sometimes he wondered if it was the German in her that made for the rather unusual strength, which so rarely rises above the weakness of a mother's pity. Once he laughingly had inquired what she would have done had their child been born a girl. "I should have been content to let you bring her up," said she, with a twinkle in her eye.

Though she was resolute, almost unyielding, in regard to her growing son, her attitude toward her husband was in all other respects amazingly free from assertiveness or arrogance. On the contrary, she was submissive almost to the point of humility. He was her man. He was her law. A simple, unwavering respect for his strength, his position, his authority in the home of which he was the head rendered her incapable of opposing his slightest wish. An odd timidity, singularly out of keeping with her physical as well as her mental endowments, surrounded her with that pleasing and gratifying atmosphere of femininity so dear to the heart of every lord and master. She made him comfortable.

And she was, despite her social activities, a good and capable housewife, one of the old-fashioned kind who think first of a man's comfort and then, though in this instance it was not demanded, of his purse. He was her man; it was her duty to serve him.

As her boy merged swiftly, almost abruptly into manhood her long maintained grip of iron relaxed. Carstairs noting the change was puzzled. He was a long time in arriving at the solution. It was very simple after all; she merely had admitted another man into her calculations. Her boy had become a man—a strong, dominant man; and she was ready, even willing to relinquish the temporary power she had exerted over him.

She was no longer free to command. Alfred had come into his own. He was a man. She was proud of him. The time had come for her to be humble in the light of his glory, and she was content to lay aside the authority with which she had cloaked her love and ambition for so long. His word had become her law. She had two men in her family now. Slowly but surely she was giving them to understand that she was their woman and that she knew her place. She had been for twenty-two years the wife of one of them, and for twenty years the mother of the other.

Carstairs was rich. He was a man of affairs, a man of power and distinction in the councils of that exalted class known as the leaders of finance. He represented one of the soundest vertebræ in the backbone of the nation in these times of war. With a loyalty that incurred a tremendous amount of self-sacrifice he had offered all of his vital energy, all of his heart, to the cause of the people. He was on many boards, he was in touch with all the great enterprises that worked for the comfort, the support and the encouragement of those who went forth to give their lives if need be in the turmoil of war. Davenport Carstairs stood for all that was fine and strong in practical idealism; which, after all, is the basis of all things truly American.

As he stood inside the study door, watching with some intensity the face of his son, he was suddenly conscious of a feeling of dread—not associated with the recent grave event, but something new—that was creeping, as it were, along the wire that reached its end in the receiver glued to Alfred's ear. He glanced at his wife. She suddenly exhaled the breath she was holding and smiled faintly into his concerned eyes.

"Yes," said Alfred impatiently after a long pause. "Yes, this is Mr. Carstairs' home. . . . I am his son. . . . What? . . . Yes, he's here; but can't you give me the message? . . . Who are you? . . . What? . . . Certainly I'll call him, but Here, father! It's someone who insists on speaking to you personally."

He set the receiver down on the table with a sharp bang and straightened up to his full height as if resenting an indignity.

Carstairs took up the receiver. He realized that his hand trembled. He had never known it to happen before, even in moments of great stress.

"Yes, this is Davenport Carstairs. Who are you, please?" He started slightly at the crisp, businesslike reply. "Bellevue Hospital? Police surgeon? What? Just a moment, please. Now go ahead." He had seated himself in the great library chair at the end of the table. "Yes, my butler's name is Hodges. . . . An Englishman. . . . What? . . . What has happened, officer? . . . Good God! . . . I —— Why, certainly! I will come down at once if necessary. I—can identify him, of course. . . . Yes, to-morrow morning will suit me better. . . . Hold the wire a moment, please!"

He turned to the listeners. "Hodges has been injured by an automobile," he said quietly. "I gather he is unconscious. You are nervous and upset, Frieda, so you'd better retire. Leave this to ——"

"Is he dead, Davenport?" she asked in a low, horror-stricken voice.

"Run along, Louise! Skip off to bed! I'll get the details and tell you in the morning."

The girl swayed slightly. Her eyes were wide with anguish.

"I—I shouldn't have allowed him to go out," she stammered. "I —— Oh, Uncle Davvy!"

Mrs. Carstairs put her arm about the girl's waist and led her from the room. Carstairs looked up at his son.

"I guess you can stand it, Alfred. He's dead; instantly killed." He spoke into the transmitter. "Tell me how it happened, please."

He hung up the receiver a moment or two later.

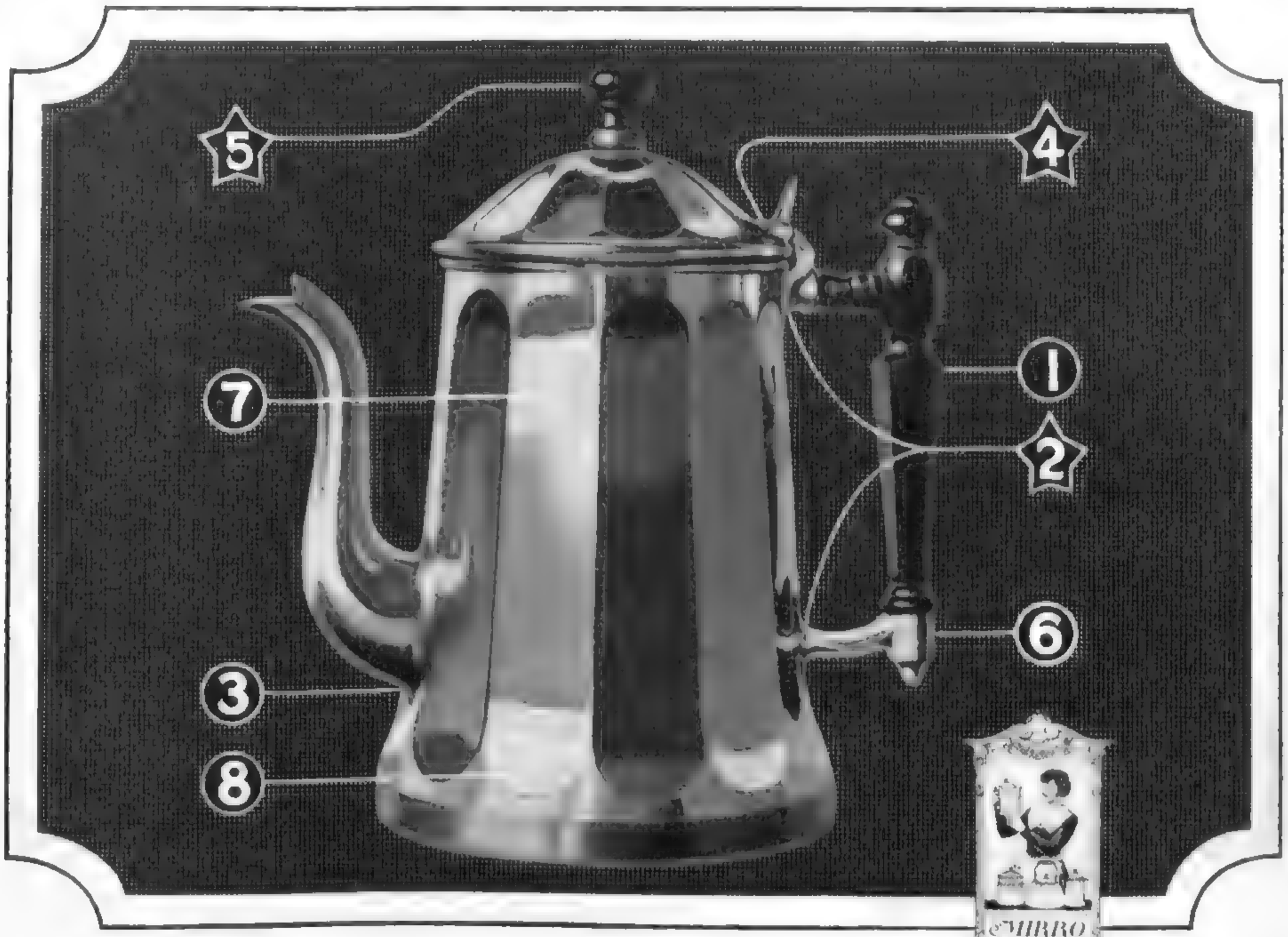
"Run down at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. There were two witnesses, and both say that he was standing in the street waiting for a car. The automobile was going forty miles an hour. He never knew what hit him. Poor devil! Have you ever heard him mention his family, Alfred? We must notify someone, of course."

"No, sir," said his son. "He seemed a quiet sort. The other servants may know. Mother says his references were of the highest order; that's all I know. What a terrible thing to have ——"

"We must not worry your mother with this to-night, my son. She's had enough for to-day."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Alfred, clenching his hands. He choked up, and said no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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And Mirro costs you no more than aluminum which does not embody Mirro perfections. Mirro Aluminum reflects good housekeeping. See it at better dealers' everywhere.

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A. E. NETTLETON CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers in America of Men's Fine Shoes Exclusively.

OLD STUFF

(Continued from Page 10)

"Nor is that all!" He went on as though she had not spoken. "A picture, a valuable portrait of a friend of mine, has been carried away. I can see no reason why my room should be molested at all, but if so, why my most-prized possessions should be removed."

Mrs. Fairlie looked troubled.

"I'm sure nothing was taken away, Mr. Saunders—except your wastebasket. Oh, perhaps you mean that old handbill on the wall. I did take that. It was hanging by one pin, and was so yellow and old I didn't think ——"

"I trust I may be permitted to judge of the value of my own pictures," began Hugo; then stopped. It was most curious, but the fountains of angry eloquence went suddenly dry as he looked into Mrs. Fairlie's eyes. It was startling. In all his life he could not recall being deflected from a serious purpose by the mere aspect of the human eye. True, the eye or eyes in this case were large and soft and blue, and just at this minute clouded with contrition. Hugo caught at the idea and saved his own self-respect. He would make her cry if he said another word. Well, he wasn't a brute. Not even for Hiram Meeker would he goad a woman to tears.

"It is unfortunate—that's all," he said abruptly. "In future ——" He meant to make a few terse remarks as to future domestic policy; instead he merely made an expressive gesture with both hands that might have meant anything and turned away under a cloud of conflicting impulses.

He went back to his violated chamber. He had failed. He had meant to be harsh, and he had merely been foolish. There was something about the woman that was disturbing—that emotional capacity he had sensed before, that hint of tears and softness. There was no satisfaction in beating up an adversary like that. The situation demanded quite other tactics. Suddenly he realized what awful power to conquer the pliant disposition may possess. But aloud he heartened himself sternly.

"I must show her!" he said. "I'll have to teach her just what I will tolerate."

Now began a new life for Hugo Saunders, a life made of excellent meals—breakfasts, dinners and suppers, the last usually followed by programs of vocal music in which Hugo performed his passive, stone-deaf part. After this the ladies usually played cribbage or chatted until the old aunt retired, when for an interval Mrs. Fairlie sewed or embroidered under the lamplight. Unless he left the house or sat in his room Hugo could not avoid these moments in her presence, which he felt sure would be made the most of if opportunity offered. Plainly it was up to him to wring the neck of such contingency at its first stealthy approach—to use as harsh and unbending a demeanor as possible.

Buried in newspapers or briefs Hugo sought for isolation. But he could not forget Mrs. Fairlie's presence across the table. There was something irritating in her presence there, something exasperating about the sight of her at work with her needle, about the turn of her throat, the curve of her chin, even her absurd eyelashes.

"You seem to have a great deal of sewing to do," he remarked one evening.

"I'm not sewing this evening. I am crocheting."

"It is the same thing," said Hugo coolly.

Mrs. Fairlie looked startled.

"Oh—not quite." She held up a long snakelike affair of purple silk. "I am making a gentleman's tie. Don't you think it's pretty?"

"I do not," said Hugo firmly.

"Oh—I hoped you would like it. They are very stylish."

"I wouldn't wear one myself—under any circumstances. I think they are foolish and effeminate. I'd just as soon wear one of those knitted-tidy things. I can't imagine a manly man's caring about them."

Mrs. Fairlie looked distressed.

"Oh, I'm sure the man I meant this for is manly—very. I—I thought he'd like it."

"Depends on the person."

"He's a bachelor and he usually wears the wrong colors. I was even going to work his initials in one end."

"Initials! A man who will wear his initials in a necktie is a man who has his body covered with tattoo marks," scoffed Hugo.

"Well—if you really think so," Mrs. Fairlie sighed reluctantly. "I meant it for a birthday gift and I sent away for directions to make the letters—H. S.; they are very pretty."

"'H. S.,'" repeated Hugo. A birthday gift! He had a birthday coming on in August, and his aunt had probably tattled. Was the misguided woman making the tie for him? For whom else, since she had let slip this clew. But Mrs. Fairlie had evidently noticed her error.

"Yes," she said; "for my cousin Hector Snell."

Hector Snell! Was there a human being with a name like that? It sounded too thin.

"I am sure," said Hugo quickly, "that the person you intend it for would be better pleased not to receive such a thing."

"Well if you think so," she said again, and rolling up the purple snake replaced it in her bag.

"Now it will be a hand-painted cigar box or a satin shaving-mug holder," Hugo reflected sardonically.

But going to bed that night he stared at his reflection in the mirror for some time. Mrs. Fairlie had said the man for whom she made the tie wore the wrong colors. Could it be possible he was not doing himself justice?

He felt he could not cope with the problem alone, so he dropped in on Ben Moffett next day and let Ben sell him half a dozen new ties—a zebra, a couple of brocades and two or three on the purple tint. He wore one of the last the following evening.

There was no fresh evidence of an intended birthday offering or anything that could be construed as part of an attack by Mrs. Fairlie. Instead, Hugo observed, she had an entirely new occupation for her hour by the lamp.

From a long manila envelope she would select a great quantity of little packets or books, each with a paper jacket inscribed cryptically. Each little book had many pages of varied hues, and when a sufficient number had been disgorged upon the table Hugo noted that they were aligned in two rows. Mrs. Fairlie would then examine them, beginning at the left and proceeding directly across, would countermarch and return by the same route. Each little book came in for a lingering study accompanied by small, soft, vague murmurs, and when Hugo, irritated beyond restraint, had almost fallen to the vulgarity of asking what it all meant, Mrs. Fairlie looked up and enlightened him suddenly.

"They are samples," she said. "I'm choosing a new dress, and I had these sent from the city."

"I thought you were playing solitaire," said Hugo. "She'll be asking me to help her in a minute," he thought, but instead Mrs. Fairlie surprised him.

"You—you do not care for women, do you, Mr. Saunders? Your aunt has told me."

"I have no objection to woman in her proper place," conceded Hugo largely.

"Woman's place is in the home, is it not?" asked Mrs. Fairlie gently.

"Not in mine," Hugo yearned to say, but the memory of his last meal restrained him. After all here was an excellent opportunity to state his platform—to set forever at rest any foolish notion that was persisting under the red-gold fluff across the table.

"I have no real personal objection to woman," said Hugo tolerantly. "I have, in fact, every respect for such good energies as she possesses. It is only that I have never felt a personal need; as you know, I have never married. I am not a marrying man. I never intend to marry." He delivered the last words in his firmest tones.

"How can one ever be sure of a thing like that, Mr. Saunders?" Mrs. Fairlie asked, her large blue eyes very wide and directly upon his.

One could be sure, Hugo explained, because one was a reasonable, reasoning creature. It was a matter that came under the domain of the intelligence, the will, purely. Woman, in his opinion, had certain radical faults. For his part he could never overlook them.

"Woman," expanded Hugo, "has no sense of humor."

"She—she very often lives with a husband successfully—for many years," objected Mrs. Fairlie.

(Continued on Page 106)

On Fish

In Salad Dressing

On Spinach

In Hot Tea

"The Witching Drop of Lemon Juice"

Use It As Chefs Do

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Noted cooks get incomparable flavors by substituting lemon juice for vinegar on vegetables and in their salad dressings.

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126 Recipes

Write us for 126 recipes for the use of lemons, tested and proved by Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass. We'll send the book containing these and other valuable recipes to any woman who answers this advertisement. Address Dept. E-11

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$1245.00 1¼ Ton Chassis — F. O. B. ALLENTOWN — $1775.00 2½ Ton Chassis

Bethlehem Motors Corporation
Allentown, Pa.

New York Show Rooms—1893 Broadway

(Continued from Page 104)

Hugo waived this irrelevance.

"She is not clever at repartee—or spontaneous of wit."

"Indeed!"

"She talks too much." Hugo warmed up slightly. "The Chinese say 'A woman's tongue is the staircase to calamity.' I agree."

"I'm afraid you're very hard on us, Mr. Saunders."

"Woman is inclined to exaggerate and"—the memory of Hiram Meeker rushing upon him—"she is meddlesome—interfering. I could cite examples."

There was only a faint sniff from Mrs. Fairlie. She had bent low over her samples. Hugo looked at her with some dismay. Had his argument reduced her to tears? Certainly she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. But a minute later she looked up at him and smiled.

"I don't think you're very kind to us, Mr. Saunders. Or at least you look only at the dark side. We must have some good points. I'm sure men have admitted now and then that women can be a real inspiration—and help them to their better selves. In my own life"—she sobered—"I like to remember that I helped my husband. There was the matter of his tobacco for one thing. Mr. Fairlie had smoked for twelve years before I met him, but when we were married only three months I had him broken of the habit."

Hugo stared in cold astonishment. To think of anyone's being broken of anything by the unformidable creature across the table was absurd. Plainly the late Fairlie had been an utter weakling, one of those men who are moved by fluffy hair and appealing eyes.

It was during the following week that Buck Harley challenged Hugo on the street.

"You and I haven't had a chess fight in four weeks. Never see you any more, Hugo. What's up that you stick at home so much? They tell me you've got a pretty housekeeper at home now. Not getting the ropes on you is she?"

"Not at all," said Hugo coldly. "My aunt's health is not very good at present, and I want to look after her. She's been a mother to me for a great many years."

Buck had laughed quite rudely at this piece of solicitousness. He had done even more. He had called at the house quite unnecessarily; coming in on one of the song recitals when Hugo was officiating beside the piano; getting himself introduced and staying an unconscionable time to talk about dull, uninteresting things. He had been quite insufferable when he left—congratulating Hugo in the hall and making remarks about "pretty widows with corking eyes."

It was all beside the mark, but it was quite true as Buck had intimated that Hugo was staying at home rather more than he had done formerly. However, he was growing older and, after the dinners he was eating lately, the comforts of an armchair and a good light were more appealing than ever.

Also summer was approaching rapidly and the armchair could be placed on the veranda. After the usual musical program the performers could go out and enjoy the pleasant zephyrs that stirred the flowering lilacs near by. It had occurred to Hugo on several evenings lately that after the first unrest and unpleasantness his life promised to readjust itself very acceptably to the new order of things. Since he had elucidated his philosophy of life to Mrs. Fairlie—his views on women generally—there had not been the least sign that they were to be disturbed. Mrs. Fairlie let him distinctly alone. And he began to relent toward her—to unbend from his harsh, critical attitude. It was true, as Buck had said, Mrs. Fairlie was young and pretty. To see her hands moving in the growing dusk like fluttering white moths above her sewing or embroidery as he glanced up over his newspaper, while a westering wind brought flower scents to his nostrils, was by no means the tax upon his nerves he had fancied it would be.

Also Mrs. Fairlie seemed to be a person of some taste. The loitering gallants who swung up the street and ogled in at her—even the facetious Harley—sowed only tares. She never seemed to see them. No; for a space the suspicious soul of Hugo Saunders knew peace—lulled by a sense of comfortable security.

It was on a moon-bright evening that this peace was slightly disturbed. The little housekeeper laid down her sewing and eyed Hugo thoughtfully.

"Mr. Saunders," she said, "the ladies of the Civic Club in this town are giving a picnic bazaar on Saturday. I am selling tickets. I wonder whether you might not care to go."

"What makes you think I would go to a picnic bazaar?" asked Hugo.

"Well, it is for a public benefit, and besides it will be interesting. It will be held in Ryder's Park—and the picnic will be out-of-doors, just like the regular kind. The bazaar part—the aprons and all that—will be in the Casino building."

"I'm not sure that my stock of aprons needs replenishing."

"Well, there will be other things . . . rides on the carrousel and races and—and different kinds of contests. Everybody in town is taking tickets because the money is to be used to paint the telegraph poles green. And I thought—well, most of the gentlemen are taking their lady friends."

Ha! The murder was out! Hugo smiled inwardly.

"I have no lady friend," he said firmly; "and if I had I don't think I should ever invite her to a picnic bazaar."

"But the telegraph poles! I just thought I'd ask you. Mr. Harley is going to buy ten tickets from me."

Hugo turned a disapproving eye upon her.

"Buck Harley! I did not know you were so well acquainted. He is not the sort of man I should trust too deeply."

"I'm not trusting him—only selling him tickets."

"I have no objection to buying some tickets," said Hugo after a moment's pause; "but I shall not feel obligated to attend."

"I think you ought to attend," said Mrs. Fairlie. "I think every man ought to take an interest in the civic life of his town and in the religious life too. Mr. Fairlie used to feel the way you do about things, but when we had been married only six months I got him to join the Citizens' Improvement Club, and before the year was out he became a member of the Congregational Church. He was like a different man after that."

"I can believe that," said Hugo in his soul. Again he had that vague appreciation of the strength possessed by the weak—their merciless power to accomplish what they will; but he only said aloud:

"I will buy fifteen tickets, but I do not care to waste my time on an affair of that sort."

Yet notwithstanding this, on the afternoon designated Hugo left the house dressed in his best and found his feet moving quite unaccountably in the direction of Ryder's Park. All the town seemed flocking in there, and Hugo had not gone far before he perceived Mrs. Fairlie, who had left the house a little earlier, just ahead of him. She looked very youthful in a broad-rimmed hat and flowered gown and carried a large parcel under her arm. In common decency there seemed nothing for it but to go forward and offer to assist her, and having carried the parcel to the park gate convoy it still farther—to the temple of fancywork where the iron holder and the guest towel reigned. And here Hugo found his escape cut off. A corps of ladies stood about near the entrance. One of them, a large, dark, mustachioed lady, detached herself and approached briskly:

"Mr. Saunders, it's quite a treat to have you out to-day. You're just in time for the potato race."

"I'm not betting this year," said Hugo dryly. "My favorite potato was laid up for repairs last season."

"Aren't you cute, Mr. Saunders? But you do it yourself, you know. Each gemp'man runs with a potato on a tablespoon, over to that post, when we give the signal. The winner gets a free ride on the carrousel for himself and lady. Mr. Harley's coming in."

Hugo saw Buck Harley then—aligned with half a dozen other unfortunates on an adjacent stretch of green.

"Come on in, Hugo," Buck called blithely. "It's quite a feat, you know. A test of nerve not to spill the murphy. Bet a dollar you can't control yourself. When I win I'm going to ask Mrs. Fairlie to ride the merry-go with me."

"If you win," corrected Hugo. "Give me an outfit, please." And he found potato and spoon thrust into his hand.

In a minute he had lined up with the others, and at the signal "One—two—three—go!" he spurted lightly downfield. He confined himself to the plain or garden

(Continued on Page 109)

Taking the Shell Off Dad

DOESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photoplays of today.

"*Somebody* seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how Paramount and Artcraft had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy
—the *foremost* stars,
—the *superb* directing,
—the *clean* motion pictures
—of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

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Rides easier
Coasts further
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Every regular size is an oversize

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The General Cord Tire is a two-cure, expanded on a specially constructed air bag. Every cord is expanded equally to the fraction of an inch — and the tire cured while the cords are thus stretched to the degree inflation on the wheel would have stretched them.

Result: When the tire is inflated on the wheel, it is in practically the same condition it was in when cured. The rubber is not stretched — it gives naturally to road obstructions—doesn't cut, split, rim-cut or separate from the fabric as in the case where inflation on the wheel puts the whole tire structure under tension.

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Remember what we promised you about the General fabric tire when we first announced it—you know that we've more than made good every word—in less than two years of a notable, nation-wide success.

Built in Akron by THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 106)

variety of running as against the knock-kneed and pigeon-toed action of the others and the fancy pigeonwings incorporated by Mr. Harley. Ignoring his burden he simply ran, and quite likely for this reason found himself a winner at the distant goal. A chorus of acclaim filled the air.

"Mr. Saunders wins." "Isn't he wonderful!" "Here's your ticket for the carrousel!"

"Watch out for the headlines in next week's paper," laughed Buck. "'Prominent Lawyer Wins Thrilling Sporting Event.' Pick up your partner, Hugo. I'll bet a quarter I can beat you snatching rings from my horsie."

Hugo prepared to wash his hands of the whole affair.

"I have no partner," he was beginning, when his eye fell on Mrs. Fairlie. She was looking at Buck Harley. If he did not invite her Buck certainly would, and there was no telling. . . . Buck was a heartless philanderer at best, and Mrs. Fairlie alone in the world. He turned to her stiffly.

"If you will give me the pleasure," he suggested.

Mrs. Fairlie gave it to him. They moved, the center of a small crowd of which the facetious Mr. Harley made one, toward the waiting merry-go-round with its faunal exhibit.

Mrs. Fairlie chose a swan and Hugo a fine Arabian with rolling eye and lolling tongue, and in a minute he felt the earth move under him as the platform began to circle to "Green Grow the Rushes—O!" played on a wheezy organ.

Not since boyhood had he participated in this delight. It awakened old memories, curious half-forgotten concepts. When he flashed abreast of the ring machine his arm went out automatically to the iron trophy in its nose. He missed, and at Buck Harley's ribald cry felt the blood of competition surge into his ears; round once more—snatch—and he got it. A brass one meant a free ride. Let Buck Harley beware! . . . Suddenly it became the age-old duel between two roused males. Spectators looked on with cheers and hand-clapping.

But the gods were with Hugo! The lady on the swan had five gratuitous rides as against three for Mr. Harley's partner. And now a curious dementia seemed to seize Hugo. He was delivered into the toils of the picnic bazaar. He forgot all intent, all purpose to separate himself therefrom. He lingered on and on. He "hit the nigger in the eye" and drew his five-cent cigar; he bought rashly of "chances" at the Indian Booth and drew a pair of shoes for a child, beaded in rainbow hues; he tried his hand at quoits and swung on the swings and rode on the "razzle-dazzle." He ate a Frankfurter sandwich, a popcorn ball and drank a beaker of synthetic orange juice. He even took part in the barrel race and viewed the tub regatta. And all this time he saved Mrs. Fairlie from the clutches of Buck Harley.

Once or twice his subconsciousness stirred. Caution whispered: "Watch out, Hugo! This is dangerous." But he drowned all scruples with the maxim: "There is safety in numbers."

But it was not to be "numbers" permanently.

There came a moment when Hugo found himself alone with Mrs. Fairlie on a small hill at the upper end of the park looking at the view. It was not much of a view and Hugo hardly knew how he had got there. But there he was. It was not unpleasant. It was not difficult to enjoy a brief rest, his back against a sheltering maple, with a vision of Mrs. Fairlie opposite, her ever-busy fingers weaving a basket from grasses. At any rate Hugo relaxed so far that he forgot all caution. He talked. He talked as he had never in his life talked to a woman. And Mrs. Fairlie listened. Indeed there was nothing else she could do. For Hugo's conversation was a monologue—a dissertation on his ambitions, ideals, views of life. Once or twice a bee buzzing near at hand tried to alight on his nose—perhaps with some intent to warn him of one of the most seductive perils that can befall a man. But it was of no use; Hugo talked until he had finished.

Only then did they rise to go. And then the portentous happened. Mrs. Fairlie tripped over a projecting root, tried to save herself from falling, and crumpled down into a small heap. When Hugo reached her with an assisting hand her face was white, her lips quivering.

"It's my ankle. I—I've twisted it," she faltered. "I won't be able to walk a step."

Hugo recognized it perfectly. The sprained-ankle situation—the lady who had to be carried. Oh, it was a genuine ankle, of course, but one of the oldest gags in the game. Certainly Mrs. Fairlie's resources were limited. But also certainly it was up to him.

"Perhaps I can carry you," he offered.

"I'm afraid I'm so heavy," Mrs. Fairlie hesitated.

It was absurd, for she was in the whippet class, but Hugo did not reassure her. He wore a very doubtful look as he slipped an arm under her knees and another round her waist.

"You had better put an arm round my neck," he suggested; "it will distribute your weight better."

Mrs. Fairlie complied. "You are so strong," she said.

"Is your ankle very painful?"

"It hurts quite a lot. . . . I'm so sorry, Mr. Saunders. I think I hear people down at the grove; perhaps Mr. Harley is there and he would help you."

"Better not try that. Buck's heart is not very strong; I think I'm perfectly able to take you."

It seemed quite true. Hugo was carrying Mrs. Fairlie as though he had carried ladies all his life, and he realized this as he went; also other things. He knew now why the sprained ankle was so often conclusive with the harried male. Mrs. Fairlie was so soft and so little; there was a faint fragrance about her. Why, even the light tickling of her hair against his cheek—surely with a weaker man —— He steeled his soul. He would treat Mrs. Fairlie as he had treated the potato in the race. Forgetting his burden he would merely walk.

Hugo walked. At the foot of the hill an admiring gallery joined him, and with much the air of a conqueror returning from distant lands Hugo delivered his burden over to the Ladies' Committee on Fancywork.

He flung out of Ryder's Park like a man with a bitten heel. If only he had not gone—had not loitered about, behaving like an ass or a glorified schoolboy. Never again! The strain on his composure was warning enough; after this, no matter what his quixotic impulses, he would let things take their course.

Mrs. Fairlie's ankle did not prove serious. In twenty-four hours she was at her usual tasks and the household routine moved smoothly as before.

It was therefore a great surprise to Hugo to come home on the following Wednesday evening and find his meal served by the dusky Blanche, with no sign or trace of Mrs. Fairlie. His aunt broke the news.

"Mrs. Fairlie has gone," she told him.

"Gone!" repeated Hugo.

"Back to Franklin," said the aunt. "A cousin of hers has been hurt in an automobile accident and his mother sent for her, and I'm afraid we may never see her again. She was all uncertain herself. Poor dear, she cried when she left."

"Why, it isn't possible!" Hugo put down his fork abruptly. "Why, I won't have it! I can't eat Blanche's pie. She knows that," he added.

His meal was a poor affair. He got up and wandered aimlessly—to the porch, to the sitting room. The house had a hushed, almost funereal air, he thought. It was impossible to settle down to anything.

Across the table Mrs. Fairlie's usual chair was vacant. It was just like old times—the good old times of six weeks back, before the feminine invasion. Nobody now to ravel out the skein of his thought by silly little speeches, nobody to clutter up his table with silly sewing tools or the air with silly little tunes. Hugo's eye fell on the piano. The "book of airs" was still upon it—forgotten no doubt in the hurried move. It stood open at a ballad:

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here. . . .

Hugo closed it with a slam. He never had cared for the fool song anyhow. He glanced at the clock. Seven-thirty, and his old-time wonted evening for chess. Better go and look up Buck Harley and renew old custom.

Hugo got his hat and set off across the porch with a cheery masculine whistling, but the whistle died as he went down the steps and when he reached the gate he realized he wasn't feeling well. There was a heavy-weighted feeling beneath his second vest button. He wasn't in the mood for chess.

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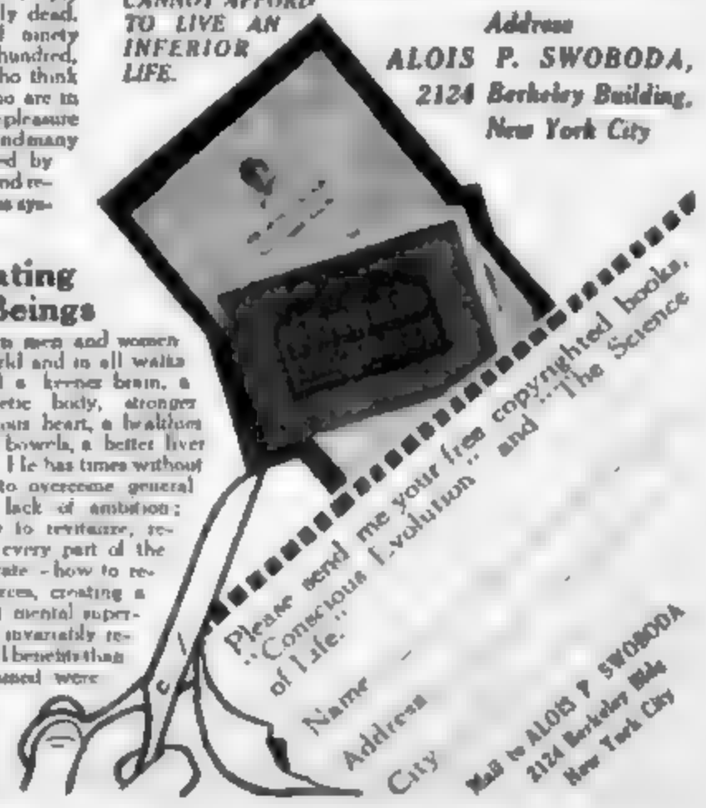

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"It's that damned pie of Blanche's," he said gloomily.

He had to eat a great many of Blanche's pies in the next few weeks, and loaves and cakes and steaks of her preparing, and the strain told on him. Though he had endured Blanche's cooking for years he wondered now that he had ever survived. The strain was telling on the house too. It wore a jaded look inside and Hugo made voluntary comment.

"My room is dusty and needs a cleaning," he said testily; "but you'd better let it be till Mrs. Fairlie comes back."

"If she ever does," sighed his aunt. "I had a card from her this morning and she can't be sure about anything. Her cousin was hurt pretty bad, that Mr. Hector Snell."

Hugo started. Hector Snell! Cousin! So he really existed. Then the purple tie had never been meant for him at all; what a conceited ass he had been. He could have groaned aloud; it was all part of the strangeness. Everything was strange now. For if he missed the creature comforts Mrs. Fairlie had created he realized that he also missed Mrs. Fairlie herself. Coming home was a dull affair now.

"You wouldn't think a woman—just one small woman—could make such an infernal difference," he reflected; "we'll never get another housekeeper like her."

It wouldn't have been so bad if he had been feeling in better health. He was not at all well. Some obscure trouble seemed to be threatening him, forcing itself on his attention, destroying his rest, his nerves. When Hugo had suffered thus about ten days he sought Doc Busley.

"I've got some kind of stomach trouble, I guess," he told Doc. "Can't sleep much; digestion's poor, no appetite."

"Maybe it's that cook of yours," Doc suggested. "I hear you lost your housekeeper, Hugo. Why don't you try somebody else? I know a woman in Bucklesville wants a place. Elderly, neat, good cook too—not the lady kind, but competent. Ugly as all get out ——"

"Wouldn't look at her!" Hugo almost shouted.

He tore up Doc's prescription going home. What was the use of bismuth and pepsin and hydrochloric acid when his soul, not his stomach, ailed? He was the victim of an obsession. What he needed was a philter, an anodyne such as the witches of old brewed.

Well, it should never conquer him. He would fight to the bitter end. What he needed was recreation, a change. And so he came to the adventure of the fishing creel. He decided he would go fishing for a day—up Sandy Creek. The piscatorial art would help to settle his nerves and serve to remind him of that other form of angling he believed in so firmly.

So having gathered the necessary traps he went up into the garret to find an old pet creel he favored. It hung in a dusty, disused corner, and taking it out Hugo brushed and shook it gently. The lid flew open and spilled a strange hoarding over him.

Samples! Little packets of bright silks and cottons, tiny feminine scraps that had been stored here tenderly, rained upon him. Soft raveled edges of thin silks and sleazy cottons caught and clung to his wrists and fingers, his sleeves, like little loving touches from a woman's hand; and with a queer choking in his throat Hugo went down in inglorious defeat.

"My Lord, she's gone and done it," he groaned. "Damn it all, I'm in love with her!"

Yes, it was the death of the bachelor buccaneer. Fate and a lady willed otherwise. And this though he had been given a keener insight than most men—had been able to check up the moves all through the game. There was all that fine cooking, that dexterous housewifery, the musical evenings, the hint of tears and need of protection and—yes, more than all—the ankle, the sprained ankle. Why, he had been caught by old stuff played against him while his eyes were wide open.

No matter. He was in the throes of the oldest stuff in the world.

"Lord, how I want her," he groaned. "I'll give her a week, and if she doesn't come then, I'll go and get her."

But he didn't need the whole week. It was on the third evening after that, sitting dismally en solitaire in his sitting room, Hugo heard the front door open. He got up, with the student lamp in his hand, and looked into the hall. And Mrs. Fairlie was there!

"Thank heaven!" said the soul of Hugo Saunders, but he only said aloud in a harsh unnatural voice: "So you've come home at last. Well—it's high time."

"Why, Mr. Saunders—are you displeased with me?" The color left Mrs. Fairlie's face.

"Why shouldn't I be?" Hugo advanced almost threateningly. "You went away and left me—left me just when I needed you." Emotion overpowered him. "Oh, I knuckle under—I give in," he said bitterly. He looked at Mrs. Fairlie and Mrs. Fairlie looked at him, and a strange tremor seized Hugo. "I mean," he explained in a thick choking voice, "I mean—if you force me to say so—that I seem to have fallen in love with you. I didn't realize until you left——"

"Mr. Saunders! Are you trying to make me go away again?"

"Certainly not," cried Hugo hoarsely, his voice breaking. "Why, I've been a lunatic—ever since you left. I'm asking you to stay always—to marry me."

"But you told me you never intended to marry," Mrs. Fairlie murmured.

"I didn't intend to, but I'm going to," said Hugo; "that is, if you—if you'll give me any hope. Why, you've got to!" he cried sharply.

Mrs. Fairlie smiled faintly.

"And you were so afraid—from the beginning that I —— Oh, I could take my revenge now, couldn't I? Are you sure you're a free agent? Wouldn't you always feel that I ——"

"Don't," moaned Hugo. "I've been a fool, that's all. And I'm still afraid—but only that you'll go away again. Mrs. Fairlie—Annette—listen to me!"

"Oh, I am listening," said Mrs. Fairlie suddenly, and her cheeks grew very pink, "and—and I'm not going either. You see after I got over there—I found I—I wanted to come back d-dreadfully and—well—so I just came, Mr. Saunders."

And it was just here that Mr. Saunders, finding he needed both of his hands, set the student lamp carefully on the stairs.

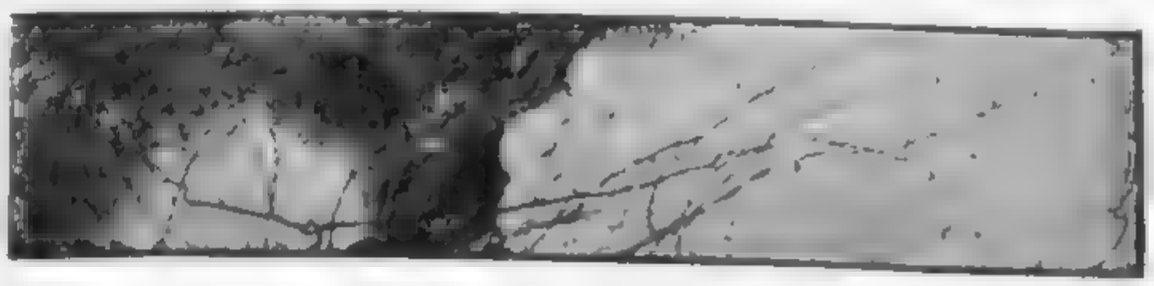
With You Away

THEY tell me that the spring still comes
Along her olden way,
As winsomely, as silverly
As springs of yesterday;
That still beside the lilied pools
Her misty dryads play,
And Pan among the river reeds
Still flutes his roundelay.
They tell me that the summer comes,
With all her throbbing stir of drums;
That still they watch the little rains
Go by on silver feet,
And see the curling, hissing winds
That skip along the wheat.

But, love, my love, the silver June,
The wanton gold of May,
They fall on darkened eyes for me—
With you away!

They tell me that the autumn comes
In smoky amethyst,
With clouded, jeweled, sullen days
Like opals in a mist;
That still the wild geese cleave the sky
With yearning, fleeing wings,
And, overstrung, the shrill winds snap
Like tightened violin strings.
And then the winter comes, they say,
Ice-fanged and lean and wolfish-gray;
And cruel-cold, they tell me, too,
For those outside the door,
When ruddy-warm the firelight drips
Like wine along the floor.

And listening, ah, love, my love,
I smile at what they say.
What winters have they known like mine—
With you away? —*Dorothy Paul.*



Now! The Final Achievement

Brunswick introduces a new Method of Reproduction, a real sensation

HERE, at last, is the supreme phonograph achievement of recent years . . . . The Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

It includes two distinctly new improvements, two inventions that absolutely revolutionize old standards.

Some maker was bound to build this ultimate phonograph, freed from ancient handicaps.

The honor has come to The House of Brunswick, a pioneer in developing the all-record idea. The first Brunswicks met with phenomenal success, showing that we might spend thousands of dollars in perfecting this idea.

Better Than Ever

Now, with the new Brunswick Method of Reproduction, distinctly new, we offer a super-phonograph.

It not only plays ***all*** records, but plays them at their ***best***.

This is accomplished chiefly by The Ultona, our new all-record reproducer, and the new Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

Tone values are now given a naturalness hitherto unattained. Some of the gravest problems in acoustics are solved.

The Ultona is an amazingly simple contrivance. It plays all records according to their exact requirements. The proper diaphragm is presented to each record, whatever make, and the exact needle, the exact weight.

So you see that this is not a makeshift, not an attachment, but a distinctly new creation.

Simplicity Itself

At the turn of a hand you adapt The Ultona to any type of record. A child can do it. It is practically automatic.

Now your library of records can be bought according to your favorites. For instance, each record maker has a famous tenor. On a one-record instrument you are confined to one. Others are barred. And who likes to be restricted? Who wants to be confined to buying from only one catalog, when there are several from which to choose?

The Ultona, we think, is the greatest feature offered any music-lover. And it is obtainable ***solely*** on the new Brunswick.

Another vast improvement in tone projection comes in our all-wood Tone Amplifier, built like a violin. All metal construction is avoided, thus breaking away from the usual custom.

Wood, and ***rare*** wood at that, is the only material that gives sound waves their proper vibration.

With The Ultona and the new Brunswick Tone Amplifier, phonographic art is brought to higher standards.

See and Hear

You cannot afford now to make a choice until you've heard the latest Brunswick. Until you become acquainted with The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Until you hear this marvelous instrument.

You are invited particularly to examine The Ultona and note how simply it adapts itself to each type of record.

Once you hear the new Brunswick, you'll be delighted and convinced that this super-phonograph is in a class heretofore the ideal, but unattained.

All you want in any phonograph is found in this composite type. Plus superiorities not found elsewhere.

A Brunswick dealer will be glad to play this super-Brunswick for you and explain the new Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

Brunswick Models—Price $40 to $1,500

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of the United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors:
Musical Merchandise Sales Co.
Excelsior Life Bldg.
Toronto

Dealers:
Write for our Profitable Plan with all the details

"Only one man in 25 makes good in the Miller Plant"

By Creating Uniform Builders We Created Uniform Tires

Each Man a Master—Each Tire a Masterpiece

MILLER TIRES are known far and wide today as the Uniform Mileage Tires. That means wherever Millers are run under like conditions, they wear the same. That 99 Millers in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Of all the some 429 brands on the market, there is no other we know to equal this.

How Miller Succeeded

Such uniformity has been the aim of tire makers for years. For who could tell, when he bought a tire, whether it would run 5000 miles or fail at a thousand?

Miller found the solution—not in machines or methods—but in men.

We discovered that workmen must be uniform or their tires (mostly hand-work) can never be.

By training crack squads—a regiment of champions—we reduced the variables in tires to the smallest fraction.

Each Man Rated

When tire builders come here, each one must take our training and then pass our tests.

Then our efficiency experts keep a record of that man and his work.

To pass our inspectors, the tires he builds must reach our 99 per cent grade. If ever a Miller comes back, the builder's score is penalized. Under this rigid system, only one man in 25 makes good.

But those who do are masters. Their average efficiency is 96 per cent.

Geared-to-the-Road

There is no excuse longer for buying tires on luck. Miller means certainty.

And safety, too, due to the tread that is ***geared-to-the-road.***

Mark how the sharp rubber cogs engage the ground.

Miller UNIFORM MILEAGE Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

A Limited Number

Only about one motorist in fifty will be able to get the Miller Uniform Tires this year. It takes time to train men to Miller perfection. And even so, but few can ever become masters.

To make sure of securing your season's supply of Millers, you must speak at once.

Only good dealers are authorized to sell them. Find the one in your neighborhood without delay.

If you want the utmost air capacity—size for size—ask for Miller Cord Tires. They are truly luxurious—yet not a luxury, because they cost less per mile than any other type.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

A CANTEENER IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

cigar after another, until the big hotel dining room was deserted and the lights went out. There was no question from the first of a downright refusal. He simply talked to me, eye to eye and man to man. He spoke as if I were his son, a soldier, going off to war, and he charted the cardinal points of conduct. He saw the thing big from the start, and I loved him for it. Then we talked about life and love and marriage, the rights of men and of nations, and how this war was going to temper and fuse America like steel that's been through fire; we talked about personal responsibility, the Red Cross, and he showed how any human institution rested straight back on the individual, so that if I fell down on my job the whole organization would feel the shock. He didn't give me a whole decalogue of "Don'ts" to guide me over there, but he did give me three big "Do's." Here they are.

Number One: Get round your own job and leave it to the other fellow to get round his.

Number Two: Keep alive and lovable. Women, he said, are a little more apt than men to go to seed.

Number Three: Keep your sense of humor.

Altogether, it was the best talk I've ever had on earth, and when it was done he kissed me; and then we sailed out arm in arm for some ice-cream soda at the corner drug store, and I treated him and he treated me—our immemorial custom.

It was all settled the next morning that I was to go to war. They didn't even query my age!

That morning, after breakfast, papa said, "Guess I'll just walk over with you to that shebang of yours, in case you need identification."

"No, you don't!" I said. "I'm going to get this on my own credentials—my cafeteria credentials!—and not because I'm the daughter of Judge Murray, alias Old Silver Tongue. 'Get round your own job and leave it to the other fellow to get round his.' Axiom One."

Papa grinned. "Strike one—right over the plate. All right. Let me hear what the jury decides." And we went our separate ways.

At the office in the Women's Bureau it took less than ten minutes to get through the red tape and settle my future, as follows: I'm to be a canteen worker. I pay all my own expenses. And I literally do pay them, with my cafeteria money and a check I received for writing a movie. I've signed on for six months, during which time I can't marry an American army officer—without losing my job and getting sent home to America. Wow! For further orders report to Number Four, Place de la Concorde, Paris, France, seat of a world war for civilization. Think of it, oh, my soul! Well, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, the Murray family gives its heart and its hand to this vote!

Family Farewells

The last week has been one mad, wild, excited scramble—with canteen uniforms, French lessons, gum boots, telephones, typhoid and paratyphoid injections, girls dropping in to say good-by, mamma dismal as a corbie crow weeping off in odd corners, and papa humming mournfully: "'I didn't raise my kidlet to be a soldierette.'"

On Tuesday night I said good-by to Robert. We dined together downtown and then Bob said, "Let's go round to Lucille's and dance."

And so we did. But I just couldn't seem to put any spirit into it.

"Do you realize, Bob," I said, "that this is our last dance together?"

I suppose my voice sounded rather wabbly, for Robert gave me a sharp look and said, "Not on your life! Where did you get hold of that notion? Are you going to throw up the sponge?"

And then I remembered that my case was exactly that of a million other women scattered all over the land, who were still keeping the flag flying, as Edith had said; and so I bucked up and we finished up with a very good time.

ON SHIPBOARD, November 12th.

I begged papa and mamma not to come down to New York to see me off, but of course they would. However, it turned out all right. Papa blew us to a two-course dinner without wine downstairs in a famous grill frequented by successful actors and artists and writers, after which he packed us off to a musical comedy and kept up a light artillery of jokes all through the evening, and we both laughed so hard that mamma finally lost patience and declared we were a perfect scandal. There was just one awful moment at the last. That was on the boat when papa gave me a big still hug and then held his cheek close to mine the way he's done ever since I was a baby.

"Papa," I whispered fiercely into his ear, "if you make me cry now I'll kill you!"

"Shucks, honey!" he murmured back. "If Miss Rankin can cry in Congress I guess a green little soldierette can shed a few tears when bidding a fond farewell to native land and mother, without grave dishonor. Still, I don't want to cramp your style. Cable us when you land. Be a good girl—but not goody. And now, so long, dear. God bless us all together!"

And still smiling and steady he shook hands with me just as if I were his son, and then marched mamma, sobbing audibly, gently off by the arm. I went downstairs to my cabin.

A Rough Crossing

No danger of my being sick. My bunk mate is! I hardly know how to describe my feelings after we had really started and there was time to look about—it all seemed so sort of natural and matter-of-fact, and France still merely a small pink dab on the map. It wasn't a bit startling to be out of sight of land and hear people discussing submarines and lifeboats, but it was a horrible sensation to have the boat plunge down and leave your stomach in midair. A gorgeous sunset to-night, but it's rough and going to be rougher, I fear. I walked about some, and then decided discretion was the better part of valor and retired to my deck chair.

November 15th.

Three awful days in my cabin, too sick to stir. But to-day it's smooth and the air is marvelous. After a fine salt bath I came up and pranced about the deck; and there were lots of nice people to prance with—naval officers, Belgian generals, French *permissionnaires*, and any number of Y. M. C. A.-ers and Red Cross men. Played shuffleboard; tried the dining room for ten minutes, and then decided to have all my meals on deck in order to watch for the submarines.

November 24th.

Land is in sight—a long low ribbon of mist away on the starboard. That's France! It still doesn't seem reasonable. The trip has been nothing at all. Evenings we would sit out on deck. It was weird with never a light, even cigarettes forbidden; inky blackness on deck, and stumbling and pitching into someone at every step. It was awesome from the stern to see two big black funnels silhouetted against the starry sky, the phosphorescence of the water rivaling the splendor of the heavens; and to realize that all the time this huge mechanical monster beneath our feet was plowing steadily, silently forward, carrying seven hundred human lives across three thousand miles of water.

PARIS, November 26th.

Paris at last, beautiful, soft, gray, in a blur of rain. I reported at Number Four, Place de la Concorde, heard a speech by the commissioner, and was assigned right away. It's just exactly what I wanted and didn't dare to dream I'd get! I'm to work in a canteen in one of the biggest aviation camps in France. With our own American men! We'll live in barracks, get up at reveille, five-thirty A.M., and —— But I'm somewhat hazy as to our duties. Time will reveal. After the conference I met Lucile B ——, a Bryn Mawr girl, and found she's to canteen with me at the same barracks. We embraced and nearly fell downstairs in our excitement. Lucile has moved her things over to my hotel so we can chum together.

November 27th.

Slept—off and on—and had breakfast in bed, after the luxurious Continental fashion—wouldn't Delia sniff!—and then I read Baedeker's Paris aloud while Lucile unpacked. We lunched and did accounts and then walked over to Red Cross Headquarters. After reporting there we got our

If things look like this-

after you've been smoking heavy black cigars - *switch to Girards!*

Then note the difference. No more mental mists—no dizzy sensations, no cloudy lethargy. No more sitting 'round, befogged and befuddled, with an edge on your nerves but none on your wits.

No sir, none of these when you smoke Girards. Cheer and solace, comfort and inspiration, mellow flavor and ripe bouquet—these things, yes—but not a tremor of your nerves; not a fleck on your clarity of thought; not a whisper of after-effect save the lingering taste of pleasure.

"Bisker," 10c
Actual size

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

By virtue of its kindliness the Girard has won the commendation of doctors as well as the public, and has become the most famous cigar in America. In every corner of the country smokers are switching to Girards for the best interests of their health and their enjoyment.

Real Havana ***10c and up***

Any cigar dealer in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us.

And now that we've told you all these good things about the Girard, put it to the test—the proof is in the puffing.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 **Philadelphia**

LIBERTY SIX

THE LIBERTY offers distinct advantages over and above the advantage of its modest weight.

It follows the road almost of its own accord.

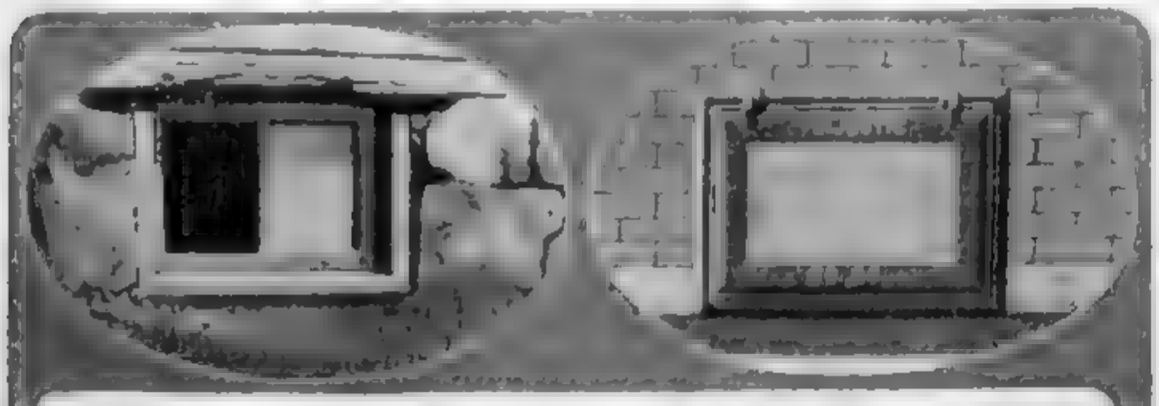
It settles down again in remarkably quick time after passing a rough spot.

It is as steady and sure without the ballast of passenger weight in the rear as with it.

This difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives is unmistakable.

LIBERTY

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Make Your Property More Valuable

An unsightly basement window, damaged by the careless coal man, not only spoils the looks of your building, but depreciates its property value.

A MAJESTIC Coal Chute can be installed easily in place of any basement window or built into new foundations. It will outlast the building and increase its value at least $100.

MAJESTIC Coal Chute

locks automatically and protects the side of the building from coal smudge and marring. It is absolutely burglar proof. The glass door can only be unlocked from the inside and gives ample light to the basement. MAJESTIC Coal Chutes are sold by nearly all Building Supply and Hardware Dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you—write for catalog and prices.

The Majestic Company, 803 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.

provisional cards of identity and went down to a shop on the boulevard and ordered bracelets of identity. Had my hair washed by a poilu on permission and tried out my Boston French on him. He understood me better than I did him! Later Lucile and I taxied over to Napoleon's tomb, saw the German airplanes in the court of the Invalides, and then went on to Notre Dame. It is wonderful inside, so high and spacious and old and gray, with a scented misty twilight air as though dimmed by many prayers. I made two prayers myself—one personal, and the other impersonal for our army, and I only hope they come true.

November 28th.

While waiting to be sent to camp I delved into the subject of canteens in general. And I found that the old canteen idea is as different from the new canteen idea as day is from night. A canteen before this war meant simply a place where a soldier could buy a drink and perhaps procure notions, buttons and needles and thread. But that old idea has expanded and developed until now it really comprises a whole welfare center, a regular community plant for dispensing food and comfort and good cheer. There are restaurants, writing rooms, infirmaries, sleeping quarters, pianos, phonographs, entertainments—everything you can possibly think of to keep a collection of men far from home happy and sane and sound. Of course not all these canteens are alike, for each one caters to some particular need and thus develops along a particular line. Its location determines its special bent.

Different Kinds of Canteens

There are, I was told at headquarters, several types of canteen.

Number One: These are the metropolitan canteens of Paris, situated at the big railway stations—the Gare du Nord, the Gare de l'Est and the Gare Saint Lazare—which catch all the troops coming into or leaving the city.

Number Two: These are the canteens of the *Grande Ceinture*, at little stations on the environs of Paris, where innumerable troop trains pass through daily, carrying thousands of soldiers from England, Italy, America, Saloniki, Portugal, Africa. These troops never even enter Paris, but are shifted on the outskirts of the city.

Number Three: Canteens in the French war zone behind the actual fighting lines in the big transportation centers.

Number Four: Canteens right on the French Front, in dugouts and *abris*. In these canteens there are no women helpers.

Number Five: Canteens in the American training camps, behind the war zone. That's the kind I'm assigned to. It's the biggest American aviation center in France.

Number Six: Canteens for American soldiers dotted along the lines of communication from the coast ports to the final training centers. All these canteens are under the control of the American Red Cross.

December 1st.

In barracks! Yesterday was my first day. I got up in the dark at bugle call, five-thirty A.M., and dressed in the cold—our stoves are not up yet and I don't know who's going to start the fires when they are!—had some hot coffee and went over to serve behind the counter, serving coffee, chocolate and sandwiches. A long queue of soldiers stood in line straight through the morning, and work hard as I could the line constantly augmented. Some wanted to linger and chat. It was good, they said, to see a real live American girl who could talk God's language, and not that scrambled-egg affair the Frenchies handed out. One confided he'd not seen a genuine honest-to-goodness girl for four months, since he'd left home, and added that he liked 'em on the American plan better than on the European plan. I couldn't do much more than smile in answer, for the orders flew thick and fast.

By noon the place was so crowded you couldn't see for the forest of campaign hats. A babel of voices; a rattle of dishes; the phonograph going; the piano banging; a bunch of enlisted men trying out Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory; canteeners running back and forth with meals for the officers, whose tables were in behind the counter; rain trickling down my neck from an overhead leak; sleet and windy rain shaking the windowpanes; sneezes and coughs mingling with shouts of laughter; and always the far door opening to let in the storm and still more and more men, till they were packed like sardines in rows—these are my impressions of that first noon hour.

Suddenly: "*Otto, Sie haben etwas vergessen!*" I heard a low guttural voice speaking close behind my ear.

"*Ja, ich weiss,*" replied another.

I whirled, visions of spies, explosions and poisoned soup rushing wildly through my brain.

"What's this?" I cried. "German? In an American aviation camp? What are you two doing here?"

They stared at me stupidly. One held a mop and the other held a broom. Of course they were spies!

"You are Germans — *Deutsch?*" I challenged again, sure that I had uncovered a regular Guy Fawkes plot.

"*Ja,*" admitted the one called Otto, and jerked a thick dirty thumb toward his working blouse, on the chest of which was inscribed in big black capital letters "P G" with a slim little "i" between, so that it read "PiG."

"Pig!" I said wonderingly.

A soldier across the counter came to my aid. "Prisoners of war," he explained briefly. "P. G. stands for *prisonnier de la guerre*. Some joker slipped that middle 'i' over onto him. And it's not so far wrong at that! Look at the beggar's fat jowls. They help round the camp, unloading trucks, scrubbing up the barracks, and so on. For obvious reasons they're not allowed in the kitchens. They have their own quarters behind barbed-wire entanglements — but you just bet they don't try very hard to get away. This is better than machine-gun fire."

"Are they good workers?"

"Not so you'd notice—but they make up by being fine eaters. You should see them tuck away the grub that Uncle Sam sends three thousand miles across the sea to feed his Allies. I reckon they figure that the more they eat the less there'll be for the enemy, and there's more than one way of killing a cat. The French are too easy on them, and that's the fact."

Getting Settled in Barracks

In the afternoon things went easier for a while. As it was still raining we had mess in the canteen and then sat and made up jam sandwiches. Along about five another tremendous rush began. I was put on the *marmites*. These are big urns of coffee which are constantly filled and refilled from the boiling-hot vats on the stove. It is heavy, dirty, back-breaking work, and inside of an hour my clean blue blouse and spotless collar looked as though I had slid down a chimney. And my hands—was I ever proud of these red, chapped, grubby-nailed horrors? *Nota bene:* If you love to be dainty, don't be a canteen maid.

At nine-thirty P.M. we closed, and I was so dead tired that I tumbled into bed and unlaced my boots by the feel. The first shift is from seven A.M. until four P.M., and the second from noon to nine-thirty P.M. But some of the workers are down with severe colds, their substitutes have not yet arrived, and that means double duty for the rest. From five in the morning until nine at night is some day's job, believe me! You have to be hardened before you can stand the pace. A delicate girl would crumple up inside of a week. Of course when we get organized and a system blocked out things will move more smoothly. At present we're a brand-new plant.

December 5th.

Superb aviation weather! For the past week it's been blowing, hailing, raining, snowing, thawing, and then beginning all over again *da capo* with unabated zeal, like a child with only one tune. Water overhead and slush underfoot. Colds, pneumonia, tonsillitis, diphtheria, grippe—these are the enemies our soldiers have to face and conquer or be conquered by, every single day. And yet, despite the hostile weather, the men go up for practice just the same. And thus far only one death.

Our stoves are up. The P. G.'s have put them in every room. No more rising in the dark in freezing temperature and washing in the water from your hot-water bottle. And we've appointed a fireman to build the fires. We're to take the job week about. As there's no water laid on in our barracks yet, we've had also to appoint a water bearer to keep the jugs filled and on the fire. Each morning the P. G.'s swab down the green linoleum floors of our quarters fresh and clean—and inside an hour they

(Continued on Page 117)

WIREMOLD

A SMALL NEAT COVERING FOR SURFACE WIRING

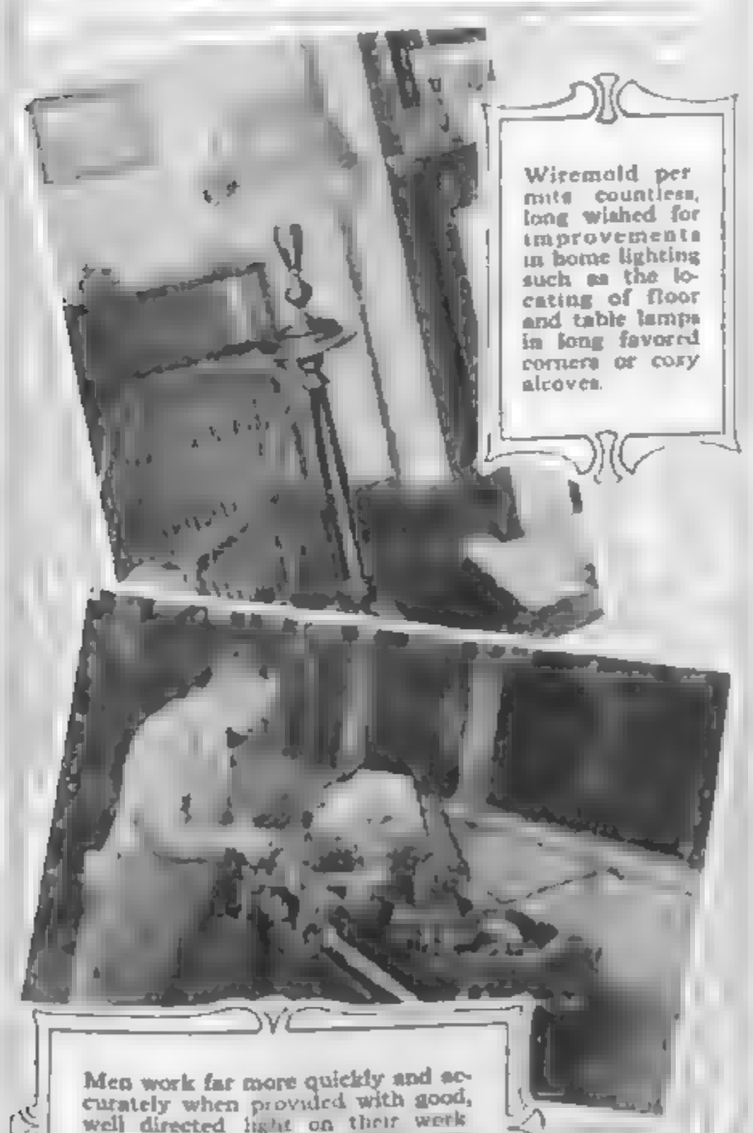
Extensions Speed Factory Production

Time Now Big Factor. Well Distributed Light Multiplies Output. Wiremold Quickly, Safely and Economically Places Light Where Needed. Ideal for Emergency Factory and Office Installations. Costs Half As Much As Conduit.

WIREMOLD SAVES WAR-TIME STEEL *and* LABOR

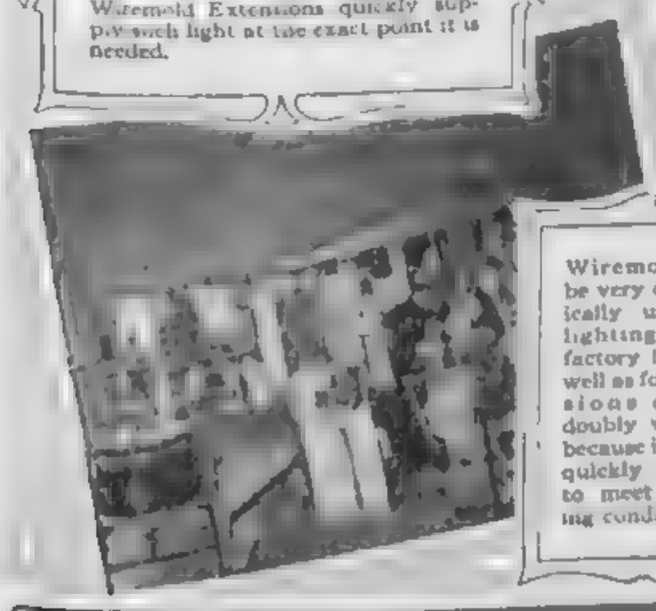
WIREMOLD requires only one-third of the steel and costs only about one-half as much as the electrical conduits of equal capacity which are commonly used for surface wiring. Wiremold conserves the supply of conduit for the many necessary war uses where nothing but conduit will serve. It makes quicker installations possible at a fraction of the expense of old methods. Splendid for emergency office and factory work.

3700 FEET OF WIREMOLD SAVES A TON OF STEEL—USE IT WHEREVER YOU CAN.



Wiremold permits countless, long wished for improvements in home lighting such as the locating of floor and table lamps in long favored corners or cozy alcoves.

Men work far more quickly and accurately when provided with good, well directed light on their work. Wiremold Extensions quickly supply such light at the exact point it is needed.



Wiremold can be very economically used for lighting entire factory floors as well as for extensions and is doubly valuable because it can be quickly revised to meet changing conditions.

A safe, convenient place to connect office fans, adding machines, multigraphs, dictating machines—can be quickly and economically provided with Wiremold, without noise or interruption of business.

Bright, well directed light over the work itself adds much to speed in production and vastly increases accuracy in operations. A few inexpensive Wiremold Extensions will prevent many costly mistakes.

IN THESE days of racing with time; when labor is the most vital item of factory expense; when risks are increased and production records broken over night, GOOD LIGHT IN FACTORIES IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Improved lighting greatly speeds production, and does it *safely*. Men work more quickly and accurately with good light—it saves steps, labor and accidents.

Manufacturers should get the utmost from labor and material by providing their plants with good light night and day. This can be done more quickly, safely and economically with Wiremold Extensions than by any other method.

Wiremold is a small, rugged casing expressly made to safely carry electric extensions from your present outlets to the exact points where you need light in factory, office, home, school or hospital.

It requires only about one-third as much steel as electrical conduit of equal capacity commonly used for surface wiring and conserves the supply of conduit for the many necessary war uses where only conduit will serve. And it also costs much less than metal conduit both to buy and to install.

Every lathe, drill press, shaper, planer, miller, punch and shear should have good strong well located light because such assistance is absolutely necessary to maximum production and safety.

Every bin from which material must be quickly and accurately supplied; every shelf where tools are stored must be well lighted.

Wiremold Extensions increase efficiency, insure safety and help to break production records.

And these Extensions can be installed more quickly and economically by using Wiremold than by the use of any other material.

Wiremold for the Home

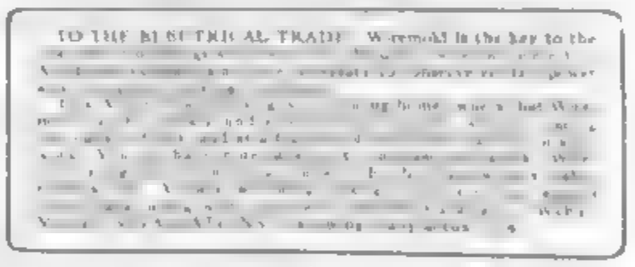
Wiremold makes possible many necessary and economical electrical connections in your home without cutting walls, fuss or muss—it puts *light where you need it at very small expense*

Electrical connections for your wall, floor or table lamp; vacuum cleaner, electric iron, sewing machine, washing machine, kitchen sink, etc., can be quickly and neatly installed by the use of Wiremold. It makes a woman's work easier in these days of servantless homes and gives her more time to devote to the splendid work women are doing to help win the war.

FREE WIREMOLD BOOKLETS

If looking for increased efficiency and economy in your office or factory, send for "WIREMOLD IN BUSINESS," which illustrates its uses for all business purposes.

Or if interested in improving your home and saving electricity, send a postal for our new book, "WIREMOLD IN YOUR HOME," which illustrates many home uses for Wiremold and how extended electrical connections will increase your domestic happiness and comfort.



The American Conduit Mfg. Co.

Established 1902

New Kensington, Penna.

Conduits Company Limited
Sole Distributors for Canada
Toronto

Other "AMERICAN" products include "WIREDUCT," an excellent non-metallic, Flexible Conduit; "AMERICAN," a Rigid Conduit with a superior enamel finish; and "GALVANITE," a first-class Rigid Conduit coated with pure zinc. Literature on request.

Your kind of a Shoe

—if you are seeking the utmost in style, fit and wear

In those happy-go-lucky days, now past, it was quite in keeping with the spirit of the times for a man to drop into a shoe store on the impulse of the moment and say: "I want such and such a style of shoe which I just happened to see in the window." Fancy dictated his policy; *need* or *quality* meant less than *style* or *novelty*.

Not so today. Style appeal *alone* no longer sells shoes to men who, wisely, spend less and save more. Shoe satisfaction, today, is measured in terms of *comfort* and *service*, as well as style. The most satisfactory shoe—*your kind of a shoe*—is the one that combines the three elements—style, fit and wear to the *greatest possible degree*.

Ralston

—your kind of a shoe

$7.00 to $10.00

As to Ralston *style*—it is authoritative. It speaks for itself—*convincingly*. And Ralston Comfort and Ralston Service—outstanding merits that make them so desirable—can be demonstrated by your trying Ralstons on and wearing them. The minute you put your feet into Ralstons you *feel* their comfort. Ralstons need no breaking in. The way they *look*, *feel*, *hold their shape* and *last*, will delight and surprise you.

Ralston shoes are made to wear. They give extra service because they fit *properly*. Shoes that do not fit soon lose their shape and quickly go to pieces. Ralstons will keep their shape. No chafing at the heel, no pinching at the toes, snug around the instep—that easy-feel all over—which makes for long wear and healthy, happy feet.

If you want shoes that will give you maximum satisfaction—the only truly *economical* kind—you will be unwise to pay less than Ralston prices. Equally *good* shoes cannot be produced for less. It is unnecessary to pay more. And to assure you of *value received* there are 40 years of successful shoe-making experience behind Ralston shoes. All in all, Ralstons are the happy medium for men who want honest values as well as good looks and comfort.

Have the Ralston dealer fit you. Wear a pair of Ralstons. Apply the *service test* to them. They'll *prove* their worth. If you do not happen to know the name of the Ralston agent in your neighborhood, write us for it. At the same time we will send you our latest style book in which you will find helpful suggestions in selecting and caring for *your kind of a shoe*.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
Campello (Brockton) Mass.

Mr. Dealer: The only sure way to increase your volume of business is to handle the line that makes many new friends and holds your old ones. The Ralston line meets these requirements. Furthermore, with National advertising and our individual-dealer help-sell co-operation, we add the force to your business that makes *Good* shoe selling easy. Ralston Shoes are CARRIED IN STOCK. Write for our proposition and the Ralston Salesmaker.

(Continued from Page 114)

are caked with real estate. Entire town lots come away with our boots.

This morning when I went over to the canteen the cook had not shown up. And in front a long line of waiting doughboys stood, beating a hungry tattoo on the counter. What to do? Of course we could have turned them out while we rounded up another cook, but that's not what we're here for. "Get round at your job," said Axiom One, and feeding these men was it. So I went into the kitchen. A soldier volunteered his aid. And all through the morning hours we two worked like firemen at a ten-story fire. Bacon and eggs, *repas complet*; we cooked and cooked and cooked.

In the afternoon as a change I was assigned to go on a camion to the neighboring farms and collect butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit. It was lowering when we set forth, with a raw chill wind that blew every way at once, and presently the air turned black and the water came down like a waterspout out of the sky. Nevertheless we completed our circuit. It was twilight when we returned. I went into the canteen kitchen.

"Well, he's been and gone!" a chorus of voices cried.

"Who?" I inquired, catching my breath. They tossed me a card and a note.

It was Bob! He had got a day's leave unexpectedly and he spent four hours of it coming down to see me, found me gone, and spent another four getting back again. He'd sent a wire last night, but of course it hadn't reached me. I suppose it will arrive the morning after eternity and rout me out of bed!

I went back to quarters feeling pretty blue. There were little zigzags of fiery pain running up and down my neck from bending so long over the stove; my skirts were sopping; and my feet in their heavy boots with their excess acreage of mud were so heavy I could scarcely drag them after me. I opened the door upon a cozy scene. Lucile was making tea. She had lifted the lid of the small fat-bellied stove in the center of the room, and with a long fork she was toasting the nubbins of war bread down over the live coals. Somebody strange was sitting in our one easy-chair.

Bob Tries Again

"Come in," cried Lucile, "and shut that door! Here's a lady from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; she's come down to look at the animals in this zoo."

"Well, what do you think of us?" I asked.

"I think," she replied, looking first at Lucile bending over the stove, then round at the bare board walls hung thick with mackintoshes and storm skirts, at the shelves containing each girl's toilet articles, at the cots ranged along the sides covered with dark army blankets, at the trunks standing everywhere, at a leak in the roof from which the rain was decanting with a steady tap-tap onto my pillow, and finally back at Lucile again—"I think it's a cross between a girls' boarding house, an East Side tenement and a Western mining shack. And I think you girls are ripping to rough it like this!"

"Pooh!" said Lucile, taking up her banjo and beginning to strum. "We love the hardships. Of course a weakling couldn't stand the racket. You have to be sound through and through, or sooner or later it gets you. In a month or so, though, we're going to have enlarged quarters, and then two girls will have a cubby-hole to themselves and we'll be rid of all this clutter. Also we're going to start an officers' club where we serve hot meals to the aviators; in the same building will be recreation rooms, and just outside a garden and a tennis court. Then we'll be *grand luxe!* As yet we're still in the making, like creation on the fourth day."

"How do you keep clean?" the visitor wanted to know.

"You don't," I said grimly. "Look! But since Lucile has bought a rubber bathtub we manage a bath once in a while."

"She thinks our boots are funny," said Lucile.

"She wouldn't think they were quite so funny if she had had to oil them and keep them clean. You should have seen mine the other day when I slipped and fell in front of the post office. I thought the whole camp and the hangars and the flying field were coming right along with me like the top of a layer cake. I give you my word, for a second I was afraid to move my feet for fear I'd lift the town."

The lady rose to go. Lucile went over to her trunk and got her diary, which the lady had asked to see. After some debate I gave her mine too. I only hope she uses discretion!

December 11th.

Dazzling sunshiny weather. I counted seventeen planes up. Got back my diary. The lady said she read it in bed and whooped so over some of the passages that we could have heard her clear out to camp; it was the parts where I told what I thought about men. She swore, though, she wouldn't use them; and I hope she keeps her word! Worked at the *marmites* in the forenoon and behind the counter in the afternoon. Right in the middle of the rush, when I was pushing hot chocolate and sandwiches across the counter as fast as my two hands could fly, I suddenly heard a voice say: "One coffee, please—and step lively!"

It was Robert! I was so busy that there was no time just then for more than a handshake. After Robert had squeezed my hand he turned it over in his palm and stared steadily down at it, all chapped and rough and red. I cut my thumb yesterday, and the bandage was ragged and coffee-stained. Altogether, not a hand that you'd enter at a beauty show. But Bob only said "Bully little flapper!" and couldn't seem to let go of it. Then for an hour he helped me. He'd got another leave, he said, and thought he'd try my camp again.

How Susie and Mamie Help

At four I went off duty and the directrice lent us her sitting room, where we had tea together and—well, sort of caught up on arrears. Afterward we strolled about the camp in the early twilight and came by the post office for the mail. Robert and I stood off at one side and watched the soldiers hurrying from all directions like ants converging upon that one radiant doorway of warm streaming light. The board walks resounded to their footsteps. On and on they came, some on the dead run. It was weird to see those figures suddenly evolve out of the gloom.

"And that's not all," said Robert. "This one camp with its thousands of men is the epitome of scores of other camps over here, where at this twilight hour exactly the same performance is taking place—thousands on thousands of lonesome soldiers hastening, with eagerness in their hearts, to get that word from home. That's one end of the line. At the other end are the girls and wives and mothers at home writing those letters with cheerfulness and faith—thousands of Susie Smiths and Mamie Joneses! A Whitman could make a fine poem out of that, naming every girl and her town. And between those two ends so far apart is the big invisible rope of love. They talk about the necessity of guns and effectives, but, by George, if they lived in one of these god-forsaken little villages behind the Front they'd realize that it's the guns plus the letters of the Susie Smiths and Mamie Joneses which are going to win this war!"

December 20th.

Robert left that same night, and ever since I've been laid up with tonsillitis—the first time I've been ill in my life. It was a splendid opportunity to think—only there wasn't anything to think about. That's the bother with this war—it kills thought. But I kept the fires up and the big jugs heating for the baths, and cleaned the girls' boots, and talked with the P. G.'s, and indexed our new library, and counted the flies on the wall, and made the tea every afternoon. Nevertheless I could feel my brain begin to disintegrate with idleness. That's the worst trouble with the soldiers in the trenches—nothing to do. It gives them the *cafards*, the black butterflies, the blue devils, the jimjams, the hump.

Christmas Day.

Raining again, slowly but surely. However, I'm on my job again—in waders; and with three pairs of heavy woolen stockings underneath. These frame buildings just can't help but leak, and they always want to leak wherever the back of your neck is. To-day we gave out Red Cross Christmas boxes to all the soldiers and cadets and officers. You should have seen the rush! Men who at home were used to receiving from their fathers a six-cylinder car as a gift and then remarking casually "Oh, thanks awf'lly, old chap!" came crowding up for those boxes, as eager as kids for tin horns. And there was no put-on about it. They wanted their Christmas presents!

All the power on the *head!*

The purpose of piston rings is to keep the whole force of the explosion on the piston head. If rings leak, power gets *past* the piston head and is *wasted.*

If your car has gone any distance, the piston rings are undoubtedly worn and leaking—and you are losing as high as 25% of the power and gasoline.

Gas-tight piston rings will save you money and *save your car.* They will stop the waste of power and gasoline and will keep oil from getting up into the cylinder head, causing carbon, valve-pitting, etc.

The Inland saves you $5 to $10 per set over other types of gas-tight piston rings. Low priced, because *one piece.* Strongest and most durable because equal width and thickness all around. Absolutely gas-tight because the patented Spiral Cut eliminates the gap and also causes the ring to expand in a *perfect circle,* making a perfect seal against the cylinder wall.

INLAND

1 PIECE PISTON RING

Ask your garage man about Inlands. Write for booklet.

Over 1,500,000 in use.

Dealers—Our plan is a real business builder for you—write at once.

Inland Machine Works,
813 Mound Street, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco.

Keeping the house supplied with water from a nearby well was one of the numerous tasks W. L. Douglas was called upon to perform while "bound out" pegging shoes, at the age of seven.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes before they leave the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. You can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. The best known shoes in the world

BOYS' SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

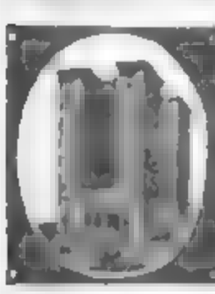
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. This is your only protection against high prices for inferior shoes. BEWARE OF FRAUD.

Sold by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for them. Take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

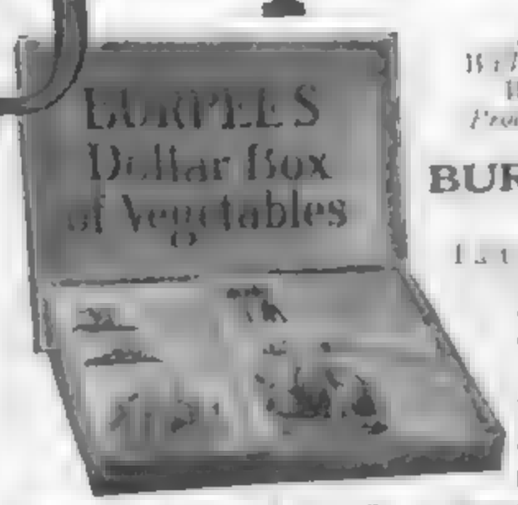


BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

THIS large, old established bank which is a member of the Federal Reserve System invites deposits by mail from all parts of the country and abroad. Banking by Mail is safe, private and convenient. Send TODAY for free copy of booklet "M"

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO 65

Burpee's Seeds Grow



Fond Will Win the Heart— Prudence Penn

BURPEE'S DOLLAR BOX of Vegetable Seeds

Last year we offered for the first time Burpee's Dollar Box of Vegetable Seeds. The success exceeded by many thousands our fondest expectations.

For 1918 it has been improved by the addition of a complete garden plan and leaflet on Seed Sowing. It contains the following seeds, mailed to your address for $1.00.

Bean—Stringless Green Pod
Bean—Improved Lima
Bean—Burpee's Wax
Beet—Crosby's Egyptian
Beet—Improved Blood Turnip
Cabbage—Copenhagen Market
Carrot—Chantenay
Chard—Large Ribbed White
Lettuce—Tennisball
Lettuce—Wonderful
Onion—White Portugal
Parsley—Moss Curled
Radish—Scarlet Turnip
Sandy—Sandwich Island
Tomato—Chalk's Jewel
Turnip—Purple Top Strapleaf

Burpee's Annual for 1918 The Leading American Seed Catalog 218 pages, 100 colored Illustrations of Vegetables and Flowers, is mailed free

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia

After a full day we had mess—turkey!—with some of the officers, and then half a dozen of us went over to the Y. M. C. A. hut to see the movies. We sat in the front row—six women among five hundred men. These evening entertainments are a great boon. And the shows are so well attended that they have to give two performances each night. Later we danced, overshoes and all. After that we tramped over to the barracks of the P. G.'s to see their Christmas tree. Altogether it was a strange Christmas. Where shall we be this time next year? All those solid husky youngsters who filled the hall with their jolly laughter? All these slim young aviators with their budding mustaches and their straight, keen, fearless eyes? What has 1918 in store for us?

December 31st.

I've been transferred! There was a call for more workers at a certain canteen, and so some of us were shifted round. Now I am at X——, which is a canteen on the environs of Paris, of Number Two Type. Here thousands of troops pass through each day from all parts of France, carrying the Allied man power for redistribution upon every Front. Occasionally soldiers lie over a few hours while new trains are being made up, but usually they go straight through, with a ten minutes' stop for food. Sometimes the men have traveled from thirty-six to forty-eight hours without a bite to eat. Thus our chief work is upon the platforms or *quais*, distributing hot coffee, chocolate and sandwiches. The heavy rushes come between six and eight in the morning, at noon, and once more at dusk. Often there will be trains on two tracks at the same time, one full of grim, silent troops bound for the Front, the other filled with jolly *permissionnaires* going home on leave. There is a sharp contrast of mood between those two trainloads of Frenchmen, so close together upon those narrow parallel tracks. The incoming ones face home and a brief spell of happiness; the outgoing ones face—another year! And the unending weariness of it, the bitter black nostalgia, is to be read in those bleak eyes straining out at you from the windows.

This is to-day's record—my first day here: I rose and was on the *quai* by six-thirty. It was dark, and the cold was appalling. It had been snowing, and a high wind slapped icy particles against my cheek. The pavement of the *quai*, where it was not covered with snow, was caked with dirty, slippery ice so that one had to step gingerly for fear of accident. My feet were freezing, despite the customary three pairs of stockings and heavy boots.

A Cold Morning's Work

"You'll have to get some clogs," said a white-haired American worker beside me. "Look!" She lifted her skirts and I beheld thick wooden-soled boots—sabots with leather tops. "Sweet, aren't they? But better than frozen feet!"

The train was late. The *marmites* of boiling hot coffee stood waiting by the tracks, each with its padded flannel jumper to keep the contents hot. The basket of ham sandwiches, apples and Camembert cheese were covered with oilcloth as protection from the wet. The workers, some Americans, some French, in blue blouses and veils, swathed to the eyes in their mantles, huddled in the sheltered lee of the station and stamped their feet and swung their arms to keep warm. Those drafty *quais* in the raw dawns are the native heath of pneumonia microbes.

Suddenly the captain of the *gare* blew his whistle.

"Here she comes!" cried the white-haired American, and seized her coffee-pot and started down the track. The rest of us followed with sandwiches. The long train slowed to a halt. Snow piled high upon the roofs of the cars; snow upon the steps and vestibules; icicles dripping from the eaves—and nobody descended! Not a move or a stir. It looked like a specter train.

"*Café! Café, messieurs! Descendez, messieurs!* You have ten minutes!"

It was the gay voice of a little French canteener as she ran from car to car, tapping on the windowpanes. And then—bang! Some of the windows were let down, heads began to poke out, and tin cups started with *pinard* appeared at the end of arms.

"No, no, messieurs. Descend if you please. You have time. And we can't wait on you all up there. Ah, you little monster"—this to a big giant who suddenly loomed above—"come down from that window. The coffee is good and hot!"

That cheerful, laughing voice, so absolutely French in its intonations, roused the silent train. And then they came pouring out like a cloudburst and almost mobbed the coffee machine. Hundreds of hands and cups were under the faucet at once.

"*Dix centimes, messieurs! Dix centimes, n'est-ce pas?*"

The little mademoiselle shook her tin cup, and the sous rattled into it—but still the men did not speak. They drank their beloved scalding hot beverage in silence. The snow fell steadily, tipping their mustaches, the visors of their kepis, the edges of their coats—with a powder of white, like silhouettes. And still they uttered no word! Remember, it is the day before New Year's—a day dear to every Frenchman's heart—and these men were returning to the Front. The whistle blew.

"*En voiture!*"

The circle of hands about the coffee machine melted as if by magic. The train sucked them in. And still not a single word had been spoken! I turned, that strange grim muteness of a voluble warm-hearted race sinking into my heart. I turned, and the spell was broken. I heard a young French voice. It was a soldier, who at the risk of losing his train had lingered to thank the white-haired canteener for filling his coffee cup. She was down on her knees in the snow, decanting the last drop of precious liquid from the machine. Her white hair was powdered still whiter with shining crystals. Her face streamed with perspiration and was rosy from exertion.

Ten Minutes for Breakfast

"Ah, madame," said the soldier, "it is the sympathy and courage of women like you that give us strength to go on with this dirty war!"

She did not understand a word of his rapid lingo, but she patted his arm and smiled. Each comprehended the other! The next instant the train was a rushing shadow on the blinding white landscape.

And then before we could draw breath or refill our *marmites* another train was upon us. This time it was *permissionnaires* returning home. They hopped out like joyous schoolboys, with a fusillade of teasing banter.

"Aha! 'Tis the pretty little Americans! Say! You are all right, you know, you Americans!"

"I have an American marraine. Will you be my marraine, mademoiselle? You don't know how nice I am! Not 'naughty boy'!"

"Look! Ham sandwiches! My God, we're in Paradise!"

They bought out the apple basket and had apple fights. And while we were rushing the growlers cross-tracks for more coffee they marched up and down arm in arm and chanted in our honor a trench ditty about a new relative they've acquired. The chorus, loosely translated, runs like this:

'Tis my Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam!
*He is a fine captain,**
He comes from Amérique,
The terror of the German,
'Tis my Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam!
He is sympathique,
The great Républicain,
The victory of demain,
'Tis to Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam!"

*Pal.

And when at length the train pulled out, heads were thrust from the windows, cups and caps were waved, and a rousing "Vive l'Amérique!" floated back to us. For these men were going home.

January 4, 1918.

Aside from the work on the *quais* we also run a canteen in behind the station, where we serve meals to the men obliged to wait for their trains. In addition, last month we opened to start a buffet counter right on the tracks, where the hungry soldier passing through with only ten minutes at his command may obtain a solid meal of soup, meat, vegetables and coffee. The benefit of this kind of service to troops traveling, sometimes in open cattle cars, a day and a night without food, can never be estimated.

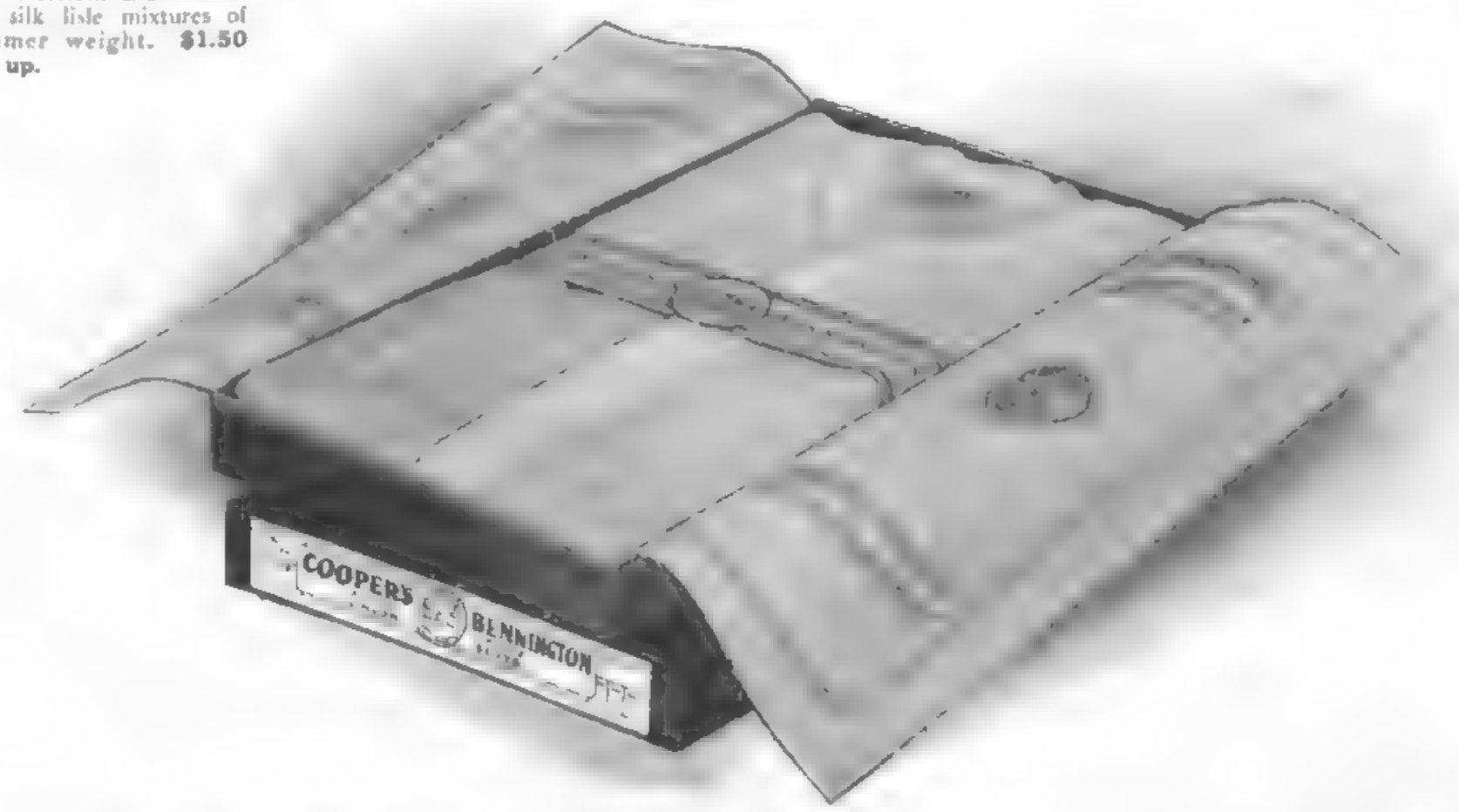
In our canteen we feed all the sons of earth—our German prisoners yesterday were our latest day. We began with some English from the Royal Flying Corps. Then followed in rapid succession Algerian Chasseurs; a company of Arabs, whose French officer had a tiny baton with which

(Concluded on Page 121)

COOPER'S BENNINGTON

Spring Needle Underwear

In fine cottons and worsted and silk lisle mixtures of summer weight. **$1.50 and up.**



This Is a Time to Buy Underwear by Name

TODAY, you cannot afford to experiment. The importance of value has increased—it has become vital. Every dollar must be made to produce its utmost in buying power; every purchase must accomplish the utmost in utility. Sustained quality as represented by the Cooper's-Bennington trade-mark, always the choice of the thrifty, is now the nation's necessity. Always ask for Cooper's-Bennington by name.

The Extra Mile of Yarn in Cooper's Bennington is not a non-essential. It compensates all strains and adds another year to the life of the garment.

Cooper's Spring Needle Fabric is the perfect material for underwear construction—has that body clinging elasticity that fits like a second skin and yet yields to every movement, every change of posture. It never binds or drags.

The Comfort of Cooper's-Bennington—luxurious though it is—is not an extravagance; for it helps toward the highest personal efficiency. It leaves the individual at his best at a time when each must "do his bit" for our national supremacy. It frees the mind of irritation and permits unhampered bodily activity in any position.

The Construction of Cooper's-Bennington the spring needle fabric V-neck shoulder insert closed crotch Oxford length are features that add value. The result is greatest service to the consumer with an adequate but never wasteful use of either labor or material.

The Distribution of Cooper's-Bennington is obtained through the utmost economy. The to-us-unnecessary middleman has been eliminated. The line is sold direct from maker to merchant. Thus it is possible for you to secure the greatest durability at the lowest cost at which that durability can be produced.

Merchants whose stock is in harmony with the national program of bigger values have Cooper's-Bennington in stock or can get it for you upon short notice.

Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery

For men, we make Black Cat in dressy styles; fine-gauge, snug-fitting, reinforced and

For women,

For children, Black Cat in

toes and soles assure unusual durability.

25c

COOPER'S BENNINGTON SUMMER WEAR

Cooper's Bennington Summer-wear is made in a wide variety of nainsooks, pin checks, plain soft cloths, cross plaids, novelties in cottons, mercerized

Scientifically made in piece, Cooper's-Bennington Summer-wear provides absolute comfort and permits the utmost freedom of movement. Prices range upward from as low as $1.00.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES CO.

General Offices: Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branch Offices: Boston New York Chicago San Francisco

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

EMPIRE

The New Empire— Built to *Your* Standards

Your car today must give you the greatest of service, durability, convenience and comfort at the lowest cost. War time efficiency demands these vital elements of motor car value.

For ten years the immense resources of the Empire builders have been concentrated on manufacturing cars upon this basis.

One glance at the new 1918 Empire cars will show you their beauty of line. The complete equipment assures their convenience. Their specifications, Continental engine, and each mechanical detail, bespeak their careful making. A demonstration will prove their comfort and ease of operation. And thousands of Empire owners testify to the durability and economy of operation, which makes the Empire the most economical form of transportation.

Motor car buyers have come to the realization of the need of efficiency in their cars. The growth of Empire sales season after season shows it. It will pay you to see the Empire and know it better before you consider buying or operating any other car. Write for the new Spring Folder.

DEALERS: Empire values are building big business NOW for Empire dealers. If we are not represented in your territory, better get the facts today. Write or wire for details.

Empire Automobile Co.

Indianapolis (Established 1908) **U.S.A.**

(Concluded from Page 118)

he waved them in and out and set them down to table like children in a row: Senegalese; Annamites; American negroes; Canadians; Hindus; Chinese; Portuguese; and train upon train of French and American troops. We were so rushed in the cluttered and cramped little kitchen that we had to establish a sort of bucket brigade to pass the food forward to the men.

Our cook, a mountain of jelly, is almost the ugliest woman in France; and her husband, a cross-eyed, bandy-legged little ogre, is certainly the ugliest man. And yet each considers the other a perfect paragon of beauty. Léonie brags about her handsome *mari*; and Andre chants the praises of his exquisite "*petit ange*," and they nod and smile and coo endearing compliments to each other among the pots and pans. By profession André is a sexton, and it is only in his off hours, when he is not sweeping the church or burying the dead, that he consents to grace our kitchen with his Apollolike form.

Hungry Mavericks

Besides serving food, a canteen of this description is a sort of emergency bureau where almost anything may turn up. Buttons are sewn on, wounds bandaged, cough medicine administered, letters written home, and general physical and moral good cheer kept on tap day and night. After the great Italian débâcle, when thousands of French troops were being rushed down, our canteeners worked twenty-four hours at a stretch upon these icy *quais*. The emergency came in a minute, and they had to handle it in a minute. And the food they served was all the food those famished troops received. No time to halt and feed hungry mouths, with the Prussians battering down the gates of Italy! At another canteen, farther south, a trainload of French wounded came through from Italy. And the canteeners flew aboard with food, bandages and first-aid appliances, and in the brief time allotted transformed those starving, untended sufferers.

The other day a bunch of Montana cow punchers tramped into the canteen, and when the leader—a loose, lank, lean giant of seven feet nothing—saw the American flag he took off his hat and said "Thank Gawd, boys, we're found—at last. We're home."

It turned out that in the shift of trains they had somehow got separated from their detachment, and for over two days they had wandered about the frozen little town, without a word of French, without money—for they had not yet received their pay—and consequently without lodging or food.

"But why on earth didn't you ask for something to eat?" I exclaimed. "You're nothing but great big sillies!"

The leader drew himself up proudly. "I reckon we warn't going to let none of them fly Frenchies get onto our little private plight and give us the merry ha-ha—was we, boys?"

"Not by a dern sight!" agreed the strayed mavericks stoutly.

We fitted them out with food, postals, an English-French dictionary, some French money with written instructions as to its value, and steered them on their way.

Yesterday I had an experience of still another sort. It was in the middle of a bleak afternoon, and the canteen was empty. I was sitting in the kitchen by the stove, making up the baskets for the evening rush on the *quais*—so many slices of ham, so many apples, so many pieces of cheese—when the far door opened, an American soldier drifted in, leaned over the buffet for a time, and finally with a strong Texas drawl said: "I wish you'd write me a letter, ma'am—to my wife."

"What's the matter with your writing it yourself?"

"I don't know exactly what to say. It's dog-gone delicate, and that's a fact. You see, I got a bad die-ges-tion." He pronounced it as if it were three words, with a heavy stress on the "die."

"But you don't write with your die-ges-tion"

"No; but it's this way, ma'am. My wife, she's went and divorced me. And it's all along of my bad die-ges-tion. I don't blame her no way. I reckon that bad die-ges-tion did sort of get between her and me. But that ain't what I aim to say in the letter. It's about this here new insurance. I've made mine out in her name."

"But if she's divorced you on account of your bad die-ges-tion she has no claim on you now."

"I don't give a whoop in hell about that," he responded soberly. "I want her to get it, that's all. And I kind of thought maybe you might fix it up for me in a letter, so's she'd understand, and tell her I don't bear no grudge. I got a bad die-ges-tion."

And so I fixed it up for him in a letter; and there's one woman in America who has lost a man with a mighty good heart even if he has a bad die-ges-tion.

January 10th.

Transferred again. But this time I'm settled for good. This is a canteen of Type Number Three, in the French war zone, in a big transportation center within sound of the guns of Verdun. Anywhere from three to ten thousand troops pass through daily. Here again, this canteen is absolutely different from the two others, because the conditions are different. It is a canteen which the French call *grand luxe*. A beautiful spacious building, given by the French Government; tastefully decorated interiors; rest rooms with papers, writing materials, piano, tables and easy-chairs; restaurant; sleeping quarters, hot baths; gardens with statuary; and *abris* in case of aërial attack—altogether the poilu's delight.

"*Très chic, hein?*" murmurs the Frenchman. He stares about him at the clean airy place, gay with chintz curtains, painted garlands on the walls, and even the electric globes veiled with soft yellow Chinese silk. And he catches the idea at once. "*Pas militaire, pas du tout du tout.*" That's it exactly. It's not military at all at all. The French artist who conceived the scheme was so nauseated with everything military that he let himself loose on this canteen to make it cozy and homelike and gay. Its soft beauty delights the poilu; and its baths, its disinfecting plants where he can rid himself of vermin, its kiosk where he can buy his beloved *pinard*, its hot chocolate—made with milk, after an American recipe—contribute to make it a very paradise of canteens. Its fame is known all over the French war zone. The poilus come miles to see if it's as good as report.

Unconscious Heroes

At night in the rest room they lie outstretched in those canvas easy-chairs—just how easy none but a weary poilu can know!—and they stare through dreamy half-closed eyes at the warm charm of the place, soaking it in at every pore; the smoke of countless cigarettes rises in a kind of enchanted mist; there is an occasional bubble of laughter or the low-toned give-and-take of *copains* round the brazier; but chiefly there is silence, luxurious well-earned ease for tired limbs—linked sweetness long drawn out. Occasionally, when the wind is right, a vague distant rumble seems to echo in the air. Is it thunder, or is it bombardment? Or are those ears so accustomed to the ceaseless roar of heavy artillery that they still hear it resounding, even in this quiet spot? A poilu rolls over, opens one eye, listens.

"What is that? *Les canons?*"

His companion cocks an ear.

"*Mais non.*"

"*Mais oui.*"

"You're crazy! Whence, then?"

The first soldier sits up and takes his bearings.

"'Tis Verdun," he proclaims. "*N'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?*"

"Yes," replies the canteener at the desk; "we can often hear the guns of Verdun on a thick night."

"Me—I come from Verdun," says the poilu, always ready for a chat.

"Were you one of those who held Verdun when the Crown Prince made that terrible attack?"

"*Oui.*"

"Ah, those glorious heroes of Verdun!" murmurs the canteener with misty eyes.

The simple poilu looks at her, puzzled, angry, and finally blazes forth:

"Heroes! Heroes! I'm always hearing about those people—those heroes. But I never saw anything of them. They weren't in the fight. I tell you, it was we, we Frenchmen alone, who won Verdun!"

The canteener apologizes to the unconscious hero.

In a canteen of this description, serving anywhere from three to ten thousand men a day, the work must be organized down to its last detail. And it is. The mechanism runs as smoothly as a well-oiled automobile. For one thing, our directrice has a "flair" for handling people, for getting along with the French domestics—we have a kitchen staff alone of twenty—and for making her workers contented and at home. Nor is the work itself so hard as in the other canteens. For one thing, labor is plentiful. For another, we live in a town. And in our time off we can shop or stroll or laze about the comfortable big house we've leased for quarters. Our hours, too, are well arranged. As the canteen remains open all night and meals are served straight round the clock, the day is divided into four shifts: From seven A.M. to one P.M.; from one to seven; from seven to eleven-thirty; and from eleven-thirty P.M. to seven A.M. In addition there is an extra shift to help at the rush hours, which occur usually about ten A.M. and four P.M. At these times the big dining room resembles nothing so much as a six-o'clock subway rush. The poilus are packed in tight as they can squeeze—every one with his head pointed toward the *caisse*, where are sold the tickets for the *repas complet*. Each meal costs seventy-five centimes.

January 16th.

Of all the shifts I love the morning best. Then the men come storming in so ravenous that it's a pleasure to see them eat. And then is when they're gayest. The afternoon is apt to be prosaic. But the night shift is the most interesting of all. Then things seem to stand out, to take on personality, to become more alive, vivid and real. Then impressions, pictures, scenes are stamped on the brain as clean as if cut with a die, true in every trivial detail. Soldiers playing cards by the light of a flickering candle, their huge ungainly shadows capering up against the wall.

Now and again from the shadows emerges a clear profile, aquiline, delicate, a living medallion with closed eyes. Over in yonder corner, for example, is a boy fast asleep. His head tilted against the wall reveals a face as finely chiseled as any on an old Roman coin. His curly lashes lie flat on his thin cheeks. His nostrils are slightly pinched. Two perpendicular lines run from nose to jaw. How young he looks, how white and worn! His mobile mouth, softly closed, droops at the corners, like that of a tired child. He stirs and mutters something. And now he smiles! He is dreaming, that boy, I know. If his mother could see him now! . . . The rear door opens, the guard thrusts in a head and calls a certain train. The young soldier rouses, staggers for his pack, drunk with sleep, his face still soft with dreams.

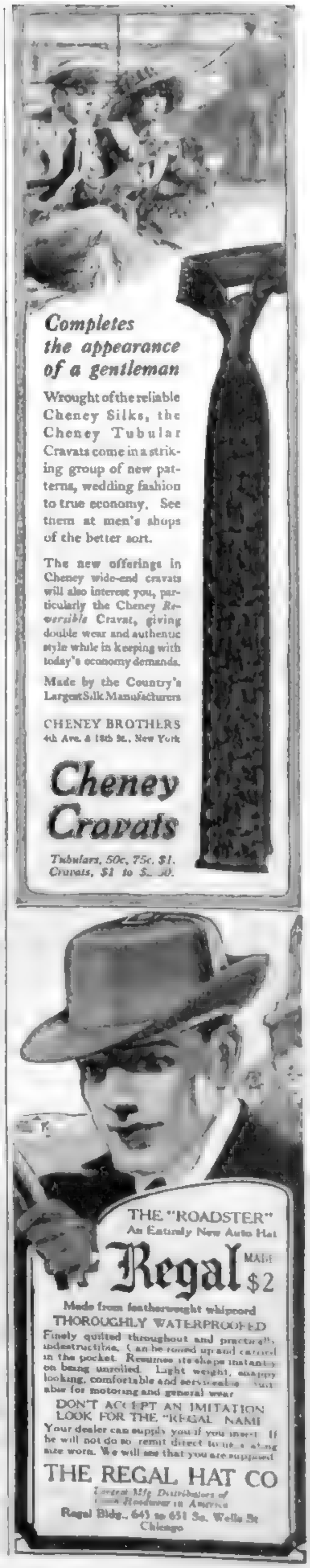
I remember one night a slumbering poilu sprang to his feet, shouting "*Aux armes!*" And his voice was so thrilling and terrible, so charged with hoarse command, that all the soldiers leaped up, wide awake on the instant, and glared wildly about them. The next minute the room was filled with curses, not loud but deep.

Let Them Come!

Work of this kind, hard and monotonous as it undoubtedly is, is yet the most satisfying in the world—provided one has a gift for it. It takes hold of the heart. It is immediate, it has the warm personal touch, and it ties you straight up with humanity in the raw. The abstract philosophy of the war—who is most to blame and why—ceases to vex you. You become absorbed in your own little circle. Life beyond it seems remote. You love the poilu and he loves you—and makes no bones about it. So let the Huns rage over behind yonder ridge, and imagine vain things. Somehow, all that does not concern you. You have become confident, gay, certain of destiny—like the simple little poilu. It's service that does it.

Last night when I returned home from work it had stopped raining. Overhead the great overturned cup of sky glittered and gleamed—with half its stars dropped down into the dark flowing river by my side. And there was a second moon down there, pale and drowned. An enchanted mist, fine as a bride's veil, hung over all. By night the Marne is beautiful. Far off came the boom of the Verdun guns, that hammering which has been going on now for years, "as if two armies of giants were striking unceasingly at an unshakable gate of bronze." Here it was nothing but an echo on the wind. There, as one Tommy put it, it was "hell multiplied by six."

They say the Germans will break through this way. I think of the thousand thousand poilus who have tramped through our canteen, each one an anonymous hero—and I smile. It's all right. Let the Huns come on!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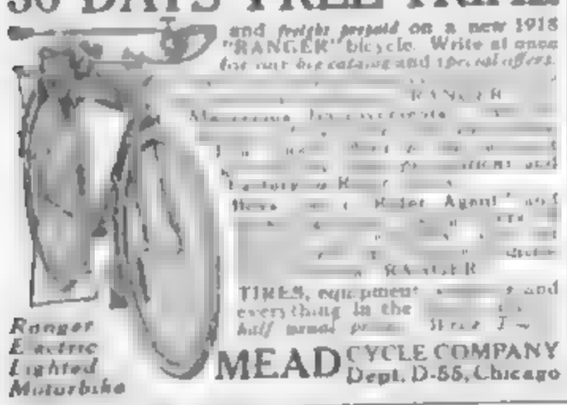

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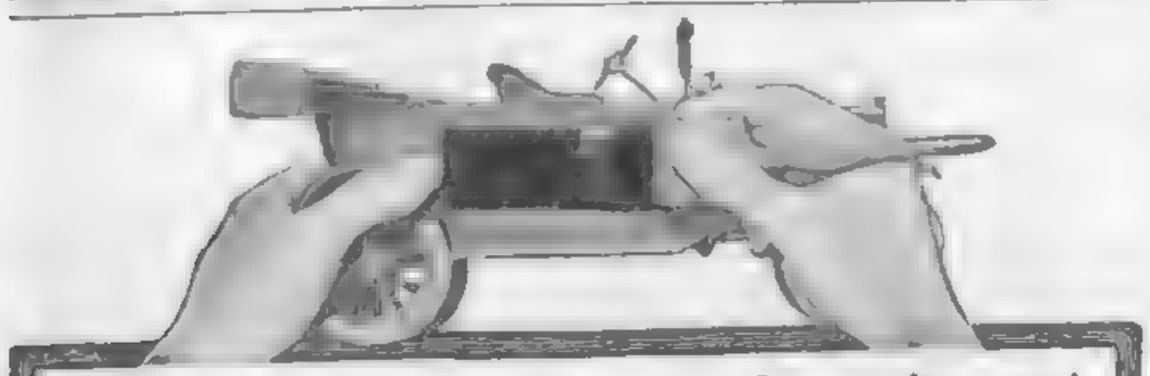

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THE LIGHT THAT PALED

(Continued from Page 21)

"America dear, do sit up!" requested the dowager ere she gave ear to her anxious lord. "Is what economy?" she at last inquired, regarding him dimly through the haze.

"This Coloseum-by-moonlight effect. Are we behind with our electric-light bill?"

"Not that I am aware," she replied, punctiliously helping herself to olives.

"Well, why not switch on a few? I've lost the way between my plate and my mouth."

"Your idea of cheerfulness, of course, is all lights blazing at once and the phonograph shouting ragtime." He caught a vague impression of his consort shrugging the meager ivory of her shoulders. "That's the trouble with you American men. No subtlety. No perspective. No sense of values."

"The Glendennings," chimed Amelia, introducing the name of the next richest family in Harnessville, "are using candles throughout their house."

"That accounts for it!" snorted Americus. "Pete Glendenning was drunk at the club twice last week."

The faintest echo of a giggle emanated from the place where America sat; but her mother's disapproving eye caught only the demure, downcast glance of a cat lapping cream.

There came a momentary silence, in which Mrs. Gallop gathered force.

"If you'd only do something with your mind," she began cuttingly, "instead of talking business all day long and playing pitch with a lot of vulgarians at the club, maybe you'd begin to appreciate the finer things of life. If you'd take the pains to read a few uplifting books ——"

"In the dark?" asked Americus wickedly.

"We'll not discuss that point," replied his spouse, snapping the door of logic and pinching his fingers in the jam. "It wouldn't do a bit of harm for you to know something besides money-making."

"How much does Dulcimer ask to turn this house into a junk shop?"

He fired the question with such brutal suddenness that his wife, peering at him through the seven guttering candles, betrayed an unguarded surprise.

"Mr. Dulcimer doesn't express himself in the terms of dollars and cents. He has dedicated his life to creating beauty; to educating the American people in domestic taste ——"

"Who, for instance?"

"I suppose you have never heard of Mrs. Hornblower Ballymoore, of New York?"

"I don't pay much attention to the movies any more."

"Movies!" Amelia stiffened at the shock like a smaller and prettier Winifred. America choked on her soup.

"Aside from her unequaled social position," explained the good lady as soon as she was able, "Mrs. Ballymoore is one of America's few great patrons of art. It is a distinguished honor for any artist to be recognized by her."

"What then?" asked her husband with suspicious meekness.

"Carlo Dulcimer decorated her Fifth Avenue house—that's what then!"

Haughtily Winifred speared a slice of lamb. Under the table Americus could feel a slight pressure on his toe; of course it was Merry giving him the secret signal—one short one and two long—but he had forgotten whether it meant Keep it up! or Go easy! Whatever the motive, the contact brought comfort and courage to the lonesome defender of Things as They Are.

After dinner, when Amelia and her mother had retired to the upper realms in pursuit of evening wraps, America stayed below and hovered over her father's ugly, consoling Morris chair, under his blazing green light.

"America dear, please hurry!" came the warning from above.

"Yes, mother!" The careless girl leaned over and twined a slim bare arm round the thick neck of her sire. "Daddy," she whispered, "we might as well face the music. We've got to be stylish, haven't we? Carlo Dulcimer's got all Harnessville going with his lectures on The Sin of Ugliness. Have you heard Carlo coo?"

She stood away and, assuming a back-leaning curve from neck to heel, writhed her fingers in an imitation of the uplifter:

"The crime of garishness —— The tired business man demands musical comedy in art as well as drahma. . . . Subdued tones rest the soul, with an occasional trumpet note. . . . Brutal! B——!"

"If I owned that boy I'd kill him!" Americus dropped his paper.

"Perhaps you might arrange to do it, anyhow," suggested his own darling daughter, kissing him ere she fled.

For a long time after his womenfolk, sweeping past in various shades of evening grandeur, had departed by the big front door, Gallop lay obesely back under the glaring radiance of the trombone-shafted lamp. These women! As he remembered it, thinking back to his boyhood, they had been a softer, more consoling race than now. And yet, come to remember, certain cynical comments had been heard from the bearded lips of his sire. But there was no doubt that the sex had changed for the worse. Everything for appearances nowadays. Style had taken the place of comfort. Women had become a tribe of window dressers.

A retrospective glance over the wealth of black-walnut furniture he had inherited reminded him of another, smaller house, farther East, where his mother's care had arranged everything for the comfort of the family head. In those days the dining room had been used as a sitting room for the whole family, and the dining table had been, after supper, an assembly spot. There his father, assuming the official dressing gown of repose, had sat with his wife and children reading, talking, helping with the lessons.

There hadn't been so darned much visiting round in those days. People stayed at home. Only relatives and intimates were admitted to the evening circle, which was sacred to privacy and comfort. The table was not littered with silver-framed photographs of young mothers in full evening dress tending the baby, or antique gift books, or curious lamps made out of Chinese bowls.

It had been frankly a dining table, cleared off for the evening.

Thus, Americus Gallop indulged in the preadamite pastime of saluting the good old days.

Burdened with the weight of these reflections, Americus bounced to his feet, crossed the big room and switched on the big chandelier. From thence he strode into the dining room and caused a bath of light to pour over that interior. He gloomily surveyed the scene, which he loved and loved deeply, for the very good reason that he had grown up with it. His defiant gaze took in everything: the marble-topped side tables; the curio cabinet, harboring relics from Colorado Springs and the Mammoth Cave; the gigantic sofa, built to a sort of Egyptian design and inlaid with oblongs of French walnut; the artificial steel engravings, illustrating moral and patriotic subjects.

Then, last and longest, he regarded the homely cozy corner he called his own. No style; no attempt at appearances; and the only place on earth where he could find a chair to fit his figure, a light to suit his eyes, and could read the papers with perfect satisfaction.

Americus Gallop blew his nose; then abruptly he walked over to the old-fashioned hatrack, where he selected his Fedora from the proper peg. A moment later the front door slammed so violently as to threaten the integrity of its needlessly ornate stained-glass panel.

III

"IF YOU don't want things to happen," saith the sage, "stay at home." How true a speech! How many a Ulysses, returning unexpectedly from a hard day on the road, has found his house pre-empted by stranger suitors, while Athena drapes the art duretz over the altar of Penates!

But Americus Gallop [illegible] entire [illegible] days after the [illegible] and he was gone nearly two months. [illegible] his grateful return to the ugly, [illegible] brick house on the Square, he opened the front door much more gently than he had closed it; for he was hoping against hope Winifred in a letter had hinted openly at [illegible] Therefore, it was painfully, as though the latch key had swollen with the heat, that he opened the door of 1211 Washington Street and stood rooted.

(Continued on Page 125)

W.S.S.
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Our government has asked us for a new kind of loan.

A loan of two billion dollars, to back up the boys who are doing our fighting.

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The government does not want to raise this money out of our regular savings; neither should it interfere with our buying of Liberty Bonds.

We are asked to practice, each of us, a little *personal thrift* — to stop up the little leak in our daily expenditures — and to lend to Uncle Sam quarters and half dollars thus gained.

Germany, banking on America's reputation as a spendthrift nation, thinks we won't do it.

But Germany is wrong again!

The thought of thrift is as new to us as was the thought of war, but if thrifty we must be, thrifty we shall be. America has never learned the meaning of the word "can't."

* * * *

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The share for each of us, man, woman and child, if each will do his part—is but $20.

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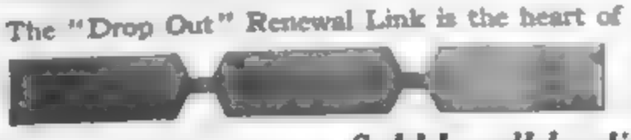

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(Continued from Page 122)

Behold! He beheld. His first gasping thought was that there had been a fire in the place and Winny hadn't told him. A sort of muddy ashen texture covered the walls. Upon closer observation he concluded that this was of deliberate design; for the stuff, when he touched it, felt expensive. He rubbed up his eyeglasses, which the heavy weather had somewhat fogged, and took another look. Stiff carved chairs—fearful engines upon which kings might have been electrocuted—reared their high backs in defiance of human anatomy. Literally the floor rang to the stranger's tread.

Americus unlimbered his roly-poly person and bent down to touch the carpet—a feat he could never have accomplished under less excitation. Was it madness? Had the horrors of modern travel turned his brain? There was no carpet there! The space underfoot had been laid with a pinkish brownish tiling, such as is sometimes found under the chairs in aseptic barber shops.

At last his trembling fingers came upon the switch, whose button he pressed, flooding the madhouse scene with light. Devastation everywhere. Beauty like the Plagues of Egypt had marked his home.

Not a vestige of the historic Gallop furniture remained. As far as his eye could reach, those absolutely unsittable chairs insulted him with their back-breaking contours; sofas, too, as springless as morgue slabs, carved with wreaths and cupids in places cunningly designed to skin the elbow. Dull prints occupied chaste deserts of wall space; awful Japanese nightmares, representing epileptic samurai disjointing themselves under elaborate kimonos.

Americus stalked silently into the dining room. Just as he had expected! Spindling tables and chairs, obviously not to be touched, save in reverence and awe; curious white paneling on the walls, running up to a terrible Futurist border representing purple pumpkins at play among blue tennis balls. The wooden bust of a bald-headed maiden, with almond eyes, smirked down at him from a high shelf. Then a blighting fear came to Americus Gallop and gripped him by the heart.

Had they been monkeying with his corner, his shrine, sacred to bright light, cheer and the evening edition? It took some minutes for the haunted man to steel himself; then numbly he strode forth and hunted out what had been his corner.

Strangers had profaned the spot. Wonderful strangers they were, to be sure—aristocratic, difficile and highly unwelcome. It was as though a royal family had moved into a middle-class apartment and set about making themselves obnoxious. Where Mr. Morris' friendly invention had once reclined, offering its two squares of apple-green plush to the toil-worn back, there sat an immense florid golden throne, silken fringes dangling from the edges, a regal coat of arms embroidered into its tapestried back. A porphyry lamp on a marble pillar supported an exaggerated flower-strewn shade, perched aloft like a bit of atrocious millinery!

Americus Gallop sniffed and, sniffing, turned. He wished to see no more. Halfway up the stairs he met his wife coming down, dressed for the street. She kissed him very sweetly and was, of course, delighted at his early return.

"And, Americus," she intimated as he was passing her toward the second landing, "you haven't said a word about it. Haven't you seen how we've improved?"

"I was noticing," he grunted. "Where do you propose to set father in the future?"

"You must have seen your new lamp and the Venetian throne chair!"

"I'm not a Venetian!" he growled. "And, so far as I can make out, those Dodges of Venice must have stood up a lot, or else wore pillows strapped to ——"

"Americus!" she warned him, and took her departure.

He was partially consoled upon reaching the head of the stairs to find that Beauty had receded at the top step and left the second floor undamaged. In a little anteroom off Winny's boudoir he found his Morris chair and reading lamp clustered comfortably in a corner under his favorite steel engraving, a romantic piece representing rival heroes of the Civil War shaking hands over a section of battlefield. There was a walnut rack for his newspapers, a competent gas log, and the big old-fashioned sofa from downstairs. Altogether, the scene was livable for him, though it imparted a sense of isolation, as though he were a defective member of the family, to be kept in retirement.

The vigorous America, singing at the top of her lungs, came in upon him, smothered him with kisses, patted him into his chair, sat on an arm, and assured him that he had returned in time to save a fragment. She had borrowed a gingham apron from somewhere, her reddish hank was braided down her back, and there was a short pencil smudge on her chin.

"You were being evicted, old dear," she told him. "It was to the secondhand store with poor dad's corner! You're not ornamental, pop. Mr. Dulcimer says your Morris chair is banal—and he turns quite pink with passion every time he looks at your reading lamp. Well, I persuaded mother to move your chamber of horrors up here."

"My sakes! I didn't know you had any influence."

"I guess I was pretty atrocious. Mommer said she'd leave your junk be if I'd stop making Mr. Dulcimer ridiculous in public."

"Is that milky little worm still infesting the town?"

"The town? He's infesting Amelia!"

"D'you mean to say he's got the nerve to presume to ——"

"Mother's flattered to death, of course. He sticks to Amelia like a caterpillar; and she's—well, it's just what Mr. Coleridge said in the poem: 'A damsel with a dulcimer.'"

"You don't say so!" This was Mr. Gallop's formula for receiving news he did not choose to flatter with his opinion. "That's a sketchy get-up, Merry," he volunteered at last, surveying his daughter's apron and the pencil smudge on her chin.

"I've been drawing!" she announced breathlessly.

"Drawing what?"

"Pictures."

"Land of Canaan! Have you got it, too?"

He must have swooned away had she not promptly informed him:

"Oh, nothing serious! Heaven save me from it! Awful blobs, daddy. Honestly, somebody had to do it."

"Do what?" he puzzled.

"Mr. Dulcimer and Mr. Dulcimer's Disciples, and Mother and Amelia, and the Pilgrims' Chorus, and the Uplift in Harnessville —— You look tired, daddy darling. Want to see something foolish?"

She bounded forth and came stamping back again, a great sheaf of paper under her capable arm.

"First," she announced, bringing forth a sheet, "this is Mr. Dulcimer Reproving the Family Furniture."

A spirited, insulting and highly lifelike representation of Mr. Dulcimer writhed in the center of the composition; on his right the mid-Victorian sofa; on his left the Gallop whatnot. Disgust was on his pallid features; his fingers were plucking invisible weeds from thin air; and from his indrawn lips emerged, in a caricaturist's cloud, the word Banal!

"Mr. Dulcimer Having an Ecstasy!" she next sang out, bringing forth a second sheet which revealed the prophet of domestic beauty holding up a strip of art cretonne, while several of Harnessville's best-known clubwomen knelt in adoration. Mrs. Gallop's likeness was conspicuously centered in the group. Americus grinned wickedly; then he remarked in a tone of grave admonition:

"You oughtn't to do that to your mother, Merry."

"Well, she was in the crowd," replied America carelessly. "And you know what happens to the innocent bystander."

"Give me a kiss!" Mr Gallop demanded; and as soon as that filial act was accomplished: "Better hide 'em deep, Merry. Because if your mother should see that stuff ——"

Under the well-established law that nothing stands still, decoration advanced steadily in the Gallop household. The first time Americus heard Carlo Dulcimer's purring voice in an upstairs hall he crept into his improvised reading room and muttered, in the calmness of despair:

"Give him two weeks!"

Americus gave him four days too long; for he came home early one afternoon to find overalled strangers tacking gaudy chintz all over his newly made holy of holies. His Morris chair, his trombone

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1—An Elgin has beauty. Its possession stamps you as a person of judgment, taste and refinement.

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lamp and his patriotic engravings had again been spirited away, and they were already moving in green-and-white furniture of an unknown material and exotic pattern. Next came cushions to match the curtains.

Americus gloated morbidly, glorying in his own pain, like one of those fabled monsters who obtain nourishment by swallowing themselves. Another sardonic substitute for his Morris chair had been shoved into a corner. This time it was one of those slippery wicker hermaphrodites that go by the name of chaises longues. A tall thing on a long white pole, with a ridiculous chintz ruffle on top, stood for illumination.

"We had to have an upstairs sitting room," his wife took time to explain. "So many people drop in informally in the morning and at odd hours."

"Good night!" Americus Gallop spoke not in the language of the street, but with the finality of a broken spirit.

"Americus, you're not going to have one of your spells—when I'm so busy!" She looked sincerely worried.

"I am not," said he. "But I am looking for a place where I can sit down—where I can sit down without having to wear chintz pyjamas."

"You're a hopeless Philistine!" she sighed.

"I am," he replied; "and I'm being beautified out of house and home!"

This is fighting talk—the food of litigants; and many a prospective divorcé has threatened thus and sued afterward. Winifred Gallop wondered what he was going to do when she saw her lord charge out of the house; and she would have been relieved to know that Americus was wondering the same thing.

His coat collar turned up in the approved mode of the apache, his hat over his ears, his hands in his pockets, his heart in his shoes, he slushed along through the rainy streets, contemplating a larger and wetter alcoholism than had ever solaced the grief of Pete Glendenning.

"Da-a-ad-dy!" A treble voice in breathless pursuit caught the ear between the hatbrim and the upturned collar.

He turned sourly, to behold America, her cheeks the brightest pink from vigorous walking, her eyes flashing blue, her flimsy collar flaring back in the wind.

"What are you escaping from now, old dear?"

"I'm through, Merry!" he mumbled, pointing to the brick-red towers he had once called home.

"Daddy, you haven't got the idea at all!" she giggled. "*Il faut souffrir pour être* swell. If you're really smart, you know, you're not supposed to be comfortable."

"All I ask is a soft, quiet place where I can sit down and read my paper." He all but wept.

"Probably the Apollo Belvedere thinks the same thing, but it can't be done."

"I'm going over to the club to live."

"You're a nice one—leaving your daughter in a museum and going off to the club to live! And just as I was arranging our lives!"

"Well, chick, it's up to you," he relented.

"I've found a Rat's Nest," she announced mysteriously, holding him by the arm to prevent farther retreat.

"A what?"

"Up in the garret. There's an old trunk room where nobody goes since mother's taken a notion to store things down in the cellar."

Americus demurred and took a few steps as he temporized:

"I might look it over and see how it can be fixed."

"Come on!" she urged enthusiastically. "It's miles away from the art center. Nobody would ever care to follow us there. Come back and take a look at it."

Reluctantly Americus Gallop doubled his tracks over his line of retreat. America's air became cannier and cannier as she approached the big brick house; and as they neared that landmark she beckoned her father into an alley, where a gate door led through a wall into the servants' entrance.

"We can always come this way," she whispered; "nobody in the world will ever know."

Up the creaky back stairs they tiptoed, past the second story to the third, down the narrow hall by the servants' rooms, across an attic loft devoted to outcast Gallop relics. And at last, under the rafters, America stopped by a little low white door, to which she leaned, and inserted a latchkey. The mysterious door swung open; and as the girl switched on the overhanging cluster of lights Americus was aware of Paradise!

Far above the disturbance of housekeeping, out of the way of decorators and domestic uplifters, among the bare boards, under the eaves reposed his Morris chair, his reading lamp, his collection of patriotic steel engravings, his black-walnut sofa with the Egyptian legs. Peace and withdrawal from an unsympathetic world!

"Who did that?"

He stood transfixed in the doorway, his fat cheeks wrinkled to a smile, tears brightening his little gray eyes.

"America Gallop, interior decorator!" she announced.

"Now don't start calling names," grinned her favorite parent, throwing himself into the solace of the apple-green cushions.

IV

SO THE Rat's Nest became an established retreat for the dissenting members of the Gallop family. Here contentment caused the air to quiver, much as wheat fields quiver under an August sun. If Winifred knew about the Rat's Nest she was too busy to include it in her raids. The civic pulchritude of Harnessville quite absorbed her time nowadays. The Gallop home was the first interior Carlo Dulcimer had done in that thriving municipality, and Mrs. Gallop basked in the prestige it gave her. She discovered herself the crowned *Arbitratrix elegantiarum*, proclaimed as a critic and patroness of the arts. Mr. Dulcimer's lectures continued. Harnessville was to become the Athens of the West, Mr. Dulcimer furnishing beauty at his regular rate a yard.

It was then that the agitation about the Municipal Auditorium crescendoed to a climax. This great building, which Harnessville had been constructing by popular subscription over a number of years, still lacked adequate decorations. When the Committee on Art, munitioned by a twenty-thousand-dollar fund, was wrangling over color schemes and materials the enterprising Dulcimer insinuated himself into the argument. With him came drawings and figures, and a roll of samples. The committee was entirely composed of ladies, with Mrs. Gallop in the chair. Result: Carlo sent to New York for materials and enlarged his offices.

At this point Uncle Harry Newcross, local philanthropist, did a most melodramatic thing. He died. His end came after a series of fits superinduced by a violent quarrel with his family. His substantial fortune, when the will was read, was bequeathed to almost every enterprise alien to the interests of the Newcross clan. A prison-reform society got some, an insane asylum more; and fifty thousand dollars in cash was to be laid aside to be devoted to mural paintings for the new auditorium, which had been Uncle Harry's weakness in his declining years.

The loss to the Newcross family was an exhilarating gain to the beautifiers of Harnessville. The Committee on Art gave a memorial tea to Uncle Harry's shade, and the cloth was spread in Mrs. Gallop's embellished home; wherein Mr. Dulcimer grew impassioned over his Ceylon and went so far as to declare that life was Greek, a sentiment which, somehow, brought forth wonderfully enunciated expostulations from the lips of Mrs. Modderson, lecturer on Articulation.

Americus Gallop, who heard echoes of this elegant war as he crept up the back stairs toward his retreat, sighed and thanked the Lord that he was well out of it. America, too, seemed to agree with him; for he found her in the little attic room, rapidly pencilling a page in her big portfolio, serene and somewhat messy in her borrowed gingham apron.

"Who's this Admah Hoag?" asked Americus as soon as he had tossed his overcoat and hat on the mid-Victorian sofa.

"Oh," said Merry, chewing the end of a pencil as she looked up, "what about him?"

"As I came up I heard Dulcimer making a speech. He was saying Admah Hoag—you know how he would say it."

"You poor ignorant old dear! Haven't you heard of Sargent, or Whistler, or Michelangelo? Hoag is all of those. He gets his medals by the barrel. I think he's a bore!"

"What does Dulcimer want of him?"

"I can't make out," confessed Merry, cocking her head sidewise at the sheet over which she leaned. "He's crazy to get Admah here to do the auditorium."

(Continued on Page 129)

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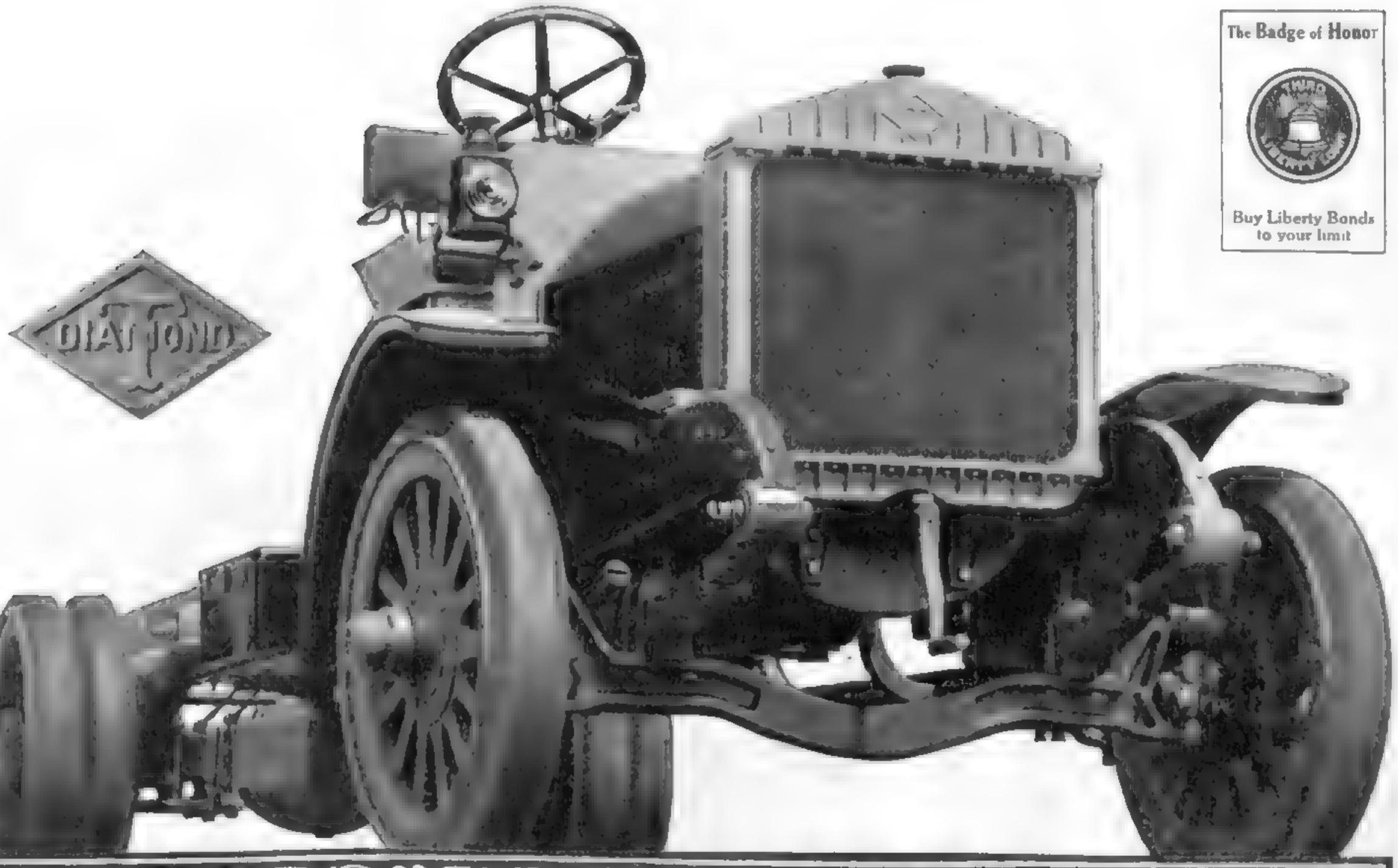

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Just sprinkle a little of this magic powder in the toilet bowl, follow directions, flush, and both the bowl and hidden trap become as clean and white as new.

Stains, odors and incrustations vanish, and, because it so thoroughly cleans, *Sani-Flush* makes the use of disinfectants unnecessary, thus serving a double purpose.

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(Continued from Page 126)

"Working it on a commission basis, probably."

"Sordid!" commented his daughter in the Dulcimer voice.

"If he's another specimen like that Dulcimer kid I'll wreck the train. This thing has got to stop!"

"I guess he's pretty bad," she cheerfully assured him. "Still, he may be funny I hope so. I'm getting a little tired of doing Dulcimer over and over again."

"Well, if he's Carlo's friend, that's all I want to know about him."

"It's queer!" she murmured abstractedly, her deep blue eyes, which were slightly nearsighted, very close to the page. "I can't make out just what Carlo wants. He's keen to wish this Hoag on Harnessville; but he's gosh-awful modest about dragging his own name into it."

"Then those women are seriously trying to bring another blight to Harnessville?" moaned the afflicted husband and father.

"Yes; but, between you and me, I don't think he'll come. The committee has tried all the bait there is. Mother has even stooped to signing herself W. A. Gallop, because she hears that Admah is a professional woman-hater."

"He'll come, all right!" persisted Americus bleakly.

"Don't be too sure about it, old dear. He's a perfect bear! He's written one reply wanting to know where Harnessville is, what fifty thousand dollars is, and what good a lot of pictures is going to do our old auditorium! The strain is killing mother by inches. They're downstairs now composing a telegram asking him, for pity's sake, to come to town just for a day and look over the auditorium."

"He'll come, and he'll paint the picture!" echoed her father, like the antistrophe in a Greek tragedy.

"He's a very busy artist," she pointed out. "He's got orders to paint pictures all over Grand Central Depots and Metropolitan Museums in sixteen states."

"That doesn't make any difference."

"Why this all-fired cocksureness?"

"I don't know anything about art," replied the true Philistine; "but I do know how far fifty thousand dollars will fetch an artist."

"That's some argument."

"And not only that: If your mother's got her mind set on him he'll come if it takes a row of caterpillar tractors all the way from here to Omaha."

Americus was right in his prediction. The Harnessville Eagle came out next morning with the jubilant announcement that the celebrated painter had been induced by the Committee on Art to come and be persuaded. Americus never found courage to ask his wife how she did it. Her eyes had softened to an ideal; then hardened to a purpose—that was all. She had willed it. Naturally Hoag was coming.

V

ADMAH HOAG, just as his aunt had pointed out, had never been west of Pittsburgh in all his travels, which had taken him to student quarters in Paris, lodgings in London, and some dubious inns as far east as Vladivostok. Like many another American-born genius, he entertained vague and somewhat childish ideas about his own country beyond the exotic Babel that is its metropolis. Lovingly he nursed the superstition that East is East and West is West; that somewhere in the distant sunset there lived a race who hunted jack rabbits and disdained the pursuit of social lions. The fact that he was running away gave him not the slightest shame. As he had argued it out, he owed less than nothing to Mrs. Ballymoore and her hypocritical tribe. Perhaps it would be a bit hard on Aunt Pinny; but she had gone beyond her rights in trying to force him again into the life he so cordially detested.

When he changed cars at Chicago the sharpshooter's eye of America's most promising painter saw there but another New York, equally mad and unequally balanced. The westward-flying train revealed to him refreshing spaces between towns that, somewhat to his discouragement, exhibited smart motors, paved streets and adequate lighting systems. He was somehow grateful for the lights, because Admah Hoag had a sneaking fondness for electricity, rightly employed. Taken all in all he found the wilds somewhat tamer than he had been led to expect; and, though he was not one of your greenhorns who look for painted redskins in the outskirts of St. Louis, he confessed to disappointment when he saw so few sombreros and so many economical motors along the sidings.

His spirits rose as the train roared on toward Harnessville. During the morning he had looked upon many broad acres, neatly fenced in, and had seen wide-hatted men amidst the wintry fields. The porter assured him that the train was only eight minutes late, which made it a prodigy. Presently they slowed up and began steaming into the suburbs. Neat houses in rows reminded him uncomfortably of Philadelphia. Splendid pavements appeared along the track as they progressed. Automobiles became more numerous and more expensive; on a low hill a handsome Doric building loomed. Admah Hoag shuddered at the sight, because it reminded him disagreeably of Mrs. Ballymoore, the Pan-Hellenic Building, and the haunting memory of Carlo Dulcimer. And this was all far behind him—thank the Lord!

It was an expensive modern station into which the train shuttled to a stop. The scene might have been metropolitan, only that the crowd showed no evidences of metropolitan misery. There seemed to be a preponderance of women. Many high-powered automobiles stood banked against the concrete platform.

Admah Hoag, shunner of teas and receptions, sworn enemy of all public ceremonies and suchlike cant, got all this in a glance of his sharpshooter's eye as they were bundling him and his simple baggage out of the train. He wished there weren't so many people about to stare and make gestures. Evidently a great number of passengers were expected off at Harnessville, for there was a throng, mostly female, and every well-trimmed hat was cocked his way. He came down center stage through the chorus, as it were; and he could feel his complexion brick-reddening as he advanced.

"Mr. Hoag?" A tall thin lady, with a turban, came out of the chorus and took his hand.

"Er—ha ——" This was the speech by which he first endeared himself to local admirers.

"I am Mrs. Gallop, chairman of the Committee on Art," she was telling him as his frightened senses at once realized that the mythical W. A. Gallop now stood before him. An infinite sea of trimmed hats, toques, bonnets, Gainsboroughs and tam-o'-shanters seemed to hedge him in like enchanted flowers.

"And this is Mrs. Modderson, chairman of the Committee on Entertainment."

A smallish sallow lady, whose popping black eyes were seared below with brownish circles, seemed excruciatingly glad to meet him. Wringing his hand, in a remarkably sonorous voice she said something about Dante in exile from his native Florence. The platform swam round and round. Admah dropped his suitcase.

"And Mrs. Glendenning, of the Committee on Arrangements," Mrs. Gallop tolled on; "and Mrs. Clark, of the Committee on Ways and Means; and Mrs. Hobuck, chairman of the Finance Committee."

Admah Hoag gave one frightened glance over his shoulder, thinking only of escape. The train was already pulling out of the station. No friendly nightmare had ever come to warn him of this situation. He had traveled all the way from New York to avoid a reception and, at the end of a trying journey, had walked right into the outstretched hands of another!

He realized how like a silly ass he must have leered as he stood there, utterly dumb in the midst of the throng who had come to do him honor.

"But, Mrs. Gallop," he at last found voice to say, "I—I'm not very well." This, of course, was preposterous on the face of it. "I don't want you to go to all this trouble, you know—all this bother and fuss. I shouldn't mind if you'd just give me a bite to eat and let me spend the day looking over your auditorium—I've only a few hours with you ——"

"The train to the East doesn't leave until noon to-morrow," replied Mrs. Gallop decisively. "We are anxious to welcome so distinguished a guest to our city and to do everything in our power to make your stay a pleasant one."

"I—I appreciate the honor," faltered Admah faintly, remembering his manners.

"We are the honored ones," she assured him in her most positive tone.

He had an uneasy feeling that something worse was about to happen, for the plumes and flowers round him nodded as to a

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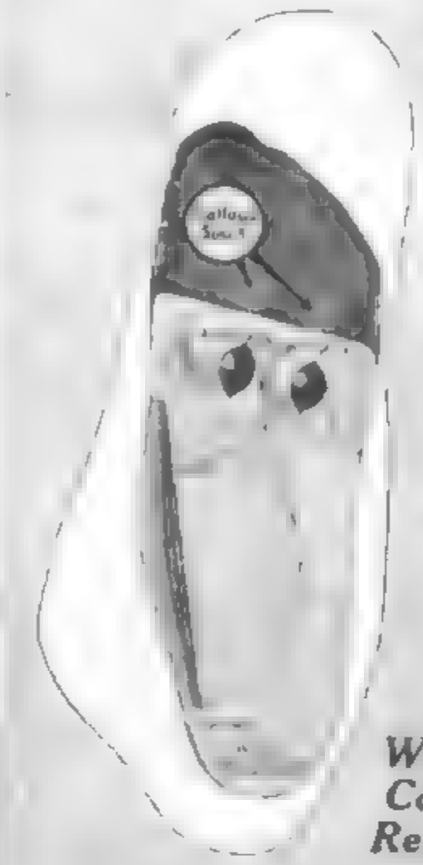

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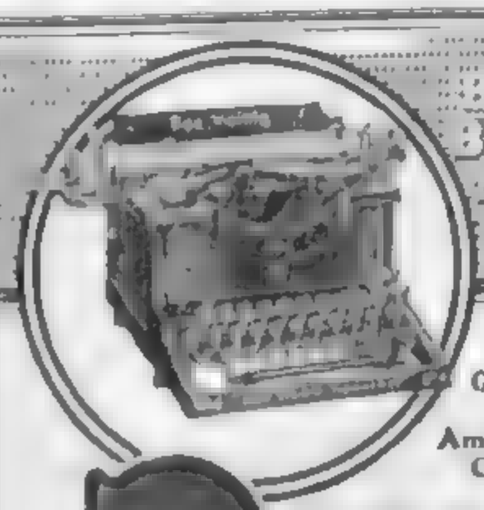

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spring zephyr when a small runabout came to a halt by the platform. Indistinctly Admah could see a slender man, with a green hat, and he felt the encouragement that one male can give another in such a situation.

Into his presence the young man was finally hustled; and as the spokeslady led him to the proper introductory distance the two opposing males stood gazing at each other, eye for eye.

And Admah Hoag saw in the pale seraphic visage, which smiled a little nervously, the much-to-be-avoided Carlo Dulcimer, who had done so much to make New York unbearable for him!

"How do you do, Mr. Hoag?" The decorator swayed like a lily and offered a dead hand.

"Ah, then you know Mr. Hoag?"

"We've met before. How d'you do, Dulcimer?"

Momentarily the painter lost his shyness and regarded his former rival quite coolly. Dulcimer, too, seemed curiously unabashed.

"If you only knew what an—impulse—your coming has given this town!" cooed the lymphatic one.

"This your town, Dulcimer?" asked the genius, noting the air of proprietorship.

"In a way ——"

"Mr. Dulcimer is a Harnessville boy," upspoke a cheerful, matronly voice from the background, and it imparted quite a shock to hear this pampered orchid of Fifth Avenue mentioned as a Harnessville boy; Hoag had never thought of him as coming from any place—except, perhaps, the moon.

"Harnessville," the indefatigable Dulcimer cooed on, "needs all we—you and I—can give it."

Admah Hoag was wondering just what he and Mr. Dulcimer had to offer in partnership.

"We owe so much to Mr. Dulcimer," Mrs. Gallop was telling him; her manner reminded him disagreeably of Mrs. Ballymoore. "Don't you think his work has been invaluable to the Movement?"

Admah was quite sure it had. A moment later he was being introduced to Mrs. Gallop's daughter, a pretty, rather insipid girl, and as this young thing stuck close to the side of Dulcimer, obviously under his spell, the artist wondered in a flash whether the decorator had carried his favorite business methods so far West.

He was given little time to reflect on this point, however, for Mrs. Gallop was pulling him out of the affable hands of Mrs. Glendenning and shoving him toward the phalanx of waiting automobiles. It seemed that the ladies had been quarreling over whose car should contain the celebrity. Mrs. Gallop got him, just as she got most of her mortal desires; and, flanked on the right by the lady with the carved jaw and on the left by the lymphatic beautifier, Admah settled himself into the tonneau of the handsomest vehicle to be seen.

The chauffeur had just eased in the clutch and warped the wheel to position when a vision swam into Admah's ken. She was tall and natural, and somehow lovely; and under her little hat peeped a hank of tawny hair. Her eyes were heavenly, her mouth somewhat irregular and generous, and her skin was of that perfection which comes to auburns who do not freckle.

"Shall I ——" she sang out, looking first at Mrs. Gallop and then at an extra seat that was vacant.

"Mrs. Glendenning will take care of you," announced the masterful lady just as they were slipping away along the smooth pavement.

Instantaneously the artist's eye caught one humorous, understanding look, which plainly said: "Poor dear! They've got you where they want you!"

As they rolled away he looked back and caught a glint of her green coat and the strip of fur in her small hat. She was gazing after him; and he was sure her lips still held that same satiric smile.

It seemed as though all Harnessville had come out to view the triumphal entry. As they neared the center of town he could see the residents packed like flies upon the sidewalks; the scene lacked only the aspect of waving flags and patriotic bunting to give his casual trip to Harnessville the appearance of a Presidential tour.

"Since Mr. Kleinmetz left us," Mrs. Gallop was saying, "our string quartet isn't what it used to be."

Their intention was now obvious. There would be a program. They were going to kill him to slow music.

"Ah, but the artistry of Chomvitz!" came the echoing Dulcimer.

At last they came to a halt in front of a pretty colonial building, with a wealth of spindling pillars.

"The Woman's Club," announced Mrs. Gallop, indicating that he was expected to step down. "We have time for only a short program before luncheon."

He could see that their attendant train of automobiles had also stopped. Pedestrians were packed in front of the colonial columns and surging, a dense mass, across the street. One of the dandified new traffic policemen, of whom Harnessville was justly proud, semaphored a white-gloved hand as he roared the foghorn signal, familiar to Fifth Avenue parades:

"Come on, now! Let 'em through!"

The next two hours was all a blur to Admah Hoag. It was called an Art Luncheon, he remembered vaguely; a detailed report was printed later in the Evening Courier. He had a faint impression of being deluged in Saint-Saens and Debussy by those accorded viols from which Mr. Kleinmetz had so inscrutably fled. His right hand became quite numb from continual grasps of welcome. Someone told him that Harnessville had grown miraculously in the last three years. He was sure of this, because their illimitable army passed in review before his eyes.

The art life of Harnessville was, to his imagining, what the Russian Revolution would be like if conducted entirely by ladies. Everything was run on the committee plan. He was passed nimbly from committee to committee; and at last he was seated at the table of honor, devoted exclusively to chairladies of all the committees. Twenty-two plates were laid at that table. Oysters were no sooner served than they ceased playing and singing at him, and began talking at him.

Mr. Dulcimer came in very early with his remarks, his theme being: Carrying the Torch Into the Wilderness. Several chairladies spoke at length. Mrs. Modderson, articulating very dis-tinct-ly, read an original poem entitled Beauty Lives for Beauty. With tragic art everything moved inevitably toward the final catastrophe.

"You will be called on for a few remarks," said Mrs. Gallop at last, in a voice that would brook no denial.

"Christians torturing the lion!" said a little giggly voice directly behind him.

Mrs. Gallop turned a blighting frown; and Hoag, also turning, saw the pretty red-headed girl, seated a short space away and looking with some embarrassment into the eyes of the disapproving chairlady of chairladies. How he wished that this vision of naturalness and youth and humor would work some magic now by which he could take her slender hand and fade from sight.

Distantly he could hear Mrs. Gallop's sonorous notes echoing to his doom: "Seldom has it been our honor —— We have in our midst to-day — A few words from America's Torch of Beauty, Mr. Admah Hoag!"

Apparently it had arrived. Doom sat upon his plate and made him rise. Admah Hoag choked upon a mouthful of coffee, buried his face in his napkin and stumbled to his miserable feet. He scarcely remembered what he said, at first, save that he said it splutteringly and inanely. Like the coward he was, he resorted to his timeworn formula, complaining that he had a bad cold, which he had—and this would prevent his speaking at length. He had a sickening feeling that every ear in the room was centered on his pallid lips. The silence was terrible. And in the midst of all this he suddenly found himself beating to a panicky rage, on the strength of which he started:

"Confound it, ladies, you've got a beautiful town—if you'll let it alone! But you're getting all the Eastern vices. Why don't you let the West stay West? You can't improve the sunset by trimming it with cretonne. I'm really very much flattered and honored; and—and ——"

He sat down heavily, leaving some mysterious adjective trailing in air. He was horribly ashamed of his discourtesy and afraid of the momentary hush that greeted his sudden vanishment from the floor. Then Harnessville saved him by an act of unequaled chivalry. Someone applauded. Yet others took up the noise, and in an instant the Woman's Club was ringing with salvo after salvo. The thoughtful courtesy of the thing moved this overstrung stranger almost to tears. Instinctively he looked

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

round to see how the red-headed girl was taking it. She was gone.

After luncheon another committee came round to drive him over to the auditorium. There was another progress through the streets, this time heading some distance out of town into a well-set wintry park, in the midst of which stood a dignified structure, still littered round with the rubbish of building. At first sight of the auditorium, Admah Hoag began to crawl out of the coma into which he had merged himself for protection. The building was a fine, big, simple thing, which had been planned by a young architect who had died before its completion. Subsequent botchwork had not succeeded in spoiling the exterior, and the interior was essentially too dignified to be ruined by the decorative scheme Carlo Dulcimer displayed in his ever-ready drawings.

Admah Hoag stood, oblivious now of his keepers, and directed his imaginative gaze into the deep-hooded space over the proscenium.

"Don't you thrill for brush and palette?" inquired Mrs. Modderson's carefully groomed voice in his ear.

"Awful lot of space to cover!" replied Admah in a signpainter's drawl as he came out of his trance.

He quickly relapsed, however. He had not met and talked to so many strangers since the abominable night when they had center-staged him and unveiled his Elektra at the Pan-Hellenic Building. In a vapor he could see Mrs. Gallop extending a glove, and he could hear her saying something about dinner at seven-thirty.

"I'm so sorry—I haven't brought any evening clothes," he informed her in a voice that thrilled with hope.

"Don't give it a second thought, then," she told him. "Come just as you are. We'll make it informal."

Admah had heard this sort of thing before. It was just the same as announcing that everyone but himself would come panoplied for the evening.

However, he breathed fresh air at once, for he saw a prospect of two good hours by himself; two good hours in which to think up unpuncturable reasons why he should not decorate the auditorium at Harnessville.

He was smiling vapidly and bowing committee after committee out of his presence, when a lanky arm was linked through his and a pallid face smiled up at him appeasingly. It was Mr. Dulcimer.

"They have turned you over to me," he said fawningly. "It will give us a chance for a little chat about—our subjects."

They had reached the front steps of the structure before Admah had worked out his plan.

"I've dropped some notes," he said with fairly simulated confusion. "You wait here; I know where they are."

"Oh, let me ——"

"Stay here!" commanded Admah Hoag in a voice that would brook no disobedience. Dulcimer stayed.

Admah slung hastily through the darkening vault of the auditorium. He remembered a little stage door, which, as he had noted out of the corner of his eye, must lead somewhere out back—to escape and freedom. He groped to the door, pushed it open, stumbled down a flight of stairs, barked his shins over a calcimine keg, and, following a small gleam of light through the dimness, came at last to an open window. It wasn't a hard climb and Admah was desperate. He dropped softly to the ground outside and found himself plunging down an irregular incline and into a wintry woodland, through which the sunset shone splendiferously.

"Decided to run, did you?"

A light green coat, with fur round the collar and something to match in the hat, first struck his eye. Then he saw a hank of reddish hair and a generous mouth, which at that moment was laughing at him.

"Oh, no!" he responded lamely. "Just wanted a little fresh air; and ——"

"You needn't be ashamed. I ran away, myself," she told him soberly. "But, of course, I had a snap. There were only one or two watching me."

"I just wanted a chance to think and be alone; and ——"

"I'm not going to bother you—poor dear! If you'll follow this path to the big willow, then cut in toward the river, you'll find such a tangle that they can never find you. Who's after you now?"

"Mr. Zither—Mr. Mandolin ——"

"Oh! Mr. Dulcimer? Well, he's too feeble to follow you far. But I understand your feelings. Only don't stay out all night! It turns bitter cold after ten o'clock. And then, I suppose you've got to be at the dinner party?"

"I'm beginning to take interest," he confessed with unusual boldness. "You'll be there?"

"Oh, no! I've been especially invited not to come."

"Well then; that settles the affair for me."

"Do as you please, Mr. Hoag."

She turned away and started up the path.

"But, I say, Miss ——"

"You've come here, you know, of your own free will!" She faced him hotly. "You've been here a few hours and done your best to insult the whole town—my town! They've done all they knew how to make things pleasant for you; they're offering you money on a hot platter. And you're behaving like the spoiled darling you are!"

He stood wide-eyed, regarding the lithe, heroic figure that loomed there out of the sunset, holding him to account for his shortcomings.

"I never intended ——"

"The town will be much better off without your old mural decorations. We were a happy, natural lot of people until this art thing got hold of us. First, came Mr. Dulcimer, to tie everything up in chintz; and now you're going to be wished on us ——"

"You're wrong there, little wolf!" He smiled grimly, stung by the thought of associating with Mr. Dulcimer.

"I'm sorry," she said with sudden contrition. "But when you go to the party to-night, please try to behave."

"I'll go, and I'll try."

"Thank you! Maybe it will be good for you to be bored stiff for twenty-four hours. Sometimes I think that if all the egotists in the world would take that treatment—you know—just standing on one leg and letting all the bromides talk them blind—say, once a year—it would do them a world of good!"

She clasped his hand boyishly and looked straight into his eyes.

"I wish you'd reconsider that invitation."

"Can't be done! Good night!"

She had taken three steps away from the sunset background when he called after her:

"I don't want you to feel that I'm always like this."

She stopped and turned, her hair glowing like the red in the West, her eyes serious, her face milk-white and rather tragic.

"I came here in a rotten funk and I thought I'd have a few quiet hours to talk over the auditorium. I don't know why I stood there saying those curious things. You know, I can't speak; and receptions scare me blue. There wasn't a word of truth in what I said."

"That's what makes me mad," she replied coolly. "Every word you said was so true it makes me furious to think that an Easterner has to come here and tell us things we haven't got pep enough to tell ourselves!"

VI

ADMAH did as the spirit of the wood had advised. He followed the path as far as the big willow and turned in toward the river. His lungs expanded with the sharp air of a prairie winter as he floundered blissfully among the bare shrubs and little icy hollows. Occasionally he would stop and let his artist's eye indulge itself in its passion for form and color. Like Whistler he hated sunsets, detesting the bombast of Nature's obvious mood. Yet to-night there came a savage delight in glimpses of the West, which was mystery to him; there was an Indian rhapsody out there where the Rocky Mountains must be looming. Somewhere in the rear a church bell tolled as placidly as in a Kentish shire. A locomotive tooted and, nearer yet, an automobile honked. After all, there was no getting away from it.

Toward dusk he stole through the residential streets of Harnessville, dreading Dulcimer at every corner. Behind this town's quixotic call for art the artist scented Dulcimer like a cheap perfume. Harnessville would never have thought of Hoag without Dulcimer's instigation. But why had the decorator, who surely had no more use for Hoag than Hoag for him, taken pains to introduce the mural decorator to the West? Undoubtedly Carlo saw a substantial advertisement for himself in his alleged friendship with the genius. No doubt that was it. So, here he was adapting his New York technique to a smaller scale, making love to the richest girl in town, and turning home into an expensive dungeon, no doubt, for the richest girl's mother.

As the artist walked he noted that there were plenty of comfortable houses with space round them. The streets were clean and the same delicious inspiring air came blowing to him from the prairie. The sunset was dying in the West—how the wastrel hair of that saucy, heroic girl by the birch tree had caught the glow! She was right.

It was a quarter past seven when he looked at his watch, and he was then standing by a vacant lot past which a suburban trolley crashed at lonesome intervals. Presently the universal suburbanite, laden with parcels, joined him at the corner, and of him Admah made inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Gallop house.

His guide directed him truthfully. Admah couldn't miss the Gallop house. He recognized many of the automobiles which had followed him that morning, now parked comfortably along the curb in front of the red towers. Weak fear again seized him as he pressed the button of the electric bell. Distantly under the street lamp he could see groups of people approaching afoot. The door opened and admitted him into the dim splendors of the redecorated Gallop parlor.

At a glance he took in the putty-colored walls, the Japanese prints, the high-shouldered furniture. There was something disagreeably reminiscent about it all—the Fifth Avenue residence of Mrs. Ballymoore, to avoid whom he had fled away to the wilds. Out of the dimness he saw the figure of Mrs. Gallop swimming toward him.

All round him, chatting in groups, he could see the broad white fronts and long black tails of complete evening attire. Shaking hands feebly, Admah stood in his wrinkled gray traveling tweeds—a figure of the rough, uncouth East, alone and uncomfortable in the dress-suited presence of the varnished West!

The dinner was an enormous one in number of plates, and in quality excellent. Fortified by his chivalrous vow to try and behave himself, Admah was amazed to find himself appropriating the conversation, even telling a few anecdotes, tittering appreciatively, if vacuously, at even the mildest utterance. The champagne, of which there seemed to be a generous supply, helped a great deal.

Through it all Mrs. Gallop was a bit trying, because she invariably shunted the conversation round to a vein she called serious every time the guest of honor began really enjoying himself. For all the world like Mrs. Ballymoore! Mrs. Modderson, too, was ghastly; and Admah was seated between this good lady and his hostess. But across the table he caught the glint of fellowship in the roving eye of Americus Gallop.

On the wind of an occasional pithy, blunt remark Admah suspected that Americus was an old Philistine. He adored a consistent Philistine, just as he admired any of the genuine works of God.

Mrs. Modderson, it was obvious, had been reading up for the occasion from a complete set entitled Great Masters, with colored lithographs. She strangled him with biographical data, passing heavily from Fra Filippo Lippi to Tintoretto, from Tintoretto to Memling and Boucher. All the world's art periods were scrambled in her mind into one cultured mess. Admah's head was beginning to ache.

The diners had scarcely adjourned to the big living room and the extra tables been whisked away by an army of assistants when the doorbell started a brisk jangling. More citizens were arriving—arriving in droves! The horrid truth now dawned upon the sore-tried stranger. They were going to give him another reception!

"The town ain't always like this," Mr. Gallop got a chance to assure him at the moment they were thrown together in a corner.

"It's really quite a beautiful little city," Admah came out promptly with his compliment, which was sincere.

"Towns are like children," said the flour merchant, offering an excellent cigar. "Let 'em alone pretty much, and they grow up in their own way. But the trouble with 'em is that people won't let 'em alone. Just about the time they're beginning to develop

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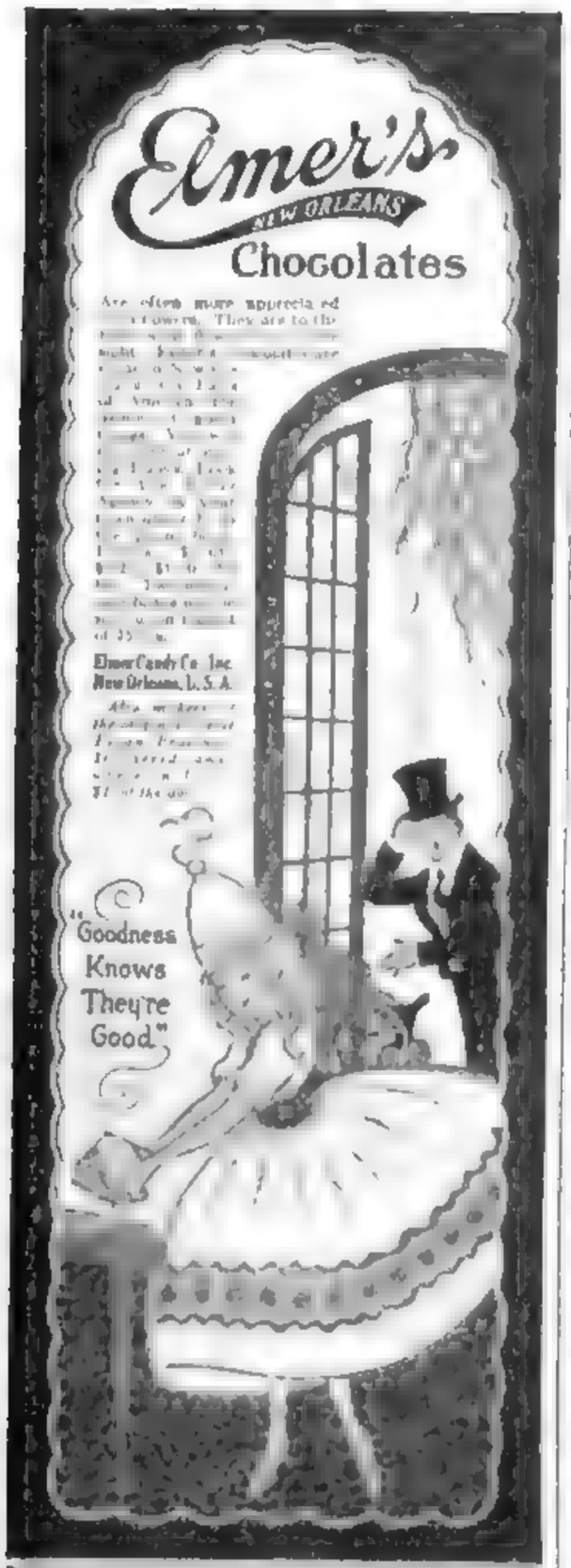

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some, along comes a lot of women, determined to tie 'em up in ribbons and teach 'em the broad *a*. It's like ——"

Mr. Gallop paused for a simile.

"Like putting a frilled collar on Baby Hercules," supplied Admah.

"For an artist, you do talk a lot like a male!" said Americus, throwing away his cigar and disappearing in the direction of his wife's beckoning finger.

In the faces of the Harnessvillians, coming toward Admah in a long line, he saw that same vapid, smirking, inhuman expression which had harrowed his soul on that frightful evening when they had stood him up at the Pan-Hellenic Building and directed half of New York toward his place of honor. Presently that, too, was over and the guests began seating themselves in the tiers of chairs. Admah backed away into a corner beside Americus Gallop. From this little natural fat man he seemed to gather strength and sympathy.

A table and a chair were pushed into the cleared space in front of the bay window. With that parochial pomp which was her breath of life, Mrs. Gallop bustled to the table and knocked twice for silence. The buzzing waned at last, as wanes the humming of the swarm when the queen has settled on her branch.

"In honor of the distinguished guest who has graced our community with his presence ——"

Admah heard the rest confusedly. His temples were thumping. There was a heavy feeling at the pit of his stomach. His feet were cold. He was sure he was going to have one of his sick headaches. Appealingly he laid his hand on the shoulder of the little man, who sat beside him near the stairs. Gathering loose ends of the sentences which touched his frazzled nerves in fragments he concluded that Mrs. Gallop had arranged a program in his honor, and that it was to be loosed upon him forthwith.

"First on the program, Mrs. Cadra Modderson will favor us with Rudyard Kipling's immortal ballad, Gunga Din."

Admah Hoag lay back heavily in his chair.

"For it's Din! Din!! Din!!!"

Din, din, din—like the pounding of a tin pan upon nerves that could stand no more. Mrs. Modderson took an enthusiastic encore. This time she chose Boots, by the same author. Admah knew she would. People who recite Gunga Din always give Boots as an encore. At last it was over. Admah found himself leaning on the shoulder of his sympathetic host.

"Not feeling well?" asked Americus' welcome voice in his ear.

"Sick headache, I think," replied Admah drearily. "Those Pullman cars—haven't slept a wink for two nights."

"Tell you what ——" Mr. Gallop plucked him slyly by a sleeve, rose and beckoned him toward a door in the rear. Admah followed mechanically. In the small inclosure between the butler's pantry and the dining room the helpful gentleman stopped and whispered cautiously: "Winny'd murder me if she knew! But I understand the limit. Now there's a little room away upstairs in the attic. Sneak up there and they can't find you with a pack of bloodhounds. Sofa to stretch out on—only decent place in the house."

Already his guide was tiptoeing ahead of him up half-darkened passages, the haunts of serving people.

"I've got to get away early in the morning," Admah was apologizing as they passed aloft amid a litter of domestic rubbish. "Perhaps you'll think it eccentric of me, but I must have a little peace to think things over. Maybe it would be better, though, for me to answer the committee by mail ——"

"That's the way I do, too, when I turn down an order," smiled Americus.

"Well," grinned the painter, "I've about made up my mind. But Mrs. Gallop has been so kind, and ——"

"Tell you what you do." Americus had now switched on an electric light and was pointing across a space of garret toward a small white door at the end. "You just sneak in there and stretch out. The light's on—I've been reading. It's a hell of a room, but comfortable."

"I understand," sighed Admah, a world of gratitude in his tone.

"And I'd better run back before Winny gets on. Stay there as long as you like, and I'll fetch you down after the party's over."

He turned and began clambering down the narrow stairs. With the feeling of a criminal who finds himself unexpectedly torn from a mob and locked away in a cozy prison, the refugee advanced and opened the little white door at the end.

The first object to catch his eye was a tall brass reading lamp, with a green glass shade. There was a comfortable cluster of old-fashioned chairs and glimpses of steel engravings on the wall. The sight gave him the sensation of blessed release that the homely room of the East River tugboat captain had always brought.

He eased the door a crack wider and sensed the start the human animal always enjoys when coming unexpectedly upon another human animal; for settled in the vivid green plush of a Morris chair, directly under the green light, slouched a tall slender girl, a hank of red hair braided down her back as she leaned intently over a large portfolio, into which she was sketching industriously with a sharp pencil. The one detail he caught in the surprising encounter was that her quickly sensitive fingers were smudged to the knuckles from the pencils she had been sharpening.

"Ah—hum!"

This, I think, is the correct introduction under such circumstances. The vision leaped as to the call of "Fire!" Her portfolio went one way, her sheaf of pencils another.

"I'm sorry," he further volunteered, admiring her as she stood there, her pencil-smudged fingers drawn to her breast, her face as pallid as the moon, her clear, wonderful eyes fixed wide upon him.

"Running away again?" she asked suddenly, with a nervous little laugh.

"Well, if you'll forgive me—it wasn't my fault this time. An elocutionist insisted on reciting Gunga Din; and your father ——"

"Dear old daddy!" She was smiling quite naturally now. "I think he's got more sense than all the rest of the world put together. So he showed you to our room?"

"I didn't intend to intrude. He assured me there wouldn't be a soul here and that I could lie down and enjoy my headache in peace."

"And mother?"

"Oh, she's presiding! I don't think she knows I've gone."

"Well, I'll go and let you rest."

"For heaven's sake—please don't!"

He was agonized by the fear that the spirit of the forest would again escape him, leaving him to gnaw the sweet morsel of an unfinished interview.

"It isn't good for a man with a headache to be talking," she protested; but, to his relief, she made no further move to depart.

"There's a sort of talk that soothes," he pointed out.

"I'm afraid that isn't my kind."

She resumed her place in the Morris chair, which seemed a signal for him to make himself comfortable on the broad old-fashioned sofa. She studied him very frankly with eyes he had thought gray, but which had deepened to a rich violet. Admah Hoag had enjoyed looking into eyes of a great variety.

The Ballymoore girl's eyes had been bright and spirited; but they had gleamed cold, like a wintry tide. There had been two or three models with eyes of brown and snappy black; eyes into which you could paint the enchantment that was not there in real life.

"Did you behave at the party?" she drawled at last, still contemplating him at close range.

"Do you know, I really enjoyed a part of it!" he confessed. "Until they began reciting at me ——"

"Mrs. Modderson—yes. She's part of the blight."

"The what?"

"That's what daddy and I call it—the blight. Mrs. Modderson's part of it and Mr. Dulcimer—oh, he's a perfect bag of boll weevils!"

"And I suppose that I ——"

"Yes; you're the latest phase. I'm not sure that you're not more deadly than any of them, because you're more expensive."

Admah Hoag took this with a good-natured smile; but there must have been some sensitive betrayal in his look, for she hastened on:

"There! I'm talking like an impertinent little dog again. You know I'm ever so much cut up about the way I treated you this afternoon in Willow Park."

"My dear Miss Gallop—that's what you are, aren't you?"

"One of 'em," she admitted—"the one who doesn't patronize the arts."

"No; I should say not. You pulverize them, rather."

"Well, I had no right to treat a stranger the way I did you. But it got on my nerves horribly. You see, Mrs. Modderson has been lecturing us on our crudity for three years; then along came Dulcimer. Then along came you. I don't suppose you realize how a person out here can love his town and be proud of it and sensitive about it, just as New Yorkers are proud of the way they're always tearing their beloved city to ribbons and never finishing it. Daddy and I have loved to see Harnessville boom and double in size every two years; but we wanted it to grow up to be—Harnessville. Then along comes art."

"Art is going back on the morning train," Admah assured her, not without a pang.

"Of course that would break mother's heart."

"But, Miss Gallop—what do you suggest my doing?"

"You'd better lie down—if you have a headache."

She patted a soft pillow at the head of the couch and Admah found himself stretching out in infinite comfort.

"Do you know," he said, "I have a room above my studio that's so much like this you could put 'em together and call 'em twins!"

"You're not telling me this seriously?" She was gathering scattered leaves from the floor and looked luminously up at him.

"I hate to sit in a cave, with greenish-gray walls and one rushlight dimly shining. We've been spending several thousand years getting away from the troglodytes, and I see no reason why we should be getting back to them ——"

"Gee!" she exclaimed, in a tone of such perfect rapture that he was thrilled *ab imo pectore*.

"I think you must be something of a hypocrite," he accused at last.

"That's a new one for me," she acknowledged, glancing at him over her portfolio.

"Else why should you be abusing art when, as I can see, you've been as busy as a bee sketching all manner of things?"

Impulsively he reached out and picked up a sheet that lay, face down, beside his couch.

"Oh, please don't! I ——"

But the damage was done. Admah got it almost before he had lifted the sheet. Sketched forcibly and with a few good lines upon the page was a strikingly lifelike and unflattering portrait of himself. As represented in the picture he was standing at a banquet table, the same being laden with laurel wreaths and loving cups; and as the caricatured Admah struggled against his appalling doom a replica of Mrs. Gallop held him firmly by the throat, while a replica of Mrs. Modderson forced a crown of roses upon the victim's brow. In a round scrawl the page was labeled, Art Triumphant!

He glanced swiftly from lampoon to lampoonist. She was red as a rose and her eyes were bright with tears of shame. Again he surveyed the picture and gave vent to such a roar as almost shook the rafters against the sloping roof.

"My Lord!" he bellowed. "It's colossal! It's an epic! It's ——"

"I didn't tell you you could do that," she informed him coldly.

"Oh, but if the rest are like this —— Miss Gallop, you've got to show me the rest."

"I haven't got to do anything!" She made her characteristic rejoinder as she gathered up the bundle and held it close.

He found himself standing over her in an attitude which, to the superficial observer, would have looked menacing.

"If I tell you that drawing is superb; that it's got a knock to it like the hammer of Thor; that it expresses everything I've felt to-day, and then some ——"

She sat there, shaking her head, her hands crossed upon the sheaf of papers upon her breast.

"But I've got a sort of right to see them. They represent what I'm up against—and they're so darned funny!"

"How do you know they're funny?"

"Well, the fellow who did that one I saw couldn't help himself."

"Well, then ——" she began; and, coming over to the mid-Victorian sofa, she began spreading her exhibition.

Now Admah Hoag was a hearty young man, whose hates and loves ran red under a ruddy skin. When he laughed it was a vigorous noise like the quality that had

(Concluded on Page 137)

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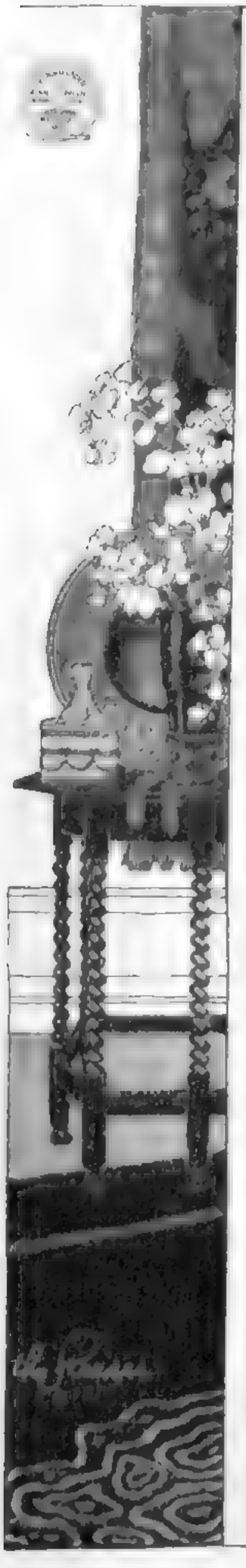

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ELECTRIC CLEANER

(Concluded from Page 134)

endowed his famous Elektra. And he was at it again in an instant

"This," said she, "is Mr. Dulcimer Putting Chintz on the City Hall."

The lilylike youth was shown draping the dome of Harnessville's most pompous edifice. The Statue of Justice was falling off the roof, while a marble Venus de Milo was being hoisted on a crane.

"Mr. Dulcimer Having an Ecstasy," she continued further, showing a retouched version of Harnessville's élite adoring the Crowned One.

When satire had followed insult and she had come at last to Father's Hour of Ease, revealing Mr. Gallop trying to read in the new throne chair, the voice of the distinguished guest had thickened to a wheeze; but he still begged for more.

"I didn't intend that mother should see them," the girl was telling him; "but, of course, Amelia got sensitive said they weren't respectful to Carlo. Mother got her first peep at them this morning just before she left to meet you at the train. That's why I'm not at the party to-night."

"If the committee had met the train with these drawings," said Admah Hoag at last, "it would have been a lot pleasanter day for all of us."

The program was over and the audience ready to depart when Mrs. Gallop, satisfied that the committee had done itself proud, surrendered the chair and became, for the first time, aware that he for whom so much brilliancy had been let loose had disappeared. She knew that the sheepish Americus must be in some way mixed up with the crime; so she took him to task.

"He's sick," whispered the consort; "so I put him away."

"Away! Did you take him to the violet room?"

"No. He wanted to think. I showed him the little room in the garret. He's all right; he ——"

"Are you mad?"

"Now, Winny—he said he wanted ——"

"Bring him down at once! Can't you see they're all going home?"

Americus viewed the impending exodus without betraying any sign of grief. He could hear Winifred's careful accents explaining away the celebrity's sudden indisposition as he took the rear door and back stairs up to his sanctuary. He had no sooner gained the third landing, under the rafters, than volley after volley of ribald laughter came echoing to his astonished ears. The sufferer was either cured or beyond hope, he reflected, as he knocked at the little white door.

Downstairs, Mrs. Gallop at last gave up waiting. She was weak with fury as she bade a remnant of the Art Committee stay and hear, if possible, the artist's verdict on the auditorium. Then she, too, took the back stairs toward the Rat's Nest.

The astonishment Americus had felt upon gaining the top landing was magnified, in her case, a thousand times. The very ill Mr. Hoag's rough laughter rushed through the place like a boreal blast, and attuned to it was the gurgling, chuckling, fat man's te-hee of her husband! Did she hear America's drawling little soprano running like a thread of silver through the symphony?

She knocked timidly at the white door; then, losing patience, thumped it with the heel of her fist. Finally she turned the knob and walked dramatically into the brilliantly lighted den.

"Oh, Mr. Hoag! I heard you were ill; and we were all worrying about you"

"I have these nervous attacks—really nothing ——" he stammered, at once abashed out of his boisterous mood.

"We're all so sorry ——"

"Oh, but I'm much better! Your daughter has been cheering me up with these remarkable drawings."

"I see!" There was just one cutting glance for America.

"The Committee on Art is waiting," said the good lady, regaining her poise. "We thought perhaps you might have come to some decision about the auditorium."

"Oh, yes. You wouldn't mind delivering my message to them, would you, Mrs. Gallop? I'm really not fit to talk much."

"But, Mr. Hoag"—her face went blank; then puckered pathetically—"what shall I tell them?"

"You might say, if you will," he informed her lightly, "that I shall feel honored to do those mural paintings."

"My dear Mr. Hoag!" Her face lit up with such a joy as never glowed from any earthly source. "I'm so glad! I'm ——"

"There are just one or two things I wanted to ask in the way of terms," he went on. "In the first place, fifty thousand dollars isn't satisfactory."

"You mean ——"

"It's exactly twice as much as I'll take."

"Well, swallow my head!" said Americus Gallop in a prayerful tone.

"And the town has got to furnish me with certain materials I must have."

"Anything! Anything in our power——"

"Could I use your daughter?"

"I don't quite understand ——"

"I have just worked out an idea to be entitled, Independence of Thought Tearing the Veil From the Eyes of Pretense; and I should very much like your daughter to pose as the central figure—with your consent, of course."

Nearly an hour passed before Mrs. Gallop, enchantment overcoming fatigue, came back to the attic retreat and joined the group on the family sofa.

"Of course you'll stay with us," she announced. "Mr. Dulcimer has just finished the violet room, and we'll make you as comfortable as possible."

Admah Hoag glanced lovingly round the small space; took in the rafters and the reading lamp, and the comfortable Morris chair.

"Couldn't you move a cot bed in and let me sleep here?" he pleaded very humbly. "I hate to be a nuisance; but I'm used to a room like this. You see, I always was a crank about lights ——"

Americus Gallop snorted once and his jelly mold of a body quivered in every atom. Purple mounted to his cheeks; large tears streamed from the slits where his eyes had been.

"Father can't survive this!" drawled America in a voice of genuine concern.

Somewhere in New York Mrs. van Zoon got over being angry and received a call from Mr. Dulcimer in late spring. The slender one seemed disheartened and explained that he had left the West before it spoiled him, as it was spoiling Admah Hoag.

This so alarmed her that she packed at once and arrived at Harnessville just in time for the wedding, held at night, and celebrated by such an electric display as had not been seen thereabouts since the last state fair.

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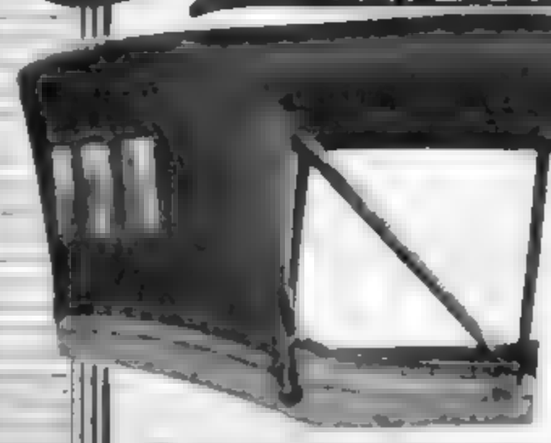

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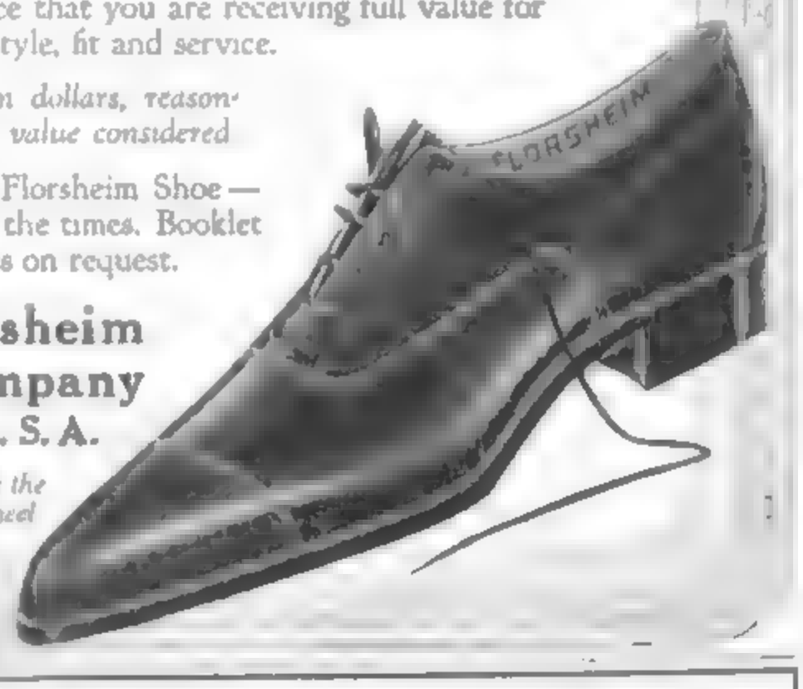

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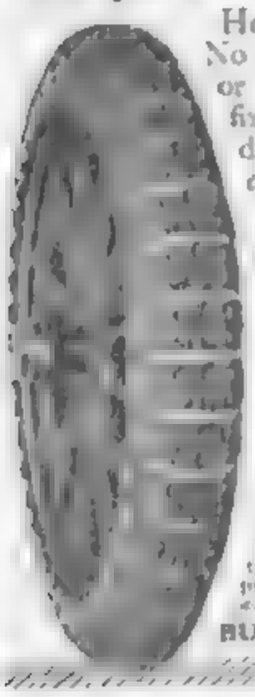

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KELLY

(Continued from Page 17)

Sir Arthur blinked, sent a glance of approbation toward Solway, then descended step by step till he stood by Micky's side upon the chart-house deck.

"By Jove!" he said into the little skipper's ear. "It's a ripping thing to know who hit you. It's a sporting chance that this Kelly and I'll meet, some day. I'm going to apply for a commission as soon as I see my brother. We'll go Kelly hunting with a yacht. 'Horns and cindered devil,' so the officer on the bridge said."

"Kelly's worse than that!" declared Micky with conviction. "He's th' Old Man of the Sea, he is!"

Mike Monkey lifted himself to the bridge as Micky and Sir Arthur disappeared into the little skipper's cabin.

"I hear you got a lord aboard," shot Mike into Solway's ear as the mate held out a pair of lobsters in addition.

"A lord's brother—Sir Arthur Melbourne—or the Right Honorable—or something like that," jerked Solway.

"Boss with the skipper?" asked Mike Monkey, returning the plug.

"Yes. Micky's taken a fancy to him. Decent sort of chap, he seems. You can tell by the clothes. He's got a skin like a baby's. Yes; he's with McMasters."

Mike Monkey studied the sea ahead from under the greasy peak of his engine-room cap. He spat upon the deck and consulted the compass point. Again he spat in almost disgust.

"Skin like a baby's, eh?" he injected. "Lord's brother? All alone at the mercy of the deep. Why don't them kids stay ashore an' make it easier for us? It's them jukes an' things what we're always wastin' coal on. I figures it cost us all of a ton to make that stop when we picked him up. We ain't got back our speed yet."

Solway grew properly indignant.

"Would you have left him to die?" he snapped with vigor.

"Sure!" grinned Mike Monkey. "Sure, I'd left him to die if I'd known 'e was a pink-skinned, petted somebody's darling. This is a man's sea, this is!"

Solway glared at the first engineer.

"Wait till you see him," he said. "He's bound to take care of us for picking him up. Perhaps they'll be a hundred pounds in it when we reach Southampton. I'll tell him about that ton of coal if you want me to."

Mike Monkey gulped hard.

"Never mind," he suggested with Scotch caution. "I'll have a talk with the lad myself if he's the brother of a lord."

Mike Monkey's chance came when Micky led his charge to the bridge where they poised over the wild waste of tossing waters. The first engineer squinted down into the face of Sir Arthur as if he was examining some new kind of patent gauge. He allowed him to reach the rail, then turned and winked dryly at McMasters.

"Been tendin' ship, skipper," he said. "Mr. Solway's so busy lookin' for Kelly I gave him a hand. Th' engines are runnin' sweetly, sir."

Micky McMasters cocked an exposed ear, then frowned.

"If you call that sweet," he snapped, "I like to hear them when there's a little more steam behind them. We ain't makin' more than eight-point-seven." Micky glared at the white wake astern, then at the bridge-rail log.

"Couldn't think of it, skipper. Bunkers are almost scraped. We'll be lucky to get in at all, with the coal we got on hand."

"Damn you an' your coal! Sir Arthur was saying that the Baltimore was making eleven knots when she was struck. What chance have we got from a fast sub?"

Mike Monkey turned and touched his cap to the youth, who stood studying the compass with an open expression of perfect frankness.

"Eleven knots," he repeated. "She wasn't a fast boat, was she, m' lord?"

"I really don't know," said Sir Arthur with an engaging smile. "You see I was in my cabin most of the time—seasick, I'll confess. *Mal de mer*, as the French say. I'm no sailor at all—don't know a thing about the sea."

Mike Monkey was openly sympathetic. The youth's voice was as well modulated as a scholar's out of Edinburgh. It had the true ring of the younger son.

"Strange," said the first engineer, "that it's always the lads wot can't swim who are saved from a wreck, an' the poor weak women who live longest in an open boat. Now, m' lord, I minds the time ——"

"Smoke on the starboard quarter!" broke in Solway with a dry wink at McMasters. "Looks like a part of the fleet, skipper."

"Or a convoy," said Micky after a study through the glasses. "Convoy, I think," he went on as he ran his hand through Sir Arthur's arm and led the youth to the weather rail of the bridge.

Mike Monkey screwed up his face at this maneuver. He stepped close to Solway's side and whispered: "Skipper's cuttin' us out. Wouldn't be surprised if he was fishin' for a week's end at the castle. He'll pose as a hero there. He'll tell the ladies all about the rescue at sea. I'll bet a ton of good Welsh he'll be havin' the poor lad present him at court, he will."

"What do you make of the lad?"

Mike Monkey worked the ball in his throat before he answered. He gulped finally and whispered: "I'd like to have him down below for a voyage—I'd make a man out of him. He's weak an' simple, he is. Why, man, the whole royal outfit are alike. They get seasick; they have pink cheeks; they're hollow chested. A stoke-hold on a tramp is the place to round them out. I marked this lad the minute I laid eyes on him. He's fresh from Trinity or St. Albans."

Solway leaned over the bridge canvas and studied a dark haze ahead. He set the glasses with his thumb, elbowed Mike Monkey out of the way and clapped them to his eyes. When they were lowered he turned toward Micky and the youth.

"South Cape buoy," he said laconically. "We'll be by sunup, skipper. Any orders from the admiralty?"

Micky McMasters stopped in his conversation with Sir Arthur at disquieted over the roaring bow of the freighter.

"No!" he shot down to forward. "Just go right in till otherwise ordered. The net won't be up till sunrise. If the drift ain't too much you tell Mike Monkey to ease up with his damn slag. It'll bring joy to his heart."

McMasters turned as Sir Arthur touched his sleeve.

"The net?" said the youth. "Do they have a net in front of the channel? Cawn't we get in to-night? I want to see my brother, y'know."

"Not without special orders from the sea lords, who won't give them to us. We'll have to wait outside an' let Kelly find us. I minds the Braxton Arms, out of the Cape with African wheat. She had to wait till a sub popped up 'long about three in the mornin' watch, an' let go two Schwarzkopfs made in Austria. One hits the Braxton Arms aft the bunkers, th' other for'ard the mainmast. All that's left when the skipper gets to the bridge is a whackin' ruin consigned to Davy Jones. That because of the net order."

"I did want to see my brother," repeated Sir Arthur with a slow drawl. "I want to ease his mind, y'know. He's heard about the sinking of the Baltimore. He knew I was aboard."

Micky knit his brows.

"We ain't wireless," he said. "We can't do a thing but obey the port laws. It would be my master's certificate if I tried to send a message ashore to your brother. They're afraid of the Hun subs with detectors an' locators. 'Only in direst need' is my orders, Sir Arthur."

"Have you a chart of the nets or whatever they have across the channel?"

"Chart, yes," said Micky with a grin. "It's all been changed so you can hardly make it out. First the net was from Limestone Ridge to Cowes Landing, then they moved it from the landing and swung it farther out. I know how to get in, though. The mines are marked. They never change them."

"I was wondering," drawled Sir Arthur, "if I couldn't have a few of your seamen row me in? I do want to notify my brother at the first opportunity. The family will be prostrated. Suppose we look at the chart an' see?"

Micky nodded, after a keen glance toward the headland of England that was rising like a friendly hand to greet him. He led the way across the bridge, stopped at the ladder, allowed Sir Arthur to precede him, then followed with a cheery whistle.

(Continued on Page 141)

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"As I Was Sayin', You an' Me an' the Rest of the Deep-Sea Tribe Who Slave for th' Owners are Picked for Ability"

(Continued from Page 138)

An hour later, with the long, lancelike rays of the westering sun striking across the waste of waters, Solway turned the bridge over to the second mate and passed through the chart house on the way to his cabin. Micky and Sir Arthur were bending over a drawing board, upon which had been tacked the admiralty's chart of Southampton Water. They were considering ways and means to place Sir Arthur ashore despite all regulations to the contrary.

Solway shook his head slightly, then closed the door to his cabin with a soft pressure of his fingers. He had visions, as he lolled back in the bunk for a half hour's rest, of an irate naval officer in the morning demanding to know by what authority a rescued passenger was put ashore without first being interviewed and questioned as to how the Baltimore had entered the Port of Missing Ships. However, he concluded, Micky McMasters was responsible, and Micky had his own way with port officers and junior subs who asked questions.

Solway joined the second mate on the bridge as he heard Micky and Sir Arthur pass from the chart house and go aft. The second mate had worked the freighter closer in to shore and deeper within the gloom of a towering headland under which they glided like a specter ship upon a specter ocean.

All lights were doused upon the Gunfleet. A huge canvas funnel, dirt-gray in color, was over and about the glow from the inner fires. Mike Monkey had conserved his steam until the gauge had dropped to forty pounds. Then he had vainly tried to borrow a chew from one after the other of the coal passers. They had shaken their heads with knowing winks.

He swarmed up the gratings, pulled himself through the engine room companion, listened a moment to the steady clank of a loose crank pin, then worked forward and rose by Solway's side, where the mate stood behind the shaded binnacle.

"Where's the skipper an' the juke?" asked the chief engineer as he wet his lips and shifted his cap.

"Aft," said Solway, dragging out a quarter plug of tobacco and bidding it good-by. "They went aft a while ago. The skipper ought to be knighted by now. He's taken a sudden fancy to His Highness."

"I'eat said!" Mike Monkey's voice held a world of scorn. "It's a wonder he ain't smeared with that male de mere of his. He can't be over twenty-two or twenty-three. Th' old man better be here on the bridge. You can't tell what'll happen in the graveyard we're on. That's about th' Isle of Wight ahead, ain't it?"

"Oh, it'll take some more coal to get there. I'm timing her to reach the net at the first crack of dawn. We can't get through till sunrise gun at the fort. Then there's the mines, you know, to keep out the subs. The Grand Fleet, or part of it, is inside."

Mike Monkey chewed upon this piece of information till he was forced to go to the lee rail and spit overside. He came back with his hands jammed in his pockets.

"This pink-faced Right Honorable," he said between clamps of his yellow teeth, "this bright, particular friend of the skipper, is figurin' on gettin' into touch with his brother, I hear."

"Can't be done on the ship!" said Solway. "It's against regulations. McMasters took him aft by the taffrail to get that fact through his royal head. He's got to take his chances with us, an' go in with the tide when the net is raised. He's lucky, as it is! It ain't everybody who goes up against your friend Kelly an' lives to tell about it."

Mike Monkey walked to the lee rail and stared at the dark surface of the ocean. He measured the speed of the freighter with a shrewd eye. He cocked one ear and listened to the clank and wheeze of the engines. The great, clumsy ship seemed to be floating upon a cloud. No wind fanned his face. He went back to Solway almost on tiptoes.

"Speakin' of Kelly," he said reflectively, "speakin' of that devil, he'd have as much trouble findin' us as we would him. It's darker'n th' inside of a water-tube boiler to-night. I never saw it blacker. I'll take my chances from Kelly an' his hump-nosed tin whale if you keep us off the rocks. I'm savin' coal each knot we drift, an' there may be a wee bit left when we get in."

Solway understood this last. The question of bonus was always foremost in the engineer's mind. A coal passer had accused Mike Monkey of smoking his own slag when no one would lend him any tobacco. Solway had this in mind when a form reached up to the bridge and stepped briskly to the binnacle. It was McMasters. The little skipper nodded in appreciation as he caught the point and squinted toward the blacker velvet of the headland.

"We're gettin' along," he chuckled. "Keep a little farther out. There's mines charted off the point."

Solway whispered an order to the wheelman. The Gunfleet swung five degrees, then steadied. Mike Monkey feared the little skipper would order more speed. The new course called for additional knots. He sided up to McMasters, touched him on the sleeve and cautioned: "Very careful, man. The tin-pot engines are just holding down by the threads of Providence. She'll have to be overhauled in port. I can see old McGovern with his black crape an' his collie dog, when I tell him. It will be a very long bill this time."

"How about the bonus on the coal you saved?" hissed McMasters.

"It will be very little, man. What with the stop to pick up his lordship, an' this zigzaggin', the coal'll all be gone save a mite in the spare bunker."

McMasters lifted his nose, turned in the darkness, and glanced aft over the boat deck and the outswung davits.

"I be going back," he said half to himself. "Sir Arthur is still worrying over not being able to wireless his brother. I left him at the taffrail, broodin'. He's a curious lad. Had to know everything about port regulations an' the nets an' the mines. Seems to think we're never goin' to make the passage. Why, I have made it blindfolded on worse nights than this—an' there never was many!"

"She's ink!" declared Mike Monkey. "She's a greasy pit! But wot I wants to know is his lordship goin' to treat us handsome. We took risks, we did, a-stoppin' for that little boat. Suppose it had been a decoy. I minds the time we rams at a periscope, an' just sheers off to miss a whackin' horror of a big mine with horns. That was in the Belfast. She's sunk by now, or so I've heard."

"Shall we need to know," said McMasters, moving toward the bridge ladder, after the fashion of generations and leaders of the Gunfleet Coast. "He's dead, an' he's dead, an' he's dead,' they used to tell me when I'd ask about them. The Belfast has been at the bottom of the channel all of three months."

Mike Monkey heard the little skipper's voice die note by note as he descended toward the deck. The first engineer saw his blurred form moving aft within the deeper shadow of the weather rail. It seemed but a swift second when there sounded a startled cry from aft, the running of lookouts, the stamp of eager feet upon the fo'castle deck, and then a vast silence as the little skipper crept forward, reached the ladder, hesitated, and came up hand over hand like a gray ape upon a stick.

He dashed to the engine telegraph, grasped the handle, then turned to Solway with puzzled indecision.

"What happened?" whispered the mate.

Mike Monkey tiptoed forward to catch the answer.

"Man overboard—that's all," breathed Micky McMasters with an outburst of pent-in emotion. "I'm not going to reverse—I don't know when he went. The life preserver on the taffrail is gone, his coat is on the deck, but the lookouts say they heard nothing at all. One thought he saw a light, astern. I don't believe that part."

"Who was it went overboard?" asked Solway.

"His Highness! The Right Honorable Arthur Millbrooke!"

Mike Monkey thought of the expected bonus for rescuing the scion, as he groaned and thrust his hand into an empty pocket.

"The pink-skinned lad!" he throated huskily. "Maybe mamma's darlin' is goin' to swim ashore; it's only five miles or a wee bit more. An' that life preserver was worth all of seventeen shilling."

Solway was the only collected one of the three seamen. He reached and lifted Micky's hand from the engine-room indicator. He drew the little skipper to the after canvas of the bridge, ordered the waiting men below to get to their stations, then had Micky repeat everything that had occurred between the Right Honorable Arthur Millbrooke and himself.

Micky, after passing his hand over his brow, started with the rescue and trembled over the details like a man reciting the compass points at a naval school. He finished boxing the story with a long recital of Sir Arthur's pleading and questioning at the taffrail. The main points of this conversation came to Solway with double force in the light of what had followed.

Sir Arthur, or the waif, had been concerned over the nets and the mines at the channel's narrowest part. This was the point he had always reverted to. Micky had not seen the draft of these questions. Solway sensed the fine cunning of a mind at work. He saw no reason for them, however. They would be of little use to a swimmer upon the surface of the deep.

"My opinion, Mr. McMasters," he voiced, "is to say nothing, get in as soon as the net is raised an' then notify th' admiralty or th' other of the port." Solway turned toward the listening engineer.

"As for you," he stamped with salty vigor, "as for your pink-cheeked mamma's darling, I'd try another guess. I think we'll hear more of this night's matter than we expect. You said you were a good judge of men. Well wait, Mike Monkey an' tell that to us after we've sighted this disappearance down to the bottom."

The first engineer blinked and worked his Adam's apple up and down his scrawny throat.

"There's more thought the same as I did," he muttered as he sidled away from the bridge and stood by to the engine-room.

McMasters gathered himself together, leaned forward over the bridge and shot orders down to the deck like a pump gun.

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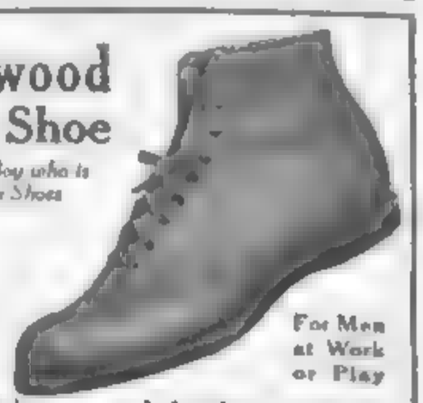

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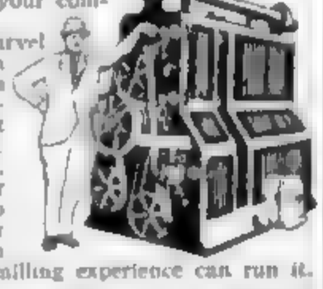

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He forgot that he had issued the warning for enforced silence while traversing the submarine zone. His voice rang with a metallic rasp as he got the watch below on deck and set them to searching every nook and corner of the freighter. He was taking no chances. No one had seen Sir Arthur go overboard. Therefore it was possible that the waif was concealed somewhere upon the deck or below in the run or the engine room.

Midnight and a thorough search brought no sign of the castaway. The crow's nest had been searched, the bunkers and boiler room combed, the fo'castle and chain lockers peered into—without result save discovering that Mike Monkey had sufficient coal hidden away to take the Gunfleet halfway back to the Bush Terminal.

Solway then examined the coat left by the waif, with the eye of a sea lawyer and a detective. The tag inside the pocket contained a tailor's name—Concree, of New Bond Street—and an inked name which had been effaced by sea water or an eraser. In one pocket a half dozen cigarettes were bunched in a pasty mass. Solway sniffed these, spread the tobacco out upon his palm, and then handed the lot to McMasters.

"What kind of tobacco is that?" he asked, grasping at any clew.

Micky shook his head.

"It's all the same to me. This looks strong for cigarettes. Why not try Mike Monkey? He's begged, stolen or picked up every kind in the world. He'll know!"

Mike Monkey appeared as Solway dropped the rubber speaking tube.

"Sample that!" said the mate as he held out the mess.

The chief engineer of the Gunfleet thrust a big bunch into his mouth, rolled it round with his tongue, screwed up his wizened face to a knot, then spat in certainty:

"It's German! That's th' only place where you could get any slag like that. I minds the time we was in Hamburg ——"

"'Vast!" The skipper's voice was compelling. "'Vast with your jaw tackle! Get below an' nurse those engines up to full speed! Turn them over if it takes the last of your damn bonus coal. We're going in at the crack of dawn, remember."

Mike Monkey gulped, strode to the rail and shot a yellow stream down upon the dark waters. He came to the bridge ladder by degrees, paused, and then started down to the deck with both ears strained toward the two seamen.

McMasters wheeled with a close-bitten oath.

"Get to your place!" he barked. "Get every ounce of steam on her! I don't give a fig if they pay you two thousand pun—I'm captain here, an' you walk!"

The clank of opening doors and the grate of metal upon metal told the little skipper that Mike Monkey understood. A ruddy glow haloed the screening canvas over the one funnel. This glow brought out details of the bridge and caused the enraged captain to blink like a snappy terrier in the presence of fire. He reached and dragged Solway to the weather rail.

"You keep a sharp eye out here," he said, "an' I'll drop round a piece. I don't trust anybody—not even that cinder saver, Mike Monkey. I feel as if we're on the lid of somethin'. The ship don't act right—she's loggy. Th' morn's as black as a beggar's pocket. I'm gettin' nerves in my old age. First thing you know I'll be seein' Kelly an' his hump-nosed tin lizard crawlin' over the mainmast. Wouldn't wonder if we're in for something."

A deep silence brooded over the waters beyond Southampton and the Isle of Wight as the Gunfleet edged closer to shore and nearer the net, which would be raised at dawn. Beyond this net were still another net and the mine fields. Beyond these mine fields lay the Grand Fleet, ready for a flank attack upon any German raiders.

The first pale flush of dawn in the east brought the two seamen closer together and erect as the details of the bridge appeared one by one. The binnacle light was no longer needed. Solway snapped off the tiny globe. The side lights had not been turned on. The flag at the foremast stood out in the first of the morning breeze from off the meadowed shore. The headland had disappeared. Cowes and its safety lay ahead.

The Gunfleet inched up like an old cow before a garden gate. A signal gun warned her off. McMasters turned and wore to sea again. He came back in a slow circle, as intent as a yachting skipper upon crossing the line. His unshaven face was set over the edge of the bridge canvas. His hand was on the engine-room telegraph. Steam plumed from the pipe aft the funnel. Mike Monkey had his orders and was busy below.

"She swings," whispered Solway with a glad chuckle. "There goes the trawler."

Micky McMasters jerked for full speed ahead. He cocked his ear and listened to the sounds below the deck that told of open throttles and jumping engines. The freighter picked up knot upon knot. She shot the channel, passed the net, zigzagged as directed upon the admiralty's chart, then wallowed on toward the second net.

A shot, sharp and crisp as an order, brought them down to easy speed. A subswatter darted across the channel like a swift water bug. It rounded under the Gunfleet's stern, came alongside, then drew ahead as a port officer shouted through cupped hands: "Right after us with your old hooker! Keep in our wake. The net and mines were changed last night. Come on, old rusty sides! We'll see you in to Blighty! And you're lucky—let me tell you that!"

McMasters shook a fist over the bridge rail as he rang for more speed.

"Kids give good men orders now," he said to Solway. "I minds the time he'd pay for that slur up at th' Elephant an' Castle—if that's where he gets his half pint; he an' his 'lucky' remark."

Solway was too busy with the wheelman to answer. He saw that they did follow the swatter to the letter of the orders. The channel opened to a wide vista of safely ensconced shipping, green sloping shores and white spires of tree-hidden kirks.

"Southampton Water!" announced Solway as he finished zigzagging and motioned for two of the crew to stand by the catted anchor.

The Gunfleet, with a last dying plume of steam, slid for her berth, crossed the bow of an unknown dreadnought which had most certainly been launched after the beginning of the war, and came to rest with the rusty chain rattling through the hawse pipe and Mike Monkey's tribe of cinder rats and water tenders dancing a jig upon the engine-room gratings.

First to spring into the shore boat was McMasters, followed by Solway and the chief engineer. The three had left the ship in charge of a second mate and a second engineer. They were instructed to say nothing concerning the Right Honorable Arthur Millbrooke, no matter who came out to the Gunfleet and inquired. Micky had his report to make to the owner; after that he was going to notify the admiralty. Sir Arthur was the first passenger he had ever had, and it grieved him to think he had lost him.

They landed at a stone quay, tossed the boatman two half crowns and a shilling, then hurried up a steep lane that led to the offices of McGovern, Ltd.

Neither McGovern nor his clerks had arrived. Micky drew out his great silver watch, twisted his finger about its heavy gold chain, then replaced it in the pocket of his vest.

"We're all of an hour early for th' old bird," he decided with a keen squint at the shade-drawn windows. "We don't want to see any of the high-sea admirals till we report to th' owner. Considerin' everything, I'd say let's have breakfast. Mike knows the way to th' Elephant an' Castle; it's quite a piece from here."

Mike Monkey thrust out a cautious tongue.

"It's right I know the way," he said; "but a small pint of beer an' a hard-boiled egg is enough for me. I don't fire up till afternoon."

Micky seized Solway's arm and they both followed the first engineer as he led the way to the water front and then along a lane that skirted the harbor.

A barmaid came forward as they ducked through the doorway and took seats at a beer-stained table. Micky leaned back in his chair, glanced into her broad face, then said: "I'll have—we'll have some bacon an' eggs, some pork sausages, some potpie, three pints ——"

The little skipper paused in his order as the girl dashed to the doorway of the inn, peered out, then stood rigid as a statue as a file of His Majesty's sailors marched by in a long hollow rectangle.

The girl turned with a quick gesture.

"Ain't often we see a sight like that, sirs," she offered. "I've counted thirty-one of them—all prisoners."

"They're what?" asked Micky.

"Prisoners, sir. German sailors from the submarine that got tangled hin the hinner net this mornin'. They're takin' 'em up to the castle. I 'opes they 'ang 'em, sir, I do!"

Micky sprang from his chair with a bound. He leaped to the doorway and stared out. The last of the file of prisoners held his eyes with popping wonder. He studied the youthful face of the sailor as recognition dawned. His jaw dropped as Solway and Mike Monkey joined him and crowded the barmaid to the lane.

"Jumpin' crossheads!" stuttered the first engineer. "By the great grease cup, that's our old friend, Sir Arthur, the passenger we lost."

Micky leaned forward and touched the last sergeant upon the sleeve.

"Who's the lad bringin' up the rear?" he asked. "Th' one with the pink cheeks who walks like a Piccadilly sport?"

"Lad is good!" grinned the sergeant over shoulder at Micky. "That is the submarine pirate—Kelly! He'd of got into Southampton Water and at the Grand Fleet if the net hadn't been changed last night. Somebody told him more than he ought to know—about our—national defenses."

It was Mike Monkey who passed the bill for the breakfast over to Micky McMasters, after a silence as thick as a London fog.

"You pay it," he said with Scotch shrewdness. "I wuz goin' to, but I've changed my mind a wee bit after thinkin' it over."

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FIGHTING FOR A FREE PRESS

(Continued from Page 18)

influence in the censorship bureau at Berlin, fastens its hold upon German public opinion. It is obvious that as long as this organization controls the enemy country a democratic peace is impossible. Can there be any doubt to-day as to which faction is in control of Germany's destinies, after the remarks made during this Reichstag debate? Can there be any doubt that there are two great parties in Germany—one favoring a democratic peace, the other an annexation peace?

Germany to-day is a war-business organization more than it ever was before. And it is because this trust, which I have called the triple alliance, sees that it cannot dominate the government without controlling the press that it is campaigning to-day in the German newspapers. It is because this trust is looking ahead to the period after the war that it is mobilizing the export news channels of Germany to influence the world when peace is made. And the plans which the alliance has made strike at the foundations of the American and Entente press freedom.

Germany's first move after the war, according to the plans which "victorious" Berlin is making, is to be directed against the news-distributing agencies of England, France and the United States. German business men, army officers and statesmen have always maintained that if the government had spent billions of marks on foreign news propaganda years before the war the world would not be fighting Germany to-day. Perhaps they think the world would have been afraid to fight! Whether their opinion is sound is not our concern. The fact is that the enemy believes this, and the present leaders of Germany intend to conquer the world after the war with news and business.

We may ask how this can be accomplished, we may consider it impossible; but the fact remains that the money has been raised, the foundations have been laid, and all the triple alliance is awaiting is a German victory to end the war so the press campaign may begin.

The future of any organization may in many respects be judged by its past. Though this new alliance may not labor in foreign fields as it has at home, still an example of how it obtained control of the Weser Zeitung, of Bremen, will indicate something of its methods. For years one of the greatest German dailies was the important news and commercial journal called the Weser Zeitung. Under the direction of its editor, Herr Fitger, this newspaper had almost unlimited influence in Bremen and the surrounding towns. Upon the death of the editor, some time last year, the newspaper began to lose money and the publishing house of Carl Schuenemann had to borrow from the local banks. The political policy of the Weser Zeitung was and remained after the death of the editor a liberal one. This newspaper opposed the annexationists.

Strong-Arm Prussian Methods

Some time last December a deputation of Bremen merchants and bankers, under the influence of the triple alliance, called upon the publisher and editors with the following ultimatum: Either the company was to be reorganized with a smaller capital stock and placed under the direction of a committee of Bremen merchants, or the company was to be merged into a large corporation for the purpose of founding a great political newspaper. Should the publisher and editors choose the latter proposition the political policies of the Fatherland party would have to be advocated.

The publishing house refused the first proposition because the editors declared that if the Weser Zeitung were managed by a committee of merchants it would have no influence as an independent journal. The second proposal was turned down because the editors would not give their consent to a change in editorial policy. Meanwhile the publisher and editors attempted to find a compromise, because they had been informed by the committee that unless they accepted one or the other proposition the banks would refuse additional loans.

While the publisher was seeking a way out of his uncomfortable position the Fatherland party and agents of the war industries came to Bremen and purchased the Bremen Tageblatt, a rival newspaper of little importance. Because of the financial backing which the Tageblatt had, the company owning the Weser Zeitung was forced to sell out to the same interests, realizing that competition would be impossible.

In a final editorial the retiring editors of the Weser Zeitung announced that they would not be responsible for the future policies of the paper. On the following day the new editors announced that they would fight the Reichstag peace resolution of July 19, 1917, and advocate the platform of the Fatherland party, the chief plank of which is the annexation of the Flanders coast!

The tragedy of the Weser Zeitung shows that the war-business interests of Germany side with the military leaders in making the war to-day a fight for annexation. It demonstrates the methods of the triple alliance in Germany and in Austria-Hungary, for in the Dual Monarchy similar tactics have been used. Recently in Berne I met an Austrian journalist who had come from Vienna for a brief visit in Switzerland.

"The Krupp interests and the Pan-Germanists," he declared, "own or control, through advertising agencies, every German-language newspaper in Vienna."

Tainted News From Germany

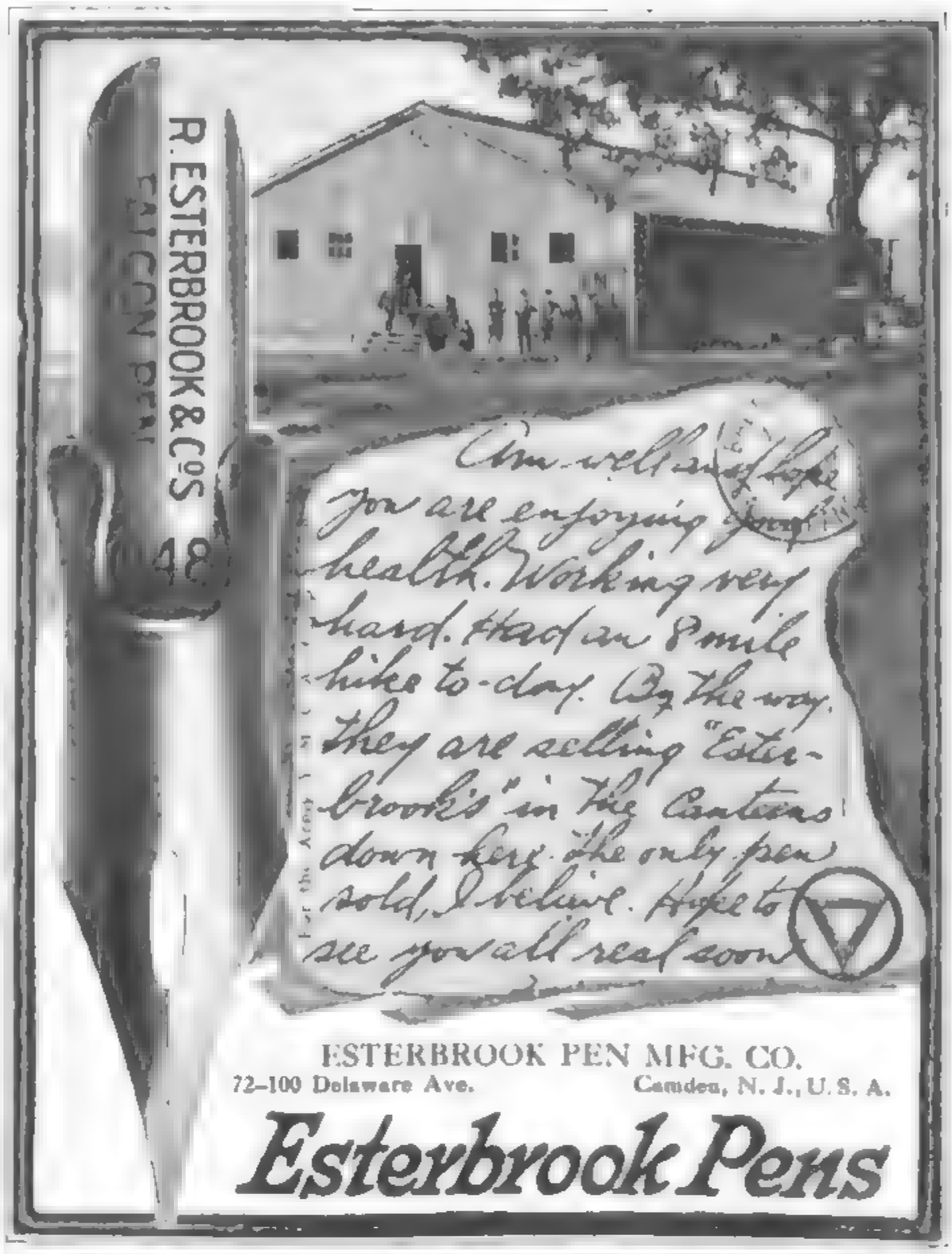
It would be impossible, of course, for any German organization to go to the United States or any other large country after the war and purchase a sufficient number of newspapers to influence public opinion, and the triple alliance does not intend to do so. It has a better method! About two years ago the newspaper experts of the German Government and the press representatives of Krupp and the big shipping companies began an investigation to find out the best means of influencing public opinion in foreign countries. The methods which made German propaganda famous during the war were considered bad. The Western world, so it was concluded, was too busy to be interested in long editorial articles, but it was interested at all times in news dispatches.

As an experiment the Overseas News Agency, which was then supplying the American newspapers with wireless news from Berlin, was bought by the Krupp interests, and once or twice each day news from Berlin and other cities of Europe was sent to Sayville, Long Island, and from there distributed in the United States. By watching the American newspapers closely the directors of this new propaganda decided that American news channels could be influenced by news, if in no other way.

Though the Overseas News Agency was succeeding, before the United States broke diplomatic relations, in getting thousands of items printed in the American press, this success was not considered by the war industries so great as it could be, so they made other plans. And these are the ones which the triple alliance expects to execute when peace is made.

In Switzerland to-day there is an organization incorporated in Switzerland and managed by Swiss. It serves scores of Swiss newspapers, mostly with German news. Most Swiss newspapers consider it a German concern because the manager at the beginning of the war was one of the most active sympathizers with the Central Powers. Three times a day the Zurich bureau of this organization uses a private telephone line to Frankfort-on-the-Main to receive news dispatches from one of the leading newspapers belonging to the triple alliance. Until recently this organization was receiving, through an Englishman at Geneva, cable telegrams from a New York German-language newspaper. These cablegrams were distributed to the Swiss newspapers. Because of the tendency to make these items anti-American the attention of the Entente authorities was called to this propaganda and the telegrams were stopped.

Though one cannot state that this organization is a Pan-German concern, there are evidences that it is being used by the triple alliance to lay the foundation for an exchange of news on the Continent from Germany, via Switzerland, to France and England. Though there are no records that it sought a connection in the United States, that is not significant, because there are sufficient grounds for the Entente to conclude that the Overseas News Agency of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Berlin has already made an agreement with a news syndicate that will guarantee the distribution of German news in the United States after the war.

The plot of the war-business interests of the enemy is deeper still. The triple alliance to-day owns two powerful wireless stations in Germany; and others in Constantinople; Budapest; Vienna; Madrid; Sayville, Long Island; Buenos Aires; in Central America, China and German East Africa. In peacetime Germany will be able to communicate by wireless to any part of the world. By utilizing these stations after the war this news alliance expects to distribute its news telegrams from Berlin to every country where newspapers are printed.

And more!

The Overseas News Agency is planning to send correspondents to every important capital to gather news not alone for publication in North and South America, but news from the Western Hemisphere for publication in Europe.

Should the triple alliance succeed in its plans, what will become of the independent news columns of the papers? Directors of the alliance see no obstacles ahead, because no matter who wins the war the newspapers of the world will want news, and the news telegrams which are distributed first will be printed. The triple alliance intends to see to it that its news arrives first! Should the alliance succeed it will control the greatest, richest and most powerful news-gathering and news-distributing trust in the world.

The Insidious Movie

The schemes of this organization do not end here. There is another important factor in influencing public opinion—namely, the moving-picture theaters. A few weeks ago there was a dispatch from Berlin announcing the formation of the Universal Film Company, with a capital stock of 25,000,000 marks.

The "Ulfa," by which name it is to be known, has been organized by the same interests that control the press of Germany—by the same trust that expects to monopolize the news of the world.

With news and movies the new campaign is to begin. "Why?" we may ask. The answer is simple: To advertise German industries and to make it possible for German business men to resume commercial relations with enemy countries after the war.

Imagine what difficulties a German merchant will encounter in England, France, Belgium, China, South Africa, Australia, the United States and elsewhere when the war is over. Imagine the bitter feeling that will remain in all countries. Remembering that without foreign commerce Germany is doomed as a great power, one can understand the motives that compel the triple alliance to campaign for the public opinion of the world. It is advertising of a new nature and upon a larger scale than the world has heretofore thought possible. When the war is over; when, so the alliance hopes, Germany is victorious—then the chant of hate of to-day can be changed to a song of praise—for the articles "made in Germany."

It is true that the German Government is interested in this news campaign for other reasons. Germany has always been jealous of England and France because of the world-wide connections of the Reuter and Havas agencies. Should the triple alliance succeed Germany will have an organization at her disposal greater than all the English and French, Russian and Italian agencies combined.

In the meantime the fight for a free press continues in Germany. The independent newspapers and their political friends are attempting not only to maintain their own freedom but they oppose such a German news trust as the triple alliance. These free journals realize that if the alliance succeeds abroad the columns of the German newspapers will be filled with biased accounts from foreign countries, and the German people themselves will not be able to form their own independent opinions.

The German Government, too, is not blind to the political importance of such a news agency. The officials are relying upon it to win back the friendship of the world for Germany, and they expect it to be an important channel through which public opinion may be influenced to favor moves on the international chessboard which Germany may have in contemplation after the peace treaties are signed.

Propaganda by Wireless

The fight for a free press that is being waged in Germany to-day is an international issue of the first importance. American and Allied statesmen have emphasized in their public addresses that there must be freedom of business and freedom of the seas after the war, but nothing has been said about freedom of news. Still, every statesman knows that the success of open diplomacy and of an international-peace organization after the war will depend upon the freedom of discussion and news in the press. Diplomatic discussions will not be free unless they are known to the people. There will be no democracy in international relations unless the people are fully informed about internal affairs and international events.

Granted that this be true, what steps have the united Allies taken to insure their press free channels of communication after the war? Suppose the triple alliance succeeds in its plans; suppose through the great wireless routes that it will dominate it is able to feed the press of the whole world with news made in Germany or by German agents abroad—where are the possibilities for freedom of opinion?

Though American and Allied corporations control great wireless stations, have the united Allies made any plans to compete with the German news trust?

From Constantinople to Berlin the sinister sound of the enemy news venders may be heard. Is it not also a warning to the Western world to beware of the alliance which to-day smothers the freedom of the press of the enemy?

Still the fight continues within Germany. The military authorities persecute the independent newspapers. The press of the news trust prints what it pleases and the Vorwaerts asks whether the military authorities are not preparing to dethrone the Kaiser and establish a military dictatorship with Hindenburg and Ludendorff as the directors. The Berliner Tageblatt calls the attention of the Reichstag to a sermon delivered by Chaplain Heckenroth at Von Mackensen's headquarters, at Bukharest, in which the minister quotes God as speaking to the German people and urging them not to clamor for peace until the government is ready to conclude it. This sermon, the Tageblatt declares, was printed in pamphlet form and circulated among the troops. At the same time an order was given to noncommissioned officers with the following text:

"Order No. ____

"Noncommissioned Officers:

"Determine immediately and confidentially the names of the soldiers who read the Berliner Tageblatt and the Elberfelder Zeitung. Signed:

"____ ____

"*Lieutenant.*"

This is what I have called "the militarism of news." And the triple alliance is the new trust which manufactures and intends to export it!

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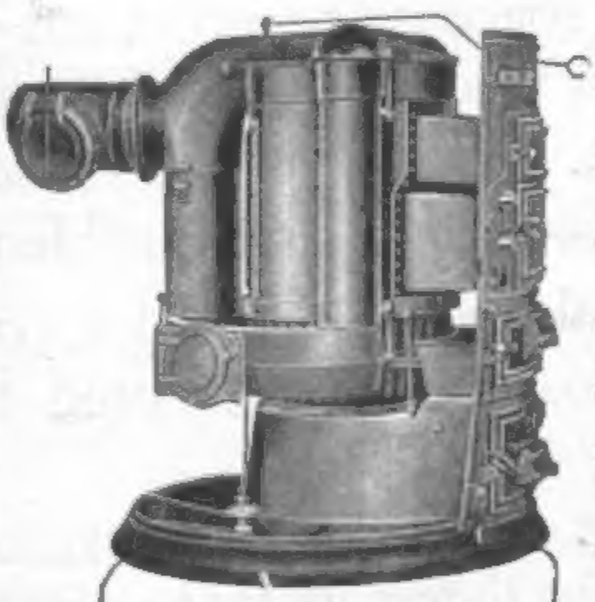

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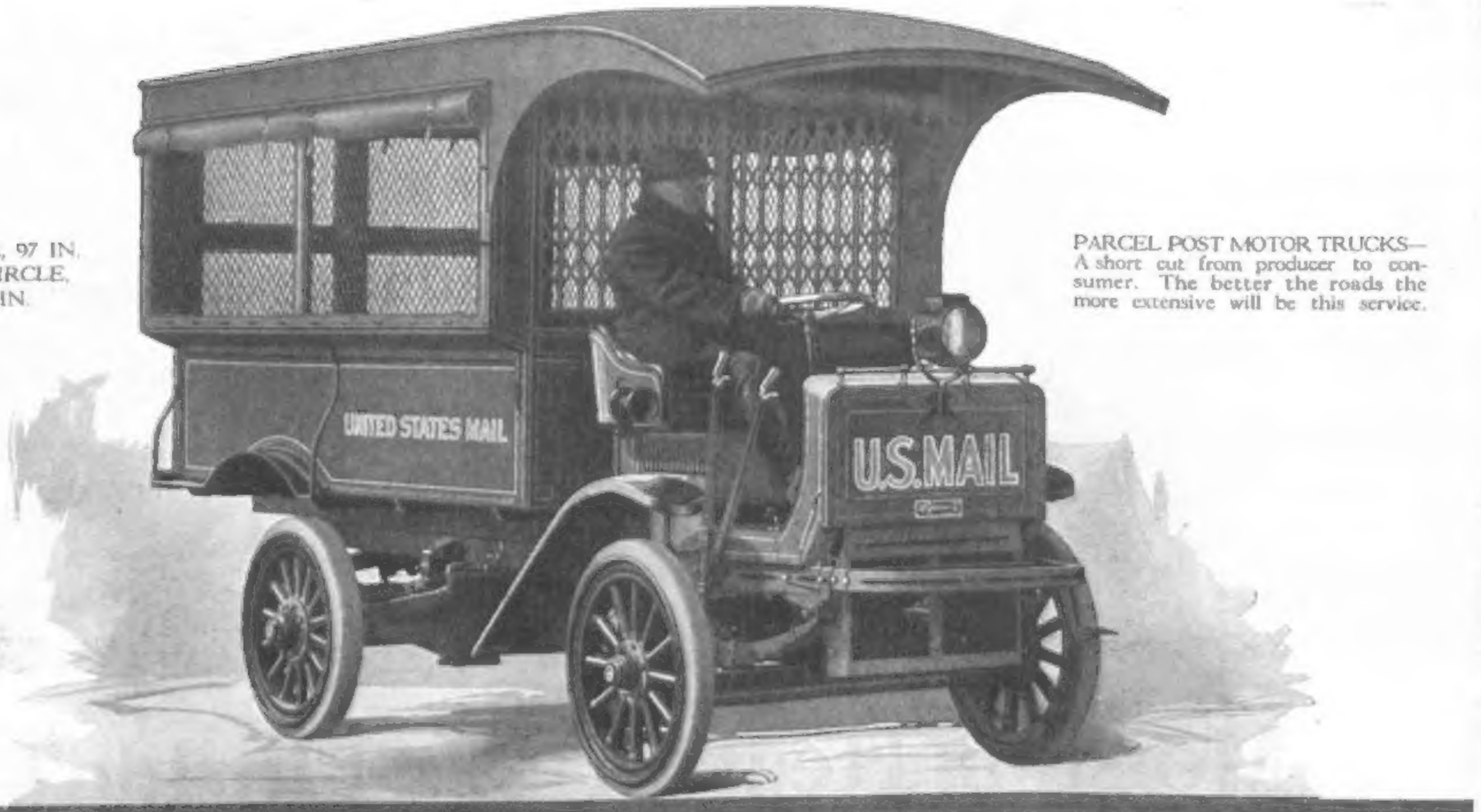

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